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THE NEW HEAVENS

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

GO out under the open sky, on a clear and moonless night, and try to count the stars. If your station lies well beyond the glare of cities, which is often strong enough to conceal all but the brighter objects, you will find the task a difficult one. Ranging through the six magnitudes of the Greek astronomers, from the brilliant Sirius to the faintest perceptible points of light, the stars are scattered in great profusion over the celestial vault. Their number seems limitless, yet actual count will show that the eye has been deceived. In a survey of the entire heavens, from pole to pole, it would not be possible to detect more than from six to seven thousand stars with the naked eye. From a single view-point, even with the keenest vision, only two or three thousand can be seen. So many of these are at the limit of visibility that Ptolemy's "Almagest," a catalogue of all the stars whose places were measured with the simple instruments of the Greek astronomers, contains only 1,022 stars.

Back of Ptolemy, through the speculations of the Greek philosophers, the mysteries of the Egyptian sun-god, and the observations of the ancient Chaldeans, the rich and varied traditions of astronomy stretch far away into a shadowy past. All peoples, in the first stirrings of their intellectual youth, drawn by the nightly splendor of the skies and the ceaseless motions of the planets, have set up some system of the heavens, in which the sense of wonder and the desire for knowledge were no less concerned than the practical necessities of life. The measurement of time and the needs of navigation have always stimulated astronomical research, but the intellectual demand has been keen from the first. Hipparchus and the Greek astronomers of the Alexandrian school, shaking off the vagaries of magic and divination, placed astronomy on a scientific basis, though the reaction of the Middle Ages caused even such a great astronomer as Tycho Brahe himself to revert for a time to the practice of astrology.

The terraced temple of Serapis, near the Canopic mouth of the Nile, was the reputed scene of Ptolemy's observations. Here was prepared his great star catalogue, based upon the earlier observations of Hipparchus, and destined to remain alone in its field for more than twelve centuries, until Ulugh Bey, Prince of Samarcand, repeated the work of his Greek predecessor. Throughout this period the stars were looked upon mainly as points of reference for the observation of planetary motions, and the instruments of observation underwent little change. The astrolabe, which consists of a circle divided into degrees, with a rotating diametral arm for sighting purposes, embodies their essential principle. In its simple form, the astrolabe was suspended in a vertical plane, and the stars were observed by bringing the sights on the movable diam-

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eter to bear upon them. Their altitude was then read off on the circle. Ultimately, the circle of the astrolabe, mounted with one of its diameters parallel to the earth's axis, became the armillary sphere, on the Danish island of Huen in 1576. In this "City of the Heavens," still dependent solely upon the unaided eye as a collector of starlight, Tycho made those invaluable observations that enabled Kep-

Fig. 2. The constellation of Orion.

Photographed with a small camera lens of one inch aperture and five inches focal length. The three bright stars in the centre of the picture form the belt of Orion. Just below, in the sword handle, is an irregular white patch about one-eighth of an inch in diameter. This is a small-scale image of the great nebula in Orion, shown on a large scale in Fig. 3.

the precursor of our modern equatorial telescope. Great stone quadrants fixed in the meridian were also employed from very early times. Out of such furnishings, little modified by the lapse of centuries, was provided the elaborate instrumental equipment of Uranibourg, the great observatory built by Tycho Brahe ler to deduce the true laws of planetary motion. But after all these centuries the sidereal world embraced no objects, barring an occasional comet or temporary star, that lay beyond the vision of the earliest astronomers. The conceptions of the stellar universe, except those that ignored the solid ground of observation,

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Fig. 3. The Great Nebula in Orion.

Photographed with the one-hundred-inch telescope. This short-exposure photograph shows only the bright central part of the nebula. A longer exposure reveals a vast outlying region.

were limited by the small aperture of the human eye. But the dawn of another age was at hand.

The dominance of the sun as the central body of the solar system, recognized by Aristarchus of Samos nearly three centuries before the Christian era, but subsequently denied under the authority of Ptolemy and the teachings of the Church, was reaffirmed by the Polish monk Copernicus in 1543. Kepler's laws of the motions of the planets, showing them to revolve in ellipses instead of circles, removed the last defect of the Copernican system, and left no room for its rejection. But both the world and the Church clung to tradition, and some visible demonstration was urgently needed. This was supplied by Galileo through his invention of the telescope.

The crystalline lens of the human eye, which has a maximum opening of about one-quarter of an inch in diameter, was the only collector of starlight available to the Greek and Arabian astronomers. Galileo's telescope, which in 1610 suddenly pushed out the boundaries of the known stellar universe and brought many thousands of stars into range, had a lens about 2¼ inches in diameter. The area of this lens, proportional to the square of its diameter, was about eighty-one times that of the eye. This great increase in the amount of light collected should bring to view stars down to magnitude 10.5, of which nearly half a million are known to exist.

It is not too much to say that Galileo's telescope revolutionized human thought. Turned to the moon, it revealed mountains, plains, and valleys, while the sun, previously supposed immaculate in its

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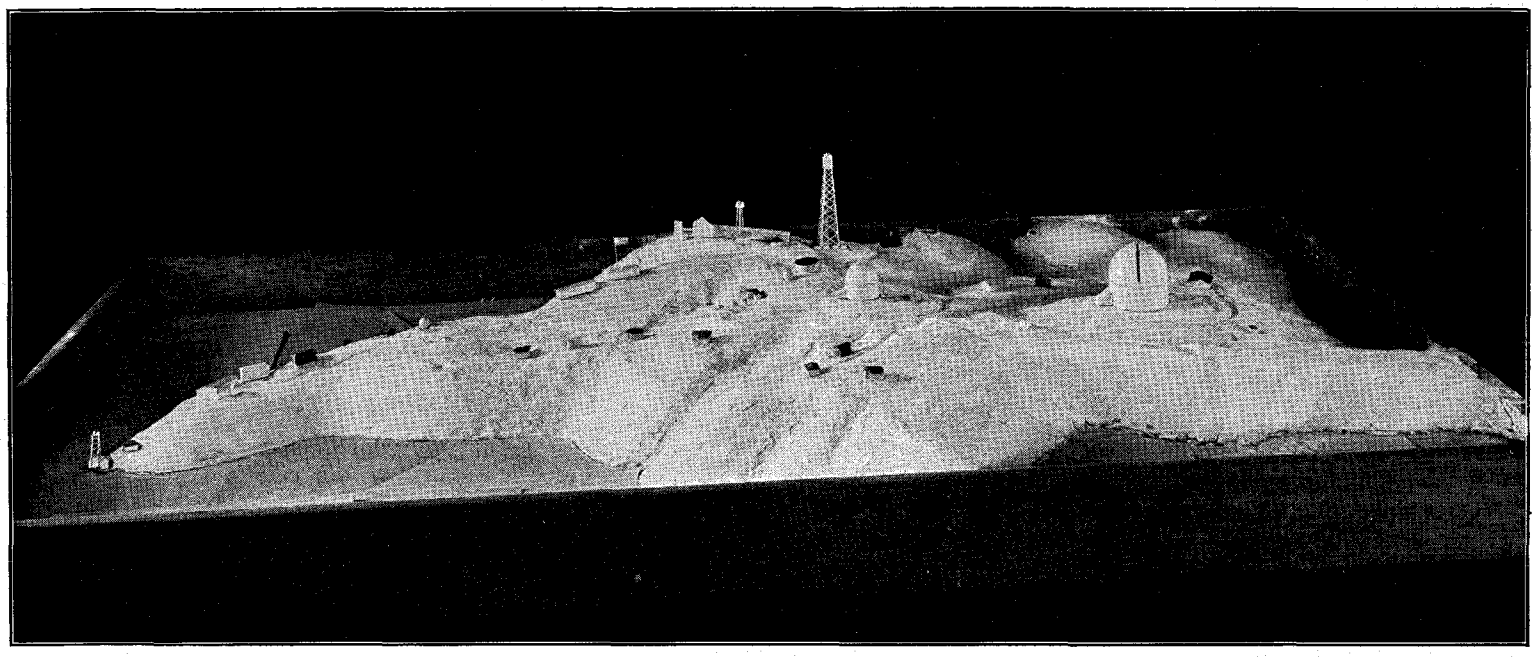

Fig. 4. Model of summit of Mount Wilson, showing the observatory buildings.

The sixty-foot tower on the extreme left, which is at the edge of a precipitous cañon one thousand five hundred feet deep is the vertical telescope of the Smithsonian Astro-physical Observatory. Above it are the "Monastery" and other buildings used as quarters by the astronomers of the Mount Wilson Observatory while at work on the mountain. (The offices, computing-rooms, laboratories, and shops are in Pasadena.) Following the ridge, we come successively to the dome of the ten-inch photographic telescope, the power-house, laboratory. Snow horizontal telescope, sixty-foot-tower telescope, and one-hundred-and-fifty-foot-tower telescope, these last three used for the study of the sun. The dome of the sixty-inch reflecting telescope is just below the one-hundred-and-fifty-foot tower, while that of the one-hundred-inch telescope is farther to the right. The altitude of Mount Wilson is about five thousand nine hundred feet.

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Fig. 5. Large irregular nebula and star cluster in Sagittarius.
Photographed with the Mount Wilson sixty-inch telescope.

perfection, was seen to be blemished with dark spots changing from day to day. Jupiter, shown to be accompanied by four encircling satellites, afforded a picture in miniature of the solar system, and strongly supported the Copernican view of its organization, which was conclusively demonstrated by Galileo's discovery of the changing phases of Venus and the variation of its apparent diameter during its revolution about the sun. Galileo's proof of the Copernican theory marked the downfall of mediævalism and established astronomy on a firm foundation. But while his telescope multiplied a hundredfold the number of visible stars, more than a century elapsed before the true possibilities of sidereal astronomy were perceived.

Sir William Herschel was the first astronomer to make a serious attack upon the problem of the structure of the stellar universe. In his first memoir on the "Construction of the Heavens," read before the Royal Society in 1784, he wrote as follows:

"Hitherto the sidereal heavens have, not inadequately for the purpose designed, been represented by the concave surface of a sphere in the centre of which the eye of an observer might be supposed to be placed. . . . In future we shall look upon those regions into which we may now penetrate by means of such large telescopes, as a naturalist regards a rich extent of ground or chain of mountains containing strata variously inclined and directed as well as consisting of very different materials."

On turning his 18-inch reflecting tele-

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Fig. 6. Faint spiral nebula in the constellation of the Hunting Dogs.
Photographed with the Mount Wilson sixty-inch telescope.

Fig. 7. Spiral nebula in Andromeda, seen edge on.
Photographed with the Mount Wilson sixty-inch telescope.

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scope to a part of the Milky Way in Orion, he found its whitish appearance to be completely resolved into small stars, not separately seen with his former telescopes. "The glorious multitude of stars of all possible sizes that presented themselves here to my view are truly astonishing; but as the dazzling brightness of glittering stars may easily mislead us so far as to estimate their number greater than it really is, I endeavored to ascertain this point by counting many fields, and computing from a mean of them, what a certain given portion of the Milky Way might contain." By this means, applied not only to the Milky Way but to all parts of the heavens, Herschel determined the approximate number and distribution of all the stars within reach of his instrument.

By comparing many hundred gauges or counts of stars visible in a field of about one-quarter of the area of the moon, Herschel found that the average number of stars increased toward the great circle which most nearly conforms with the course of the Milky Way. Ninety degrees from this plane, at the pole of the Milky Way, only four stars, on the average, were seen in the field of the telescope. In approaching the Milky Way this number increased slowly at first, and then more and more rapidly, until it rose to an average of 122 stars per field.

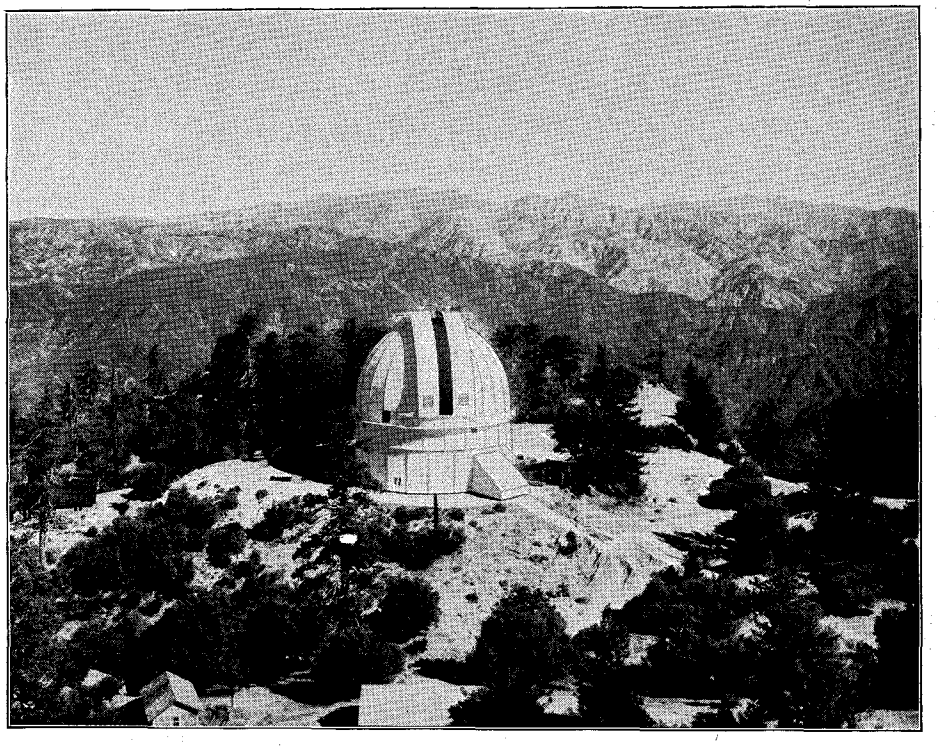

Fig. 8. Building and revolving dome, one hundred feet in diameter, covering the one-hundred-inch Hooker telescope.

Photographed from the summit of the one-hundred-and-fifty-foot-tower telescope.

These observations were made in the northern hemisphere, and subsequently Sir John Herschel, using his father's telescope at the Cape of Good Hope, found an almost exactly similar increase of apparent star density for the southern hemisphere. According to his estimates, the total number of stars in both hemispheres that could be seen distinctly enough to be counted in this telescope would probably be about five and one-half millions.

The Herschels concluded that "the

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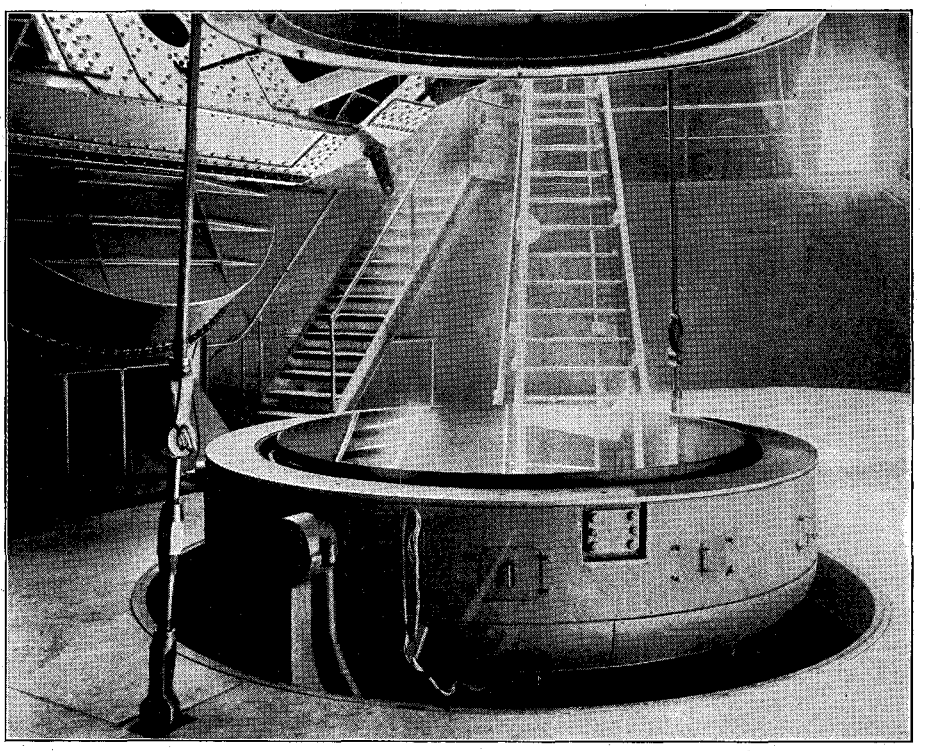

Fig. 9. One-hundred-inch mirror, just silvered, rising out of the silvering-room in pier before attachment to lower end of telescope tube. (Seen above.)

stars of our firmament, instead of being scattered in all directions indifferently through space, form a stratum of which the thickness is small, in comparison with its length and breadth; and in which the earth occupies a place somewhere about the middle of its thickness, between the point where it subdivides into two principal laminæ, inclined at a small angle to each other." This view does not differ essentially from our modern conception of the form of the Galaxy; but as the Herschels were unable to see stars fainter than the fifteenth magnitude, it is evident that their conclusions apply only to a restricted region surrounding the solar system, in the midst of the enormously extended sidereal universe which modern instruments have brought within our range.

The remarkable progress of modern astronomy is mainly due to two great instrumental advances: the rise and development of the photographic telescope, and the application of the spectroscope to the study of celestial objects. These new and powerful instruments, supplemented by many accessories which have completely revolutionized observatory equipment, have not only revealed a vastly greater number of stars and nebulæ: they have also rendered feasible observations of a type formerly regarded as impossible. The chemical analysis of a faint star is now so easy that it can be accomplished in a very short time—as quickly, in fact, as an equally complex substance can be analyzed in the laboratory. The spectroscope also measures a star's velocity, the pressure at different levels in its atmosphere, its approximate temperature, and now, by a new and ingenious method, its distance from the earth. It determines the velocity of rotation of the sun and of nebulæ, the existence and periods of orbital revolution of binary stars too close to be separated by any telescope, the presence of magnetic fields in sun-spots, and the fact that the entire sun, like the earth, is a magnet.

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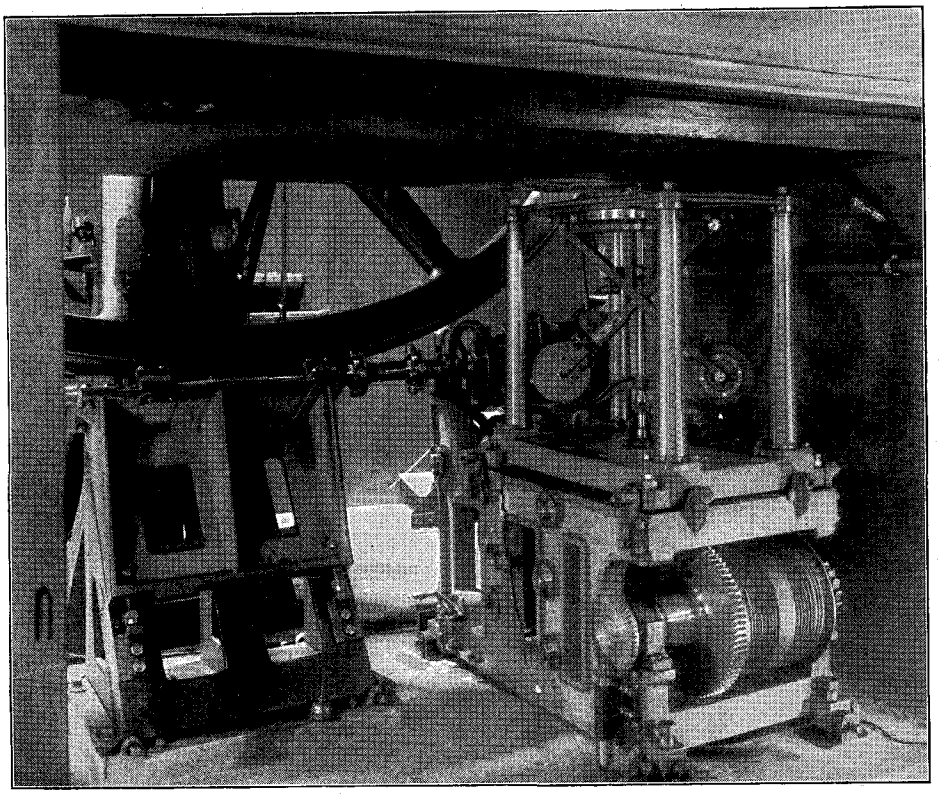

Fig. 10. The driving-clock and worm-gear that cause the one-hundred-inch Hooker telescope to follow the stars.

Such new possibilities, with many others resulting from the application of physical methods of the most diverse character, have greatly enlarged the astronomer's outlook. He may now attack two great problems: (1) The structure of the universe and the motions of its constituent bodies, and (2) the evolution of the stars: their nature, origin, growth, and decline. These two problems are intimately related and must be studied as one.

If space permitted, it would be interesting to survey the progress already accomplished by modern methods of astronomical research. Hundreds of millions of stars have been photographed, and the boundaries of the stellar universe have been pushed far into space, but have not been attained. Globular star clusters, containing tens of thousands of stars, are on so great a scale (according to Shapley) that light, travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, may take 500 years to cross one of them, while the most distant of these objects may be as much as 180,000 light-years from the earth. The spiral nebulæ, more than 100,000 in number, are vast whirling masses in process of development, but we are not yet sure whether they should be regarded as "island universes" or as subordinate to the stellar system which includes our minute group of sun and planets, the great star clouds of the Milky Way, and the distant globular star clusters.

These few particulars may give a slight conception of the scale of the known universe, but a word must be added regarding some of its most striking phenomena. The great majority of the stars whose motions have been determined belong to one or the other of two great star streams, but the part played by these streams in the sidereal system as a whole is still obscure. The stars have been grouped in classes,

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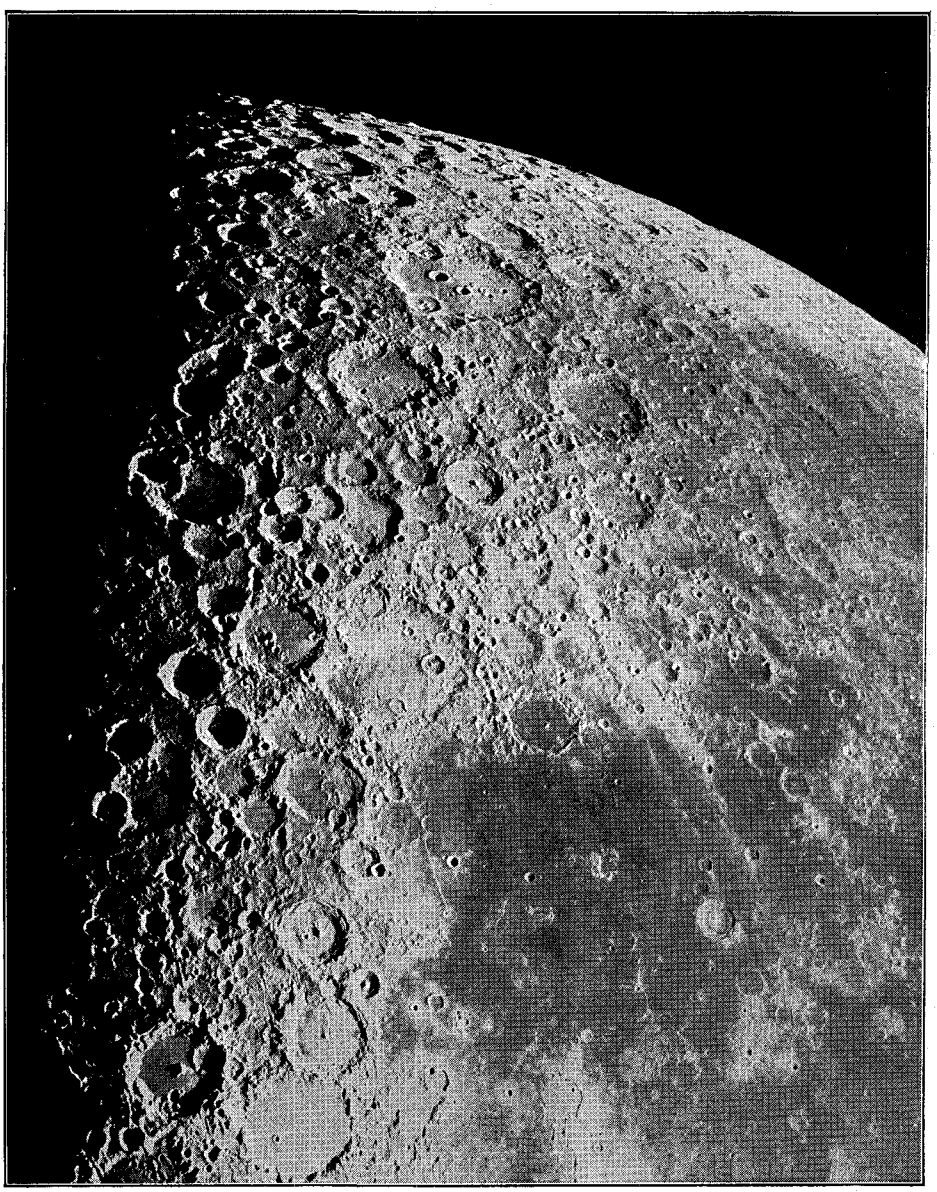

Fig. 11. Photograph of the moon made on September 15, 1919, with the one-hundred-inch Hooker telescope.

The ring-like formations are the so-called craters, most of them far larger than anything similar on the earth. That in the lower left corner with an isolated mountain in the centre is Albategnius, sixty-four miles in diameter. Peaks in the ring rise to a height of fifteen thousand feet above the central plain Note the long sunset shadows cast by the mountains on the left. The level region below on the right is an extensive plain, the Mare Nubium.

presumably in the order of their evolutional development, as they pass from the early state of gaseous masses, of low density, through the successive stages resulting from loss of heat by radiation and increased density due to shrinkage. Strangely enough, their velocities in space show a corresponding change, increasing as they grow older or perhaps depending upon their mass.

It is impossible within these limits to do more than to give some indication of

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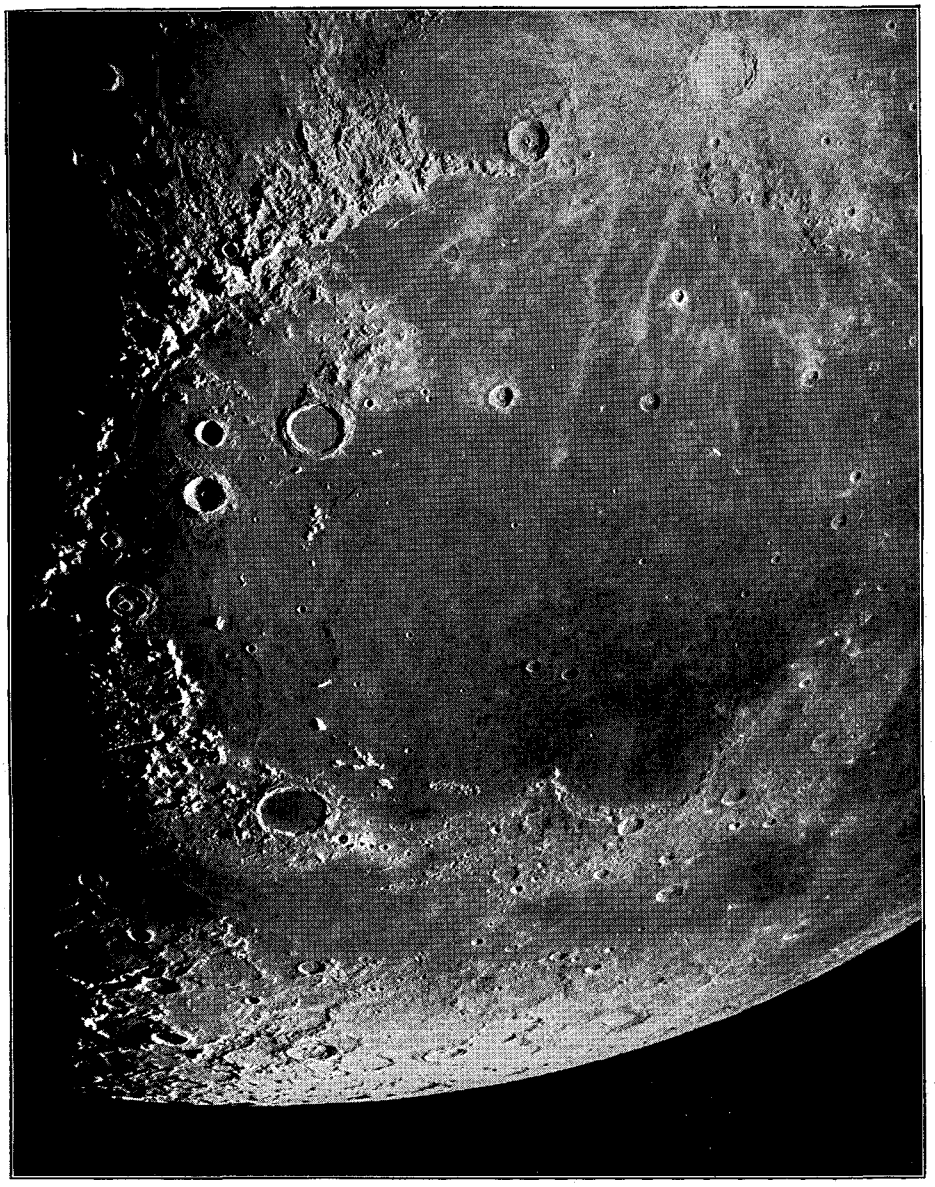

Fig. 12. Photograph of the moon made on September 15, 1919, with the one-hundred-inch Hooker telescope.

The mountains above and to the left are the lunar Apennines; those on the left just below the centre are the Alps. Both ranges include peaks from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand feet in height. In the upper right corner is Copernicus, about fifty miles in diameter. The largest of the conspicuous group of three just below the Apennines is Archimedes and at the lower end of the Alps is Plato. Note the long sunset shadows cast by the isolated peaks on the left. The central portion of the picture is a vast plain, the Mare Imbrium.

the scope of the new astronomy. Enough has been said, however, to assist in appreciating the increased opportunity for investigation, and the nature of the heavy demands made upon the modern observatory. But before passing on to describe one of the latest additions to the astronomer's instrumental equipment, a word should be added regarding the chief classes of telescopes.

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Astronomical telescopes are of two types: refractors and reflectors. A refracting telescope consists of an object-glass composed of two or more lenses, mounted at the upper end of a tube, which is pointed at the celestial object.

Fig. 13. Hubble's Variable Nebula. One of the three nebulæ known to vary in brightness and form.
Photographed with the one-hundred-inch telescope.

The light, after passing through the lenses, is brought to a focus at the lower end of the tube, where the image is examined visually with an eyepiece, or photographed upon a sensitive plate. The largest instruments of this type are the 36-inch Lick telescope and the 40-inch refractor of the Yerkes Observatory.

Reflecting telescopes, which are particularly adapted for photographic work, though also excellent for visual observations, are very differently constructed. No lens is used. The telescope tube is usually built in skeleton form, open at its upper end, and with a large concave mirror supported at its base. This mirror serves in place of a lens. Its upper surface is paraboloidal in shape, as a spherical surface will not unite in a sharp focus the rays coming from a distant object. The light passes through no glass—a great advantage, especially for photography, as the absorption in lenses cuts out much of the blue and violet light, to which photographic plates are most sensitive. The reflection occurs on the *upper* surface of the mirror, which is covered with a coat of pure silver, renewed several times a year and always kept highly burnished. Silvered glass is better than metals or other substances for telescope mirrors, chiefly because of the perfection with which glass can be ground and polished, and the ease of renewing its silvered surface when tarnished.

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Fig. 14. Ring Nebula in Lyra, photographed with the sixty-inch and one-hundred-inch telescopes. Showing the increased scale of the images given by the larger instrument.

The great reflectors of Herschel and Lord Rosse, which were provided with mirrors of speculum metal, were far inferior to much smaller telescopes of the present day. With these instruments the star images were watched as they were carried through the field of view by the earth's rotation, or kept roughly in place by moving the telescope with ropes or chains. Photographic plates, which reveal invisible stars and nebulæ when exposed for hours in modern instruments, were not then available. In any case they could not have been used, in the absence of the perfect mechanism required to keep the star images accurately fixed in place upon the sensitive film.

It would be interesting to trace the long contest for supremacy between refracting and reflecting telescopes, each of which, at certain stages in its development, appeared to be unrivalled. In modern observatories both types are used, each for the purpose for which it is best adapted. For the photography of nebulæ and the study of the fainter stars, the reflector has special advantages, illustrated by the work of such instruments as the Crossley and Mills reflectors of the Lick Observatory; the great 72-inch reflector, recently brought into effective service at the Dominion Observatory in Canada; and the 60-inch and 100-inch reflectors of the Mount Wilson Observatory.

The unaided eye, with an available area of one-twentieth of a square inch, permits us to see stars of the sixth magnitude. Herschel's 18-inch reflector, with an area 5,000 times as great, rendered visible stars of the fifteenth magnitude. The 60-inch reflector, with an area 57,600 times that of the eye, renders visible stars of the eighteenth magnitude, while to reach stars of about the twentieth magnitude, photographic exposures of four or five hours suffice with this instrument.

Every gain of a magnitude means a great gain in the number of stars rendered visible. Stars of the second magnitude are 3.4 times as numerous as those of the first, those of the eighth magnitude are three times as numerous as those of the seventh, while the sixteenth magnitude stars are only 1.7 as numerous as those of the fifteenth magnitude. This steadily decreasing ratio is probably due to an actual thinning out of the stars toward the boundaries of the stellar universe, as the most exhaustive tests have failed to give any evidence of absorption of light in its passage through space. But in spite of this decrease, the gain of a single additional magnitude may mean the addition of many millions of stars to the total of those already shown by the 60-inch reflector. Here is one of the chief sources of interest in the possibilities of a 100-inch reflecting telescope.

Thirteen years ago the late John D.

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Hooker, of Los Angeles, gave the Carnegie Institution of Washington, a sum sufficient to construct a telescope mirror 100 inches in diameter, and thus large enough to collect 160,000 times the light received by the eye. (Fig. 9.) The casting and annealing of a suitable glass disk, 101 inches in diameter and 13 inches thick, weighing four and one-half tons, was a most difficult operation, finally accomplished by a great French glass company at their factory in the Forest of St. Gobain. A special optical laboratory was erected at the Pasadena headquarters of the Mount Wilson Observatory, and here the long task of grinding, figuring, and testing the mirror was successfully carried out by the observatory opticians. This operation, which is one of great delicacy, required years for its completion. Meanwhile the building, dome, and mounting for the telescope were designed by members of the observatory staff, and the working drawings were prepared. An opportune addition by Mr. Carnegie to the endowment of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, of which the observatory is a branch, permitted the necessary appropriations to be made for the completion and erection of the telescope. Though delayed by the war, during which the mechanical and optical facilities of the observatory shops were utilized for military and naval purposes, the telescope is now in regular use on Mount Wilson.

The instrument is mounted on a massive pier of reinforced concrete, 33 feet high and 52 feet in diameter at the top. A solid wall extends south from this pier a distance of 50 feet, on the west side of which a very powerful spectrograph, for photographing the spectra of the brightest stars, will be mounted. Within the pier are the tanks and pumps for circulating the water used to maintain the large mirror at the night temperature throughout the day, together with photographic dark rooms, a room for silvering the large mirror (which can be lowered into the pier), and the clock-room, where stands the powerful driving-clock, with which the telescope is caused to follow the motion of the stars. (Fig. 10.)

The telescope mounting is of the English type, in which the telescope tube is supported by the declination trunnions between the arms of the polar axis, built in the form of a rectangular yoke carried by bearings on massive pedestals to the north and south. These bearings must be aligned exactly parallel to the axis of the earth, and must support the polar axis so freely that it can be rotated with perfect precision by the driving-clock, which turns a worm-wheel 17 feet in diameter, clamped to the lower end of the axis. As this motion must be sufficiently uniform to counteract exactly the rotation of the earth on its axis, and thus to maintain the star images accurately in position in the field of view, the greatest care had to be taken in the construction of the driving-clock and in the spacing and cutting of the teeth in the large worm-wheel. Here, as in the case of all of the more refined parts of the instrument, the work was done by skilled machinists in the observatory shops in Pasadena or on Mount Wilson after the assembling of the telescope. The massive sections of the instrument, some of which weigh as much as ten tons each, were constructed at Quincy, Mass., where machinery sufficiently large to build battleships was available. They were then shipped to California, and transported to the summit of Mount Wilson over a road built for this purpose by the Construction Division of the Observatory, which also built the pier on which the telescope stands, and erected the steel building and dome that cover it.

The parts of the telescope which are moved by the driving-clock weigh about 100 tons, and it was necessary to provide means of reducing the great friction on the bearings of the polar axis. To accomplish this, large hollow steel cylinders, floating in mercury held in cast-iron tanks, were provided at the upper and lower ends of the polar axis. Almost the entire weight of the instrument is thus floated in mercury, and in this way the friction is so greatly reduced that the driving-clock moves the instrument with perfect ease and smoothness.

The 100-inch mirror rests at the bottom of the telescope tube on a special support system, so designed as to prevent any bending of the glass under its own weight. Electric motors, forty in number, are provided to move the telescope rapidly or slowly in right ascension (east or west)

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and in declination (north or south); for focussing the mirrors, and for many other purposes. They are also used for rotating the dome, 100 feet in diameter, under which the telescope is mounted, and for opening the shutter, 20 feet wide, through which the observations are made.

A telescope of this kind can be used in several different ways. The 100-inch mirror has a focal length of about 42 feet, and in one of the arrangements of the instrument, the photographic plate is mounted at the centre of the telescope tube near its upper end, where it receives directly the image formed by the large mirror. In another arrangement, a silvered glass mirror, with plane surface, is supported near the upper end of the tube at an angle of 45°, so as to form the image at the side of the tube, where the photographic plate can be placed. In this case, the observer stands on a platform, which is moved up and down by electric motors in front of the opening in the dome through which the observations are made.

Other arrangements of the telescope, for which auxiliary convex mirrors carried near the upper end of the tube are required, permit the image to be photographed at the side of the tube near its lower end, either with or without a spectrograph; or with a very powerful spectrograph mounted within a constant-temperature chamber south of the telescope pier. In this last case, the light of a star is so reflected by auxiliary mirrors that it passes down through a hole in the south end of the polar axis and brings the star to a focus on the slit of the fixed spectrograph.

The huge dimensions of such a powerful engine of research as the Hooker telescope are not in themselves a source of satisfaction to the astronomer, for they involve a decided increase in the labor of observation and entail very heavy expense, justifiable only in case important results, beyond the reach of other instruments, can be secured. The construction of a telescope of these dimensions was necessarily an experiment, for it was by no means certain, after the optical and mechanical difficulties had been overcome, that even the favorable atmosphere of California would be sufficiently tranquil to permit sharply defined celestial images to be obtained with so large an aperture. It is therefore important to learn what the telescope will actually accomplish under customary observing conditions.

Fortunately we are able to measure the performance of the instrument with certainty. Close beside it on Mount Wilson stands the 60-inch reflector, of similar type, erected in 1908. The two telescopes can thus be rigorously compared under identical atmospheric conditions.

The large mirror of the 100-inch telescope has an area about 2.8 times that of the 60-inch, and therefore receives nearly three times as much light from a star. Under atmospheric conditions perfect enough to allow all of this light to be concentrated in a point, it should be capable of recording on a photographic plate, with a given exposure, stars about one magnitude fainter than the faintest stars within reach of the 60-inch. The increased focal length, permitting such objects as the moon to be photographed on a larger scale, should also reveal smaller details of structure and render possible higher accuracy of measurement. Finally, the greater theoretical resolving power of the larger aperture, providing it can be utilized, should permit the separation of the members of close double stars beyond the range of the smaller instrument.

The tests thus far made indicate that the advantages expected of the new telescope will be realized in practice. The increased light-gathering power will mean the addition of many millions of stars to those already known. Spectroscopic observations now in regular progress have carried the range of these investigations far beyond the possibilities of the 60-inch telescope. A great class of red stars, for example, almost all the members of which were inaccessible to the 60-inch, are now being made the subject of special study. The discovery, in one of the brighter of these stars, of nebulium, the tenuous gas, unknown on the earth, which is characteristic of the nebulæ, is an earnest of other results to follow. The possible significance of this observation in the study of stellar evolution arises from the fact that no trace of this gas has previously been detected in any of the fixed stars.

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The increase in the scale of the images over those given by the 60-inch telescope is illustrated by two photographs of the Ring Nebula in Lyra, reproduced in Fig. 14. The Great Nebula in Orion, photographed with the 100-inch telescope with a comparatively short exposure, sufficient to bring out the brighter regions, is reproduced in Fig. 3. It is interesting to compare this picture with the small-scale image of the same nebula shown in Fig. 2.

The sharpness of the images given by the new telescope may be illustrated by some recent photographs of the moon, obtained with an equivalent focal length of 134 feet. In Fig. 11 is shown a rugged region of the moon, containing many ring-like mountains or craters. Fig. 12 shows the great arc of the lunar Apennines (above) and the Alps (below), to the left of the broad plain of the Mare Imbrium. The starlike points along the moon's terminator, which separates the dark area from the region upon which the sun (on the right) shines, are the mountain peaks, about to disappear at sunset. The long shadows cast by the mountains just within the illuminated area are plainly seen. Some of the peaks of the lunar Apennines attain a height of 20,000 feet.

In less powerful telescopes the stars at the centre of the great globular clusters are so closely crowded together that they cannot be studied separately with the spectrograph. Moreover, most of them are much too faint for examination with this instrument. At the 134-foot focus the 100-inch telescope gives a large-scale image of such clusters, and permits the spectra of stars as faint as the fifteenth magnitude to be separately photographed.

A remarkable use of the 100-inch telescope, which permits its full theoretical resolving power to be not merely attained but to be doubled, has just been made possible by the first application of Michelson's interference method to the measurement of very close double stars. When employing this, the 100-inch mirror is completely covered, except for two slits. Beams of light from a star, entering by the slits, unite at the focus of the telescope, where the image is examined by an eyepiece magnifying about five thousand diameters. Across the enlarged star image a series of fine, sharp fringes is seen, even when the atmospheric conditions are poor. If the star is single the fringes remain visible, whatever the distance between the slits. But in the case of a star like Capella, previously inferred to be double from the periodic displacement of the lines in its spectrum, but with components too close together to be distinguished separately, the fringes behave differently. As the slits are moved apart a point is reached where the fringes completely disappear, only to reappear as the separation is continued. This effect is obtained when the slits are at right angles to the line joining the two stars of the pair, found by this method to be 0.0418 seconds of arc apart (on December 30, 1919). Subsequent measures, of far greater precision than those obtainable by other methods in the case of easily separated double stars, show the rapid orbital motion of the components of the system. This device will be applied to other close binaries, hitherto beyond the reach of measurement.

Without entering into further details of the tests, which are still in progress, it is evident that the new telescope will afford boundless possibilities for the study of the stellar universe.* The structure and extent of the galactic system, and the motions of the stars comprising it; the distribution, distances, and dimensions of the spiral nebulæ, their motions, rotation, and mode of development; the origin of the stars and the successive stages in their life history: these are some of the great questions which the new telescope must help to answer. In such an embarrassment of riches the chief difficulty is to withstand the temptation toward scattering of effort, and to form an observing programme directed toward the solution of crucial problems rather than the accumulation of vast stores of miscellaneous data. This programme will be supplemented by an extensive study of the sun, the only star near enough the earth to be examined in detail, and by a series of laboratory investigations involving the experimental imitation of solar and stellar conditions, thus aiding in the interpretation of celestial phenomena.

*It is not adapted for work on the sun, as the mirrors would be distorted by its heat. Three other telescopes, especially designed for solar observations, are in use on Mount Wilson.

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MR. CHOATE IN ENGLAND

EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS SHOWING HIS ACTIVITIES WHILE AMBASSADOR

EDITED BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

MR. JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE was appointed ambassador to England by President McKinley on January 11, 1899. He sailed for Southampton on February 22, duly arrived there on March 1, proceeded to London, and presently leased Lord Curzon's house there, No. 1 Carlton House Terrace. On the 6th of March he went to Windsor with Mrs. Choate and was presented to the Queen, for that year was still the nineteenth century and belonged to the Victorian age. His first considerable speech was at the dinner of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom. Of this discourse a London commentator said:

"Since Lord Dufferin left the diplomatic service, it would be hard to find a single member of the diplomatic corps who could be relied on to make such an impression on a mixed and critical audience as Mr. Choate produced apparently without an effort on his first public appearance in London. He was speaking to the nation as well as to the Chambers of Commerce. There is a rational frankness and lucid unconventionality about the American Ambassador's style which is found to be extremely attractive, especially by those who are sorely wearied by the rounded periods and studied impromptus of average British eloquence. Mr. Choate was boldly and successfully outspoken about the very things on which educated Englishmen think much but say little in public and he expressed average opinion here quite as much as that of his own country. To refer in a maiden speech to the War of 1812, to the international disputes on the Oregon and north-eastern boundary questions, the Confederate cruisers, the *Trent* seizure, and the Venezuelan message required no less magnetism than diplomacy—if these topics were to be successfully employed by Mr. Choate as stepping stones to the goal of international understanding. There was thus more to be found in the speech than the racy adroitness of a trained advocate. It was the utterance of a clear and sagacious mind speaking for two great nations; a mind more intent on the reality of things than the glitter and grace of words, and yet with finished mastery of style that hid the art concealed."

In April Mrs. Choate and her daughter were away in Paris, and he wrote to them:

To His Wife

"American Embassy, London,
15 April, 1899.

"To begin at the point where you left me. I went 'round to St. Michael's Church in Chester Square and heard my old friend Bishop Whipple preach a most animated discourse on Indians and such to a very crowded audience. His pretty young wife was with him, and 34 and 74 seem to get along well together. After tomorrow they are to be at Lady Ashburton's Kent House until May 13th, when they sail.

"Mr. Morgan came to lunch and seemed to enjoy it and approved the house very much."

(April 18.) "Yesterday I devoted the afternoon to personal calls and succeeded in making thirteen—only getting in at Sir Henry Irving's lodgings and the girl soon found that he was out after all. Today Jo is to take the carriage and do the like. I object to going out in so much style and greatly prefer a hansom, but I suppose must submit to being an Ambassador. . . . "

(April 27.) "Last night I took Judge Andrews to the Eastern Dinner at Gray's Inn and we both enjoyed it immensely. They have a grand old hall which dates back over 500 years, one of the few real pieces of antiquity spared by the great fire, and ornamented with old portraits, among them Queen Elizabeth and Francis Bacon, both of whom are said to have

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danced there. Then they had a lot of quaint old customs which have come down through the same half century, and are continued just for that reason, and no other. Before we sat down little pellets of bread were passed round and a loving cup of punch to wash them down with through the whole company, for all the world like an old fashioned Presbyterian communion. There were a lot of young Indians at the students' table some of whom had white turbans and some black. Four of the students including one Indian were 'called to the bar' in the midst of the feast, and their healths drunk. For dessert we moved into another room to a new table and there was a new shuffle of the company. . . . "

To the Same

"American Embassy, London,
21 Septr., 1899.

"The talk is still of war, but the delay confirms my belief that there will be no war. Krüger will yield enough to enable the English to avoid such a catastrophe.

"The tide of home-going Americans still continues, and many of them come to the office. Today Admiral Walker and Colonel Hines called to see me; they are on the Commission to examine and report on the whole subject of an interoceanic canal and have been in Paris to see what remains of the Panama Canal, of which as the result, they seem to think very well.

"London is perfectly delightful—cool and bracing and absolutely clear, so that the sunshine and moonlight are as good as you have."

He and Mrs. Choate went to Windsor on November 21 to dine and to meet the Kaiser, who was a guest there. On the 30th he went to the Thanksgiving Day dinner of the Americans in London. He spoke, of course; very interesting words, containing what his Edinburgh speech contained and what in all his speeches he managed to include—the message of British-American friendship. "Truly," he said in Edinburgh in starting his discourse, "your country, Mr. President, and mine are connected by bonds of sympathy, which were never stronger and closer than at this very hour. When Dandie Dinmont had listened to the reading of Mrs. Margaret Bertram's will, he threw himself back and gave utterance to that great saying: 'Blood is thicker than water.' Little did he dream that he was giving to two great nations a watchword for the exchange of their love and greetings eighty years afterwards."

To His Wife

"Dunraven Castle, Bridgend, Glamorgan.
27 November, 1899.

"If I had thought there was any possibility of your being well enough I should have telegraphed you this morning to be sure and come tomorrow morning, for the air here would cure anything. The castle looks right out upon the sea, and this morning we looked out upon bright sunshine and blue water, very near the house, and in a few minutes a great herd of deer came running over the downs and stopped under the windows as if to be admired, as you may be sure they were. We look out west upon the ocean with nothing between us and New York, but to the south through a mist the coast of North Devon is dimly seen. The air is very bracing and I have been walking all day—in the forenoon with Mrs. Skeffington-Smith, whose husband is a captain in the Cold Stream Guards and was in the battle of Belmont only last week. In the afternoon I went alone while the rest were on the golf grounds. The party is very small—six that were invited having failed like you. Lord and Lady Dunraven and Lady Ailleen, their unmarried daughter, are most cordial and hospitable and make every thing go well."

Mr. Choate had been counsel for the New York Yacht Club in a case where Lord Dunraven was concerned, but apparently no hard feelings had survived the hearing.

To the Same

"London,
20 December, 1899.

"Tonight Mr. Hay will arrive and I have invited him to lunch tomorrow and to dinner on Friday. He will be set upon apparently by all the people in town who have relatives prisoners in Pretoria, and who are all anxious to send out by him letters, money, clothes, chocolates, and other good things to their imprisoned

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From a photograph by Hollinger.

Joseph Hodges Choate.

[December, 1914.]

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friends. Just now seems to be the darkest hour that England has known for many years, and I see that even such pro-Boer sheets as the New York *Sun* and *World* are beginning to relent of their hostility.

"It will be a most dull Christmas in London. All who are not gone to the country are overwhelmed with anxiety and distress about their friends at the front.

"There is no news today from the war, but everybody seems much encouraged by the appointment of Generals Roberts and Kitchener to go to the Cape."

To the Same

"Coombe Abbey, Coventry.
26 Dec. 1899.

"You certainly have lost a visit to one of the loveliest old houses in England—a veritable old Abbey, with the cloisters turned into galleries and but for the 'new wing' it would be most unique. . . . The house is full of interesting pictures—Vandykes & Lelys, and a Charles I. or II. by Vandyke would pass for a portrait of the present Earl. I have a big room which was intended for you, covered with tapestries of fine quality. The company consists of the Bradley Martins & Mrs. Sherman, Lady Strafford & her daughter, Mrs. Keppel, Lady Violet Finch, Hon. Mr. St. Aubyn, and Mr. Fredk. Martin, a brother of Bradley, & Mr. Bishop."

To the Same

(January 25, 1900.) ". . . The war news doesn't come and everybody is very much on the strain. It still looks as if Buller hadn't force enough to do what he has undertaken, but if he does it it will be a famous victory. Did you read Lord Rosebery's speech at Chatham? Much the best speech yet delivered on the Liberal side or perhaps on any side since the war began. Unless some good news comes before Parliament meets there will be a great to-do there. Some scapegoat must be found, but it seems to me that the ministry are all equally responsible for the situation and they will stand by each other like men. . . . "

(January 26.) "London is down again today upon the report of the loss of Spion Kop. I fear it will greatly prolong the war, and entail a vast amount of suffering on both sides. . . .

"Today I had Sir Chicken Lo-fen-luh, the Chinese Minister to lunch, as he wanted to talk over some business with me. He is very good company indeed and was splendidly dressed. He had heard nothing of the deposition of the Chinese Emperor of which the papers are full, and says the real power in China is the Dowager Empress. . . . "

To the Same

"Terling Place, Witham, Essex.
28 Jan'y, 1900.

"You would have been delighted with this place and party. Lady Rayleigh is delightful, very like her brother Arthur Balfour & I think infinitely proud of him. Lord Rayleigh took us 'round his laboratory and showed us all his apparatus for the most delicate chemical experiments. He had some 'liquid air' there, and though it was some hundred degrees below zero in temperature, when he poured it from one glass to another it was set violently boiling by contact with the warm air.

"Lord Rayleigh has a great landed estate—several thousand acres—has more than 500 cows to be milked every day and sends the product to the London market. Hatfield Peverel is right in the heart of the County of Essex, and as Lady R. has a great quantity of books of history of the country I looked them over. I was interested to find my own name (Joseph Choate) on the poll lists in various parts of the country scattered along anywhere in the last hundred years.

"The news today is the worst since the war began—this second defeat of Buller and the retreat across the Ingela in spite of his promise that there should be 'no turning back' is a bitter pill for people here to swallow. The opening of the Parliament tomorrow promises to be most interesting. . . . "

To the Same

"1, Carlton House Terrace, S. W.
31 Jany, 1900.

" . . . Yesterday I attended the opening of Parliament, which seems to have disappointed everybody. The Government people had an uphill road, and to judge from what all the papers say have failed to satisfy public expectations

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by their explanations. But it seems to me that little good comes from that sort of talk. If the war must be fought to a finish, better to drop all criminations & agree upon the best mode of doing it. As long as the quarrel with the enemy lasts, quarreling among themselves should be postponed. But of course you won't quote me about this unhappy business. Sir Stafford Northcote was inducted with all the ancient ceremonies. Both houses were packed above & below—peeresses invaded the diplomatic gallery and I found myself seated between Lady Londonderry and Lady Gwendolen Cecil. Tonight I am to work out your dinner at Lady C. Beresford's—a send off for Lord Charles, who starts tomorrow for the Mediterranean Squadron. The Queen telegraphed me yesterday to know how Mr. Phelps was—of course through Sir Arthur Bigge. She seems much interested in his illness."

(February 16.) "I came up from the Locker-Lampsons' this morning to attend to some business, and go down again this afternoon to return again for good tomorrow morning. I find it a very delightful place and am sorry that you and Mabel could not be there to enjoy it. It stormed hard all day yesterday so that we didn't step foot out doors, but there was plenty in the house to enjoy. In the first place there was a very pleasant company, Sir Henry Fowler, the Batterseas, the Grant Duffs, Col. Durand who wrote 'The Making of a Frontier' and who is now on furlough, and quite a lot of young people. The house is a most attractive one with many large rooms opening into one another. It looks as though it might have been originally an Abbey—grand oak beams and oak arches dating back to Elizabeth's time, splendid oak panelling all over the house, iron fire backs dated 1584, etc., etc. They have been great collectors—etchings by Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael—pretty much all the old masters; books everywhere and one brick vaulted and brick arched room containing rare old editions—first editions of Spenser, Shakespeare and almost all the great men of letters. The L.L.'s are specially sympathetic with America and Americans as her father, Sir Curtis Lampson, was a Vermont Boy. He had a great deal to do with the first Atlantic cable and was knighted I believe for that. One of the sons is in the Foreign office and the other at Cambridge. Today is a most brilliant day—bright and warm and soft—quite equal I think to any of your days on the Riviera, which Jo describes in most glowing colors. . . .

"I am to go to the Foreign office at 3:30 to exchange ratifications of the Samoan Treaty, which has at last been agreed on. Do you remember the black Wedgewood bust of Washington (life size) which we saw at Bournemouth? Mr. Cotes now presents it to the President. . . ."

To His Daughter

"1, Carlton House Terrace.
February 17, 1900.

" . . . Yesterday I went to the Foreign Office to exchange the final ratification of the Samoa Treaty. I expected to receive a slip of paper to that effect from Lord Salisbury—instead of which he handed me a large box containing the parchment Treaty signed by the Queen herself, bound in the richest Morocco covers, very handsomely tooled and decorated with gold & colors, and resting upon the great seal of England in wax of khaki color—as big as a dessert plate and this encased in a silver box with the arms of England upon it. The Lord Chancellor, by the way, has to carry the great seal from which this impression is made about with him wherever he goes. Even when he goes to a country house party this huge seal has to go with him—the traditional theory, I suppose, being that he wears it round his neck or somewhere on his person wherever he goes.

"The last *Life* has a cartoon of Mark Hanna's Dream of Imperialism. It represents him with the Queen prostrate before him, Lord Salisbury and myself holding up her train, while he is putting her crown on his own head, with all the magnates of both realms looking on in admiration. Jo is so captivated with it that he won't let me send it to you 'yet awhile.'"

To His Wife

(February 23.) "Yesterday being our national holiday, I closed the office and we all went away. I went out to Slough and

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over the ground, or a part of the ground that we traversed together in 1879—Stoke Pogis, Burnham Beeches, Eton & Windsor. I had quite lost all recollection of the beeches and certainly it is a wonderful place. The trees must be many hundred years old, and are scattered over 300 acres and more which the City of London has now purchased and made a public park, which will preserve these relics of a remote past for a long time yet. The walk from Slough, where I lunched at the Crown Hotel was most interesting. The Road passes right through Eton and it happening to be the play hours I must have seen pretty much the whole of the school. One great group, the principal one, stood in the road across a field which soon opened and out came the dogs—the Eton beagles—and boys and dogs were all off together hare-hunting. Another lot were at foot ball and still another practising some other game. The country all the way from Slough to Windsor was under water on both sides of the road from the freshet in the Thames which was very remarkable, giving the whole the appearance of the Lake country, with Windsor Castle rising out of the water. . . . "

To His Daughter

"American Embassy, London.
26 Feb. 1900.

" . . . I am inquiring about those Messagerie Steamers. . . . As the time approaches I find I hate to go away. London is just now the one interesting place.

"I have just received notice from the University of Edinburgh that they have resolved to offer me the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws, and inviting me to come to Edinburgh on the 14th of April to receive it, or if that should not be possible, then at the end of July. . . ."

(March 8.) "At last I see a clear prospect of getting off tomorrow morning which I believe will bring me to Cannes on Saturday about 1. . . . I have had to hustle today as there were no end of last things to do, and I gave a lunch party at 2 to the Sangers consisting of the Bryces, Trevelyans, Carters, Lady Dorothy Nevill and Mrs. Jack Gordon. Lady Dorothy was great fun. She and Mr. Bryce, utter antipodes in everything, sat together and harmonized at every point.

"Tonight I have Bishop Potter, Percy Grant and Mr. White for dinner. The Bishop and Grant, his chaplain, are on their way from a voyage 'round the world, and sail on Saturday morning.

"The Queen has arrived and the whole town is wide awake, great crowds everywhere, and much enthusiasm. Her announced trip to Ireland is thought to be a grand coup."

He got duly to Cannes, and wrote from there (Hotel Bellevue) on April 3 to his son:

" . . . I have written to 'Middleman' of Edinburgh to have my gown, hood and mortar board ready for the 14th, and to Rapkine to send him my measure. Those are prescribed requisites. Think of me in a *scarlet* gown."

To His Wife

"Howick, Lesbury, Northumberland.
16 April 1900.

"I was kept so constantly on the run in Edinburgh that I really didn't find time to write and was obliged to finish 'Red Pottage' which I happened to take up on my first arrival. A strange book for a young girl to write. There was an immoral strain about it I thought, which seemed to leave a bad taste behind. As I found to my surprise that there was no day train to Scotland on Good Friday, I took the Thursday night train up, which gave me just three days in Edinburgh, and every hour was pleasantly spent. Only there is a disposition everywhere to see and exhibit an Ambassador and so I was kept going. Sir William Muir, the head of the College, entertained me most hospitably at Dean Park House, and his daughter, Mrs. Arbuthnot was most charming. She is the sister of Genl. Wauchope's widow, and of course the General's recent and tragic death has subdued the entire household very much. They seem to be as much in the dark as everybody else as to what passed between him and General Methuen just before his last fight. Sir William is a remarkable man, 81 years old this month, and yet he is out every morning on his bicycle at half past seven, then back to his bath and breakfast, and after that on horseback to the University where he is busy all day. He is an old Indian vet-

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eran of the Civil Service, was shut up for five months with his wife and four of his children in Fort Agra during the great Rebellion of 1857, and has survived to write many books about India, Mahomet, the Mamelukes, etc., etc., etc., one of which he has given with an inscription to 'H. E. the Right Honorable Mrs. Choate, in token of regret that she could not accompany' etc., etc., etc. He is Principal of the University, and Lord Dufferin the 'Lord Rector' came over from Ireland for the occasion; then we had Lord Leven who is again in Edinburgh getting ready for his brief reign again as Lord High Commissioner next month, and Prof. Masson, the author of the great 'Life of Milton,' came over from his home in the country to spend the Sunday with me.

"The function at the conferring of the degrees was very orderly and interesting, and I was specially pleased that there were no expectations or call for a 'speech' and no salutations from the boys. I was arrayed in a scarlet robe with blue facings—a black velvet square cap—and when I had been summoned to the platform, before a crowded house, a master of ceremonies related on the part of the Senators all the virtues I had and a great many more, and at the conclusion of the speech at his request the President laid another cap on my head, I kneeling, and pronounced me a Doctor of Laws; then another official in light uniform put the Doctor's Hood, black silk with blue lining, over my head—and having signed the roll of Honorary Graduates, I gave place to the next. This was very interesting, as the lady, Miss Ormerod (pronounced in two syllables *Orme-Rod*) was the first woman on whom the University had ever conferred this degree. She hadn't slept a wink the night before—poor thing—being so nervous in anticipation of the function, but she went through it very well and was received with great applause, as indeed I was myself, as Edinburgh seems to be very partial to me. Among the graduates of the year who received their first degree in course there were a great many young women, about a fifth part of all I should think, and as each degree was indicated by a different color the scene was quite spirited. In the evening Sir William gave a big dinner to the Honorary Graduates at his house, at which besides those I have already mentioned, there were many other dignitaries of the University. I see that the London papers of today give the substance of the day's doings, but as you will probably want all 'the particulars' I enclose cuttings from to-day's *Scotsman* which will probably interest you. Miss Ormerod is a very celebrated entomologist and does great services throughout England and Scotland in advising farmers and gardeners how to resist the ravages of the various insects against whom you are constantly waging war, just as the Department of Agriculture does for us in America.

"Sunday is kept very strictly in Edinburgh and a vast deal of church going is done. I heard a young enthusiast, Mr. Black,* who is making a great sensation there. He has worked his way by dint of brains at a very early age to the head of one of the principal churches. A long queue of expectant hearers forms before the church whenever he is to preach to get admission to the free seats, and yet he is not at all a revivalist, so far as I could judge at one hearing. As my departure from the house of the 'principal' on Sunday would have been regarded as Sabbath breaking of the worst kind, I did not leave until this morning, and reached here about noon.

"This is a most interesting house, having been the home of Earl Grey of the Reform Bill, 1832—the grandfather of the present Earl, and is full of historical reminiscences. Lord and Lady Grey are most agreeable and hospitable. Lord Howick, 20, is at Cambridge, home for the holidays—a part of them only for he is reading for honors. Lady Victoria, 22, a god-daughter of the Queen, Lady Sybil, 18, and Lady Evelyn, 14, make up the family. Then there is a Miss Pease, of Alnmouth, not far from here, whose father and mother we met at Fulham last spring when we visited the Bishop."

The *Scotsman*, April 16, 1900, said:

"Howick Hall, where the American Ambassador is at present staying, is the beautiful seat of the Earl Greys, one of

*Hugh Black, who has preached so much in America and is a professor in the Union Theological Seminary of New York.

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the notable Northumberland mansions. It occupies a site near the Turris de Howyke, which was one of the fourteenth century castles of Northumbria. In its situation, Howick Hall is matchless, buried in a dene of great natural beauty, and with a prospect seaward towards the blue North Sea. The mansion was built in 1792, from the designs of Mr. Newton of Newcastle. The internal decorations are of classic interest, and the pictures and statuary are of great historical import. Here is a canvas of Dr. Franklin,* taken from his house in Philadelphia, during the War of Independence by Major Andre, the 'amiable spy' of Charles Lamb; another of the Emperor Napoleon, painted during the Hundred Days, the bees on the frame of which were taken from the Emperor's throne. Family heirlooms are notable everywhere. In the library is the gold timepiece given to Mr. Albert Grey by the Queen on the occasion of his marriage. Howick derives much of its present charm from the care and interest bestowed on it by the distinguished earl, who settled here in the early days of the century. Almost every tree he himself planted during his long lifetime, and the flower gardens today are things of beauty. In the family church near at hand a beautiful marble tomb is erected to his memory and that of the countess. A former chaplain of Charles I is said to have been at one time Rector of Howick. We might mention that in the hall of the mansion the fame of the second earl is recalled by the statue of him by Campbell, which was presented to the countess by the friends of the earl on the occasion of his retirement from office in 1834."

On the 9th of June Mr. Choate went to a dinner given at the Savoy Hotel to Sir Henry Irving, celebrating his return to his country from the profitable wilds of the United States. Mr. Choate was a speaker along with the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Henry Irving, Mark Twain, Mr. Pinero, and others. Toward the end of his remarks he said:

"I would like to put Sir Henry 'on the stand' and hear his view as to the relative capacity of these two great peoples for enthusiasm. When I first came to reside among the English people I had supposed from the account they gave of themselves that they were a cold and unimpassioned people, unwilling to give way to their feelings, and that when an occasional ebullition of enthusiasm broke out on our side of the water they said, 'That is quite American, you know,' but that was before certain recent events which have shown them in their true colors—before the relief of Ladysmith and of Mafeking; in other words, before the relief of London. When these wonderful events happened they went as wild as human nature could let them go. Never do I recollect, never have I heard in our history of such a wild outbreak of the human spirit as occurred on those two nights in London. It recalled the enthusiasm on the other side of the water when events made our experiment in self-government a final, an absolute, and a perpetual success."

On the 14th of June he went to the Leys School speech day at Cambridge and distributed the prizes. The discourse that he made there was addressed partly to the boys and partly to the five hundred guests who were present. About prizes, he expressed his conviction that the boys who got them were those who had determined to have them. It was so, he thought, with the prizes of life. The men who had the will to get them, got them. He said he had known all the leading lawyers in America and many in England for forty years. "No two of them were alike in mental, moral, physical, and natural endowments except in one, and that was an absolute tenacity of purpose, striving like grim death for the object they had before them, ignoring everything but attaining that object by all the honorable means in their power." What prizes were worth the effort to get them, he did not discuss.

To His Daughter

"The Pleasaunce, Overstrand, Cromer.
Sunday, 2 Sept. 1900.

" . . . Here I am on the sea shore, on the northern coast of Norfolk, and the Batterseas have a most charming house, as you might suppose, full of beautiful things, each perfect in its kind. Paintings, water colors, engravings, photo-

*This portrait was presented to the United States by Earl Grey in 1906, and now hangs in the White House.

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graphs, a library of 5,000 books, many of them in the finest bindings, and a wonderful garden, where, although on the sea shore and exposed to the most bleak winds, yet the air is so soft that everything flourishes with the greatest luxuriance. I was mortified to think of our own poor orchard in Stockbridge—to see dwarf apple trees set out only last year, already bearing big apples. Climate is everything. . . .

"As I write, in a huge room beautifully equipped (occupied by the Princess Louise last week) I am looking out upon the North Sea, and see the ships go sailing by, and men, women and children wandering about the beach. Right before me overhanging the beach is the cliff which serves as a promenade for the whole neighborhood. I am quite sure you would like it."

To the Same

"American Embassy, London.
Monday, 8 Septr. 1900.

"I enclose a letter for you from the Hotel Metropole, Folkestone—also, the only piece of Italian paper which I had left, 5 lire.

"By the way, will you go *the next time you go out* to that little store where we bought the stamps and pay the man that .75¾ of a lira which he overpaid me in making change. I meant to have done this before I left and it has been on my conscience ever since. It's a small thing to us, but no doubt of great importance to him. . . . "

To His Son

"Hotel Victoria, Menaggio,
Lac de Como, 27 Sept. 1900.

" . . . As I expected when I left, nothing of importance seems to have happened in my absence. Anybody who expects any particular progress to be made in this China business in any particular time is bound to be mistaken. Too many cooks may not spoil this broth but they will give it plenty of time to cool. I have not seen or heard anything yet which commits our government to a wholly separate settlement on the points which concern all the powers alike. Has any such thing come from Washington? I am too far out of the world to know much that is going on. The papers when we get them are always two days old and sometimes three. . . . "

To His Daughter

" American Embassy, London.
12 Octr. 1900.

"I spend most of the time these few days at the house, at work on my address for Edinburgh which I must finish by Sunday night, as it's very irksome to have such a thing hanging over one, and then the more I work upon it the more interested I get. But these days are quite too fine to spend in doors. . . .

"Nothing new about China, except that the French note seems to suit everybody but our people, whose views upon it you will see in today's papers."

To His Wife

"I have just returned from Lord James's. . . . My visit was most pleasant. The Halsburys were there and full of kind inquiries about you. Winston Churchill went up and returned with us—talked all the time and was most amusing. He is brimming over with the enthusiasm of youth, knows it all on every subject, and seemed to think his opinion entitled to weight as against us all. But he was great fun. The Cuttings and the Grews and the Holmeses all sail on Wednesday, and I went to bid them good bye this afternoon."

To the Same

"American Embassy, London.
15 October, 1900.

"I can't get on with that address. There is nothing so hard as to sit down in cold blood and get up such a thing before it is absolutely necessary, but I do want to get it out of the way. Perhaps as Mabel has been reading up about Lincoln she can give me some ideas, but the great difficulty is what *not* to say.

"You have all been invited to the American Society's Thanksgiving Dinner for Nov. 29th and are requested to make a note of it."

(October 16.) "Most of today I have given to Sir Henry Irving's matinee for the relief of the Galveston sufferers. Drury Lane Theatre was packed from floor to ceiling and the programme was

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four hours long, *three* of which I endured and enjoyed. I had taken four tickets, one for each member of my family, but as none of them appeared likely to go, I invited Mr. Coolidge and his two granddaughters. . . . The performances were very good, but I quite agree with Mrs. Delafield that 2 hours are enough for any entertainment. . . . "

(October 18.) "I didn't write to you yesterday because I was bound to finish my Edinburgh address and devoted every minute to that. Fortunately it is finished and will trouble me no more.

"Mr. Bryan seems to be making a great noise and stir in New York, but there isn't the least symptom that he is making any impression on the voters, so I look upon the election as being practically settled already. . . . "

(October 24.) " . . . Today I have had charge of Senator Manderson and his wife, of Nebraska. He did me a good turn by preparing and delivering an address in my place before the American Bar Association when I came away, and so I wanted to do what I could for them. I took him to the Lord Chancellor's lunch, to the Judges and Queen's Counsel in the House of Lords, and then we picked up Mrs. M. at the Metropole and went to the Law Courts to see the procession, same that we saw last year, and after that to hear the remarks on Lord Russell by the Lord Chancellor and the Attorney General, all of which pleased him exceedingly. The new Lord Chief Justice looked splendidly on his first appearance in his new robes, and he got a great deal of applause. We were in the same gallery as last year. There I saw Lady Barnes quite recovered, and that dear old soul Lady Matthew, the wife of Mr. Justice Matthew, with whom we dined last year. They all ask for you and I tell them you are *very well*, taking no note of your late set back.

"All London is looking forward to Saturday—the reception of the C. I. V's. Windows to see the procession are selling at fabulous prices. . . . "

(October 29.) " . . . I wish you could have seen the crowd today that welcomed the C. I. V's home from the war. I have seen no such masses of people since that April morning when we looked down on that crowd in Wall St. that was called out by the news of Lincoln's assassination. I stood on the upper balcony of the Athenæum Club, and as far as you see the crowd was solid. It was with the greatest difficulty that mounted soldiers could open a way for the little band of heroes.—Fourteen hundred, marching four abreast, dressed in khaki, worming their way through the black crowd—they were cheered at every point, but the greatest enthusiasm was reserved for the wounded and invalids who brought up the rear in carriages. All other parts of London seemed to be deserted for the line of procession from Paddington to the Mansion House. . . . "

(October 30.) " . . . Lady George Hamilton was full of inquiries about you and hopes that when I next come to Deal, you will come too. Deal Castle is a delightful old place, the simplest in the world, but a veritable medieval affair with a moat all about it, portcullis gate & big guns, and Lord George is Captain for life, as Lord Salisbury is of Walmer Castle, 1½ miles away. . . . "

(October 31.) " . . . The announcement has just come out that Lord Salisbury retires from the Foreign Office to remain Premier only and that Lord Lansdowne takes his place as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. I am very sorry to lose Lord Salisbury for he is a most pleasant man to do business with, and was always just & fair and well disposed to us. Of course Lord Lansdowne will also be a good man to deal with."

To His Daughter

"Hatfield House, Hatfield, Herts.
Sunday 11 Nov. 1900.

"Not half the glories of Hatfield House have been told. I wish that you and Mama could have been here with me today. The house itself is one of the most beautifully preserved of the old houses of England, and close by is the old palace of Henry VII. where Elizabeth lived during bloody Mary's reign—a prisoner part of the time—and this house is full of most interesting pictures, tapestries, armor, etc., etc. Lord Salisbury under his own roof is even more delightful than at the Foreign Office and that is saying a good

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deal. The party included Eustace Balfour & his daughter Baffie, Lord Rowton, Lord Percy—'Harry Percy' as they call him, recalling Shakespeare's 'Harry to Harry shall hot horse to horse,' etc., etc., Lady Ampthill, Eric Barrington & Mrs. B.—great friends of the Dunham's, several Cecils besides Lord Robert and Lord Hugh—about 20 at table.

"My speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet seems to have been the talk of the town for 24 hours. It seems that nobody knew the origin and history of the name Downing St. till I told it, and my demonstration that it was an American Street* took everybody by surprise, it being the sacred centre of the British Empire. . . . "

Mr. Choate's address on Abraham Lincoln, delivered in the Music Hall at Edinburgh on the 13th of November, is one of his most ambitious and notable speeches. Lincoln was a fresher subject to average English minds in 1900 than he would be now since Lord Charnwood has written his life and Drinkwater's play about him has had so remarkable a success. Lord Rosebery, in introducing Mr. Choate, spoke of his selecting for his discourse "the most interesting subject, I think, that was within the range of possibility—the great man whom he personally knew and saw in the flesh." The address is the leading one in the volume that contains the more finished discourses that Mr. Choate made while Ambassador.

To His Daughter

"Dalmeny House, Edinburgh.
14 Nov. 1900.

"I am much obliged for your letter of Sunday—and as you give us no idea of your future movements I continue to write to you at Luzerne, although I have more than half an idea that I shall find you at home when I get there on Friday night. The 'address' came off very satisfactorily last night. Lord Rosebery and I went in 'à la postilion,' and Jo drove in with the other young men—the secretary, the agricultural agent, and Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, M.P., who came up along with us. The audience was closely packed and was most responsive and enthusiastic, seeming to take every point as quickly and sympathetically as a New York audience would have done. I think the Scotch are a little closer to the Americans than any other people. Lord Rosebery lives like a prince, and Dalmeny looking out upon the Firth of Forth, and within a stone's throw of it, is most charmingly situated. Then close by, right at the edge of the water is his old 13th Century Castle where he sleeps and I guess spends most of his time here. There he keeps many most interesting treasures. The entire family consists of himself and Lady Sybil who since the marriage of her sister must have many lonely hours. They are most cordial and hospitable."

To His Daughter

"American Embassy, London.
3 April 1901.

"Our little dinner last night for Professor Agassiz was very successful. It was fun to hear Sir Martin Conway describing to Lord Kelvin & Professor Agassiz his ascent of the 23000 feet peak in the Himalayas, most of the time cutting steps up the face of glaciers almost perpendicular like cataracts. The two others drinking it in as school boys would a new Arabian Nights story."

To His Son

"American Embassy, London.
3 April 1901.

" . . . Tomorrow I go to Dorking to lunch with George Meredith. I am sure you would like to go with me, and discuss 'The Egoist'—to which I hardly feel equal—although fairly up in 'Richard Feverel' and 'Diana of the Crossways.' . . . "

(April 6.) " . . . I had a most interesting day with George Meredith. He lives in a cunning little cottage with a fine garden, an ideal place for a poet and a purely literary man, he is deaf and disabled in the legs, but as clear in the head as ever. He talks just like his books, is immensely devoted to French poetry and novels, speaks French, German, Greek and English apparently with equal facil-

*Sir George Downing, from whom Downing Street derives its name, emigrated with his parents from England to New England in 1638. He was the first pupil at the first school organized in Massachusetts, and graduated in the first class at Harvard College, 1642. He returned to England, held various offices, and was created a baronet in 1663.

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ity, thinks 'Beauchamp's Career' his best book, says that when he wrote 'Diana' it was currently believed, and he was told positively, that Sidney Herbert (Dacier) gave Mrs. Norton (Diana) the secret from the minister (Sir Robert Peel) which was sold to *The Times*, but that subsequently it was all disproved.

"I asked him whether if he had to write 'Richard Feverel' again he would not rewrite the last chapter, and save the life of that dear young wife. He said 'no,' that 'the decrees of fate fall alike on the innocent and the guilty,' that Leslie Stephen had often asked him the same question and had stamped up and down his room declaring her death to be wilful murder on his part. He had a deal to say about Napoleon, of whom he was a great admirer, had studied his campaigns and could have pointed out to him many mistakes. . . . "

To His Wife

"Blythswood, Renfrew, N. B.
Sunday, 4 Augt. 1901.

"I reached here at half past seven, an hour late, and as Lady Blythswood had written that they would send for me to Paisley, and I had written her that I would come Saturday by that train, I was a little surprised to find no carriage, but I took a fly to the house—about three miles—and when I reached here it was quite evident that I was not expected. Lord Blythswood soon appeared, much surprised, and said they did not expect me till Tuesday the sixth. But I told him they certainly invited us from the 3rd to the 6th and I had written on Thursday that I would come Saturday. 'No' said he, 'your letter too said you would come Tuesday.' But my letter being fished up confirmed me—on that point at least. They are sure they invited us from the 6th to the 10th and had really on hearing I would come, invited a lot of people to meet me, most of whom fortunately are sick and couldn't come. I would have given anything to have had that letter inviting us which you destroyed. I hope you will never destroy another until the visit is made. You see it is necessary to have your credentials ready to produce. It is so easy to make such mistakes. And oddly enough, by a strange coincidence, when I asked Lady B. to produce your letter to her in which you said you had written that I would come from the 3rd to the 6th she too had destroyed that before my arrival, but she said you wrote that I would come on the 6th. Did ever you hear of such a chapter of contradictions? However, they were most cordial and jolly and gave me as warm a welcome as if I had been expected and waited for, though they were much chagrined that I shouldn't have been sent for. There are here over Sunday only Genl. Trotter who is in command of this District at Sterling Castle, Lord Dundas, a son of the Zetlands, Mrs. Rowley & her daughter from Dublin and another lady whose name I have not yet acquired. But next week was to have been and is to be the great week. Lord Clanwilliam and his daughter Katharine come tomorrow and on Tuesday the brother of Lord Blythswood is expected to arrive from South Africa with his regiment—a regiment of this district.

"To add to the perplexity of the situation on my arrival, *my trunk had been left behind*. The train was so large that they had to run in three sections, and somehow in the confusion of rearranging the train at Glasgow, or just outside of Glasgow, my trunk and several others were left, but the Station Master said it would come by the next train *in five minutes*. However, I distrusted that very much, and came on here, leaving Laurence to wait for the trunk. I had to go to dinner as I was, and when we were nearly through with dinner the butler came to me and said that my servant had come but *without the trunk*. Lord B. was kind enough to send one of his own men back to Paisley with Laurence, with instructions to telegraph in all directions, but at half past 11, nothing had been heard of it, and I was constrained to borrow one of Lord B's nightgowns to go to bed in. The fit would have been as if Codling had tried one of Short's (now that probably touches an abyss all round, but read 'The Old Curiosity Shop'—little Nell). Not giving up all hopes, although things looked pretty desperate, I concluded to sit up till midnight in the hope that something would turn up, and sure enough, just as the clock struck 12, in came the

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trunk which had been found in the Station at Glasgow and sent back. So at last the fiat went forth 'requiescat in pace' and to bed I went.

"This is a very fine place. The Queen stayed here for three days in 1888, but it has some drawbacks — especially the River Clyde which runs through the Park, and is very foul. It does really smell terribly, and its bed is black as ink.

"There came up on the train with me a very pretty Mrs. Littleton, a cousin of Lady Jersey and a sister of Lady Alice Shaw-Stewart's husband. She was going beyond here to visit her parents, having just got the news of the death of her youngest brother—Shaw-Stewart, on his way home from South Africa on the same ship that brings B's brother's regiment to which he belonged.

"Preparations are already on foot to give me enough to do tomorrow. In the morning to visit the Cathedral which Macaulay describes as almost the only fine building of middle ages surviving in Scotland, and he gives a very striking account of the Presbyterians snow-balling the prelatists there as they came out—before the Government of Scotland got settled on the accession of William & Mary. Then we are to visit the Municipal buildings—thought by the people here to be the finest in the world. To lunch at a hotel in Glasgow and in the afternoon to do the Exhibition or be done by it. As long as I stay—and in view of the horrid mistakes which I have related I can't quite tell how long that will be—there is likely to be quite a circus.

To the Same

"1, Carlton House Terrace, S. W.
19 August 1901.

" . . . On Saturday I went out to Wimbledon and lunched with Mrs. Ritchie—Thackeray's daughter—to meet the Schuylers who have taken the house next door. Her house is full of most interesting memorials and reminiscences of her father—books, sketches, paintings, manuscripts—all delightful to see and she was most agreeable. Her husband is private Secretary to Lord George Hamilton at the India office, and as he is much confined there, and then is going into the Law, they have just concluded to give up their house and are to take one in town."

. . . . . .

President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay so much appreciated Mr. Choate's high competence and value as a lawyer that they wished him to be counsel for the United States before the tribunal to which the Alaska Boundary case had been referred. As to that he says, on the 28th of February, 1903, to Secretary Hay:

"I received night before last your letter of the 17th. It at once occurred to me that there might be an incompatibility between my position as Ambassador and my acceptance of a retainer as counsel to conduct and argue the case before the Tribunal against the British Government to which I am accredited, and twenty-four hours' reflection has made me only the more doubtful of the propriety of my so doing. An ambassador seems to be regarded as standing in the shoes of his sovereign, and the diplomatic world and the British Government might regard it as derogating from the sovereign's dignity and character for him to step into the forensic arena in this way and besides, and more important, as counsel I might, and probably should have to say things about Canada, and possibly about Great Britain which might not be acceptable coming from an Ambassador. Counsel conducting a case ought not to be under the same restraints that rest upon an Ambassador.

"At any rate I think I ought not to accept the appointment as counsel without advising Lord Lansdowne in advance lest he might say hereafter that he would have treated with me differently concerning anything referring to the Alaska boundary matter if he had known that besides being Ambassador, I was also the retained counsel against Great Britain.

"Thinking that these points have probably not occurred to you or to the President, I have sent you today a cipher cable, of which I enclose a copy. There certainly can be no difficulty in finding an abundance of adequate counsel. In my cable I have suggested Mr. Spooner, who would be admirable, and as it would all be

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in the recess of the Senate, I should think it would be a great advantage to him; and Mr. Root who knows all the leading lawyers in America can easily give you the names of others.

"In any event I will give all the assistance in my power to our side of the case, and it might be advantageous to have others as counsel, with me in the background to advise and aid, as I probably could, and as I should of course be expected by the British Government to do.

Very truly yours,
JOSEPH H. CHOATE."

"6 March, 1903.

"DEAR COLONEL HAY:

"I have just received your White cipher cable in answer to my two, in which you say: 'Your two telegrams received. The President and I do not agree with you, but we shall of course not impose on you a distasteful duty,' which I accept as an acquiescence in my opinion, which you read between the lines of my telegram, that I ought not as Ambassador to undertake the added office of counsel to argue before the Commission the case of the United States against Great Britain. It is only in that sense—of doing two incompatible things—of doing as Ambassador what I ought not to, and what in my judgment the whole diplomatic world would condemn, that there is anything distasteful to me about what you propose. I am sure that both you and the President know me well enough to accept my assurance that I should otherwise have taken the greatest delight in such a service. I should not only have enjoyed it very much, but should have considered it the crowning honor of my long professional life. So, I am sure that you will not regard me, for you cannot justly regard me, as shirking or shrinking from a duty. Ever since I came here in March, 1899, I have been in more or less constant communication with the Foreign Office in the discussion of this Alaska case, in endeavors to settle it, and in the argument of all the questions essential and incidental involved in it. My first private letter to you of May 19, 1899, shows how fully I was immersed in it from the start, and it was only just before the receipt of your last letter proposing to me this service as counsel that I was trying to get from Lord Lansdowne the report of Col. Cameron in 1886, the inventor of the Canadian claim, and who by the way I found was a son-in-law of Sir Charles Tupper. All this communication and intercourse was in a way necessarily confidential. It was under the seal of my diplomatic relations of my office of Ambassador. It brought me into relations first with Lord Salisbury and afterwards with Lord Lansdowne of a very confidential character, which they would never have thought of holding with me if they had supposed that I should afterwards appear in the rôle of counsel for the United States against Great Britain in this very case, and I cannot but think that they would feel justly aggrieved on the part of their government if after all my dealings with them I should so appear. And how could I expect to receive their full confidence again after such —I will not say a betrayal, but a disregard of what they had formerly given me? It is quite clear to me too that such a position would not only impair my own subsequent usefulness, but would seriously impair that of any subsequent Ambassador here who was also a lawyer. Assuming that I am better qualified than any other lawyer to argue the case, a very considerable part of my qualification would come from these long continued, confidential diplomatic dealings with the representatives of the British Government about it, and, as it seems to me, the highest considerations of international duty forbid me to make the proposed use of qualifications so acquired to argue the case. Wholly apart from the special considerations growing out of my long diplomatic relations to the case, there is, I think, an obvious incompatibility between the office of Ambassador and that of counsel retained to argue a case before a judicial tribunal on behalf of his own country against that to which he is accredited. The two services are absolutely distinct, and for exercise at the same time, quite inconsistent. Counsel so employed ought to be absolutely free to say whatever his duty to the case requires him to say, so in this case against Canada or against Great Britain, and it might be quite possible that he would have to say things that would hurt or wound the sus-

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ceptibilities of those constituting the Government of the adverse party, and make him altogether a *persona non grata* with them. There is also a technical inconsistency between the two offices. The ambassador represents his sovereign in a special sense, and his intercourse with the Foreign Office is with the representative of the other sovereign on an equal footing, but when he goes into the judicial arena as a combatant, he meets an adversary who has not the same representative character, and must expect to give and take a very different kind of blow. It is on this ground that I believe that no sovereign in Europe would permit his ambassador in Great Britain, being also a lawyer, to go before a judicial tribunal to argue his case against Great Britain, and our Republic should be just as jealous of the dignity and strict propriety of its diplomatic representatives' conduct, as the proudest monarch.

"I think that considerations such as I have now presented account for the fact that although many eminent lawyers have been employed as ambassadors and ministers, there is no precedent for such a representative accepting or being vested with the additional office of retained counsel to argue before a judicial tribunal the case of his own government or country against the country to which he is accredited, and that whether the same case has been in his hands as a subject of diplomatic intercourse or not. I do not believe that under any circumstances Great Britain would have permitted Lord Pauncefote, who was also a lawyer of repute, to go professionally before any judicial tribunal to conduct a case on her behalf against the United States while he was accredited there as her Minister or Ambassador, least of all to present there a case which he had been for years conducting in his diplomatic capacity confidentially with the Secretary of State, and I think that her Government would naturally and justly apply the same standard to us and to other nations, and would reasonably take umbrage, although they might never express it, if I after four years of diplomatic dealings in which they had uniformly treated me with the utmost confidence, took charge of the same case in court as counsel against them, in which service I could not forget or strip myself of what had come to me in the confidence of the Foreign Office.

"But there is a service in the case of large value which I can properly render, and which the British Government would naturally expect me to render, and that is to aid and advise and support the efforts of the counsel who shall be retained to try the case before the Commission, to the full extent which the Foreign Office will advise with and support the law officers of the government who will conduct it against us—and this service I intend most conscientiously to give. With such adequate counsel for the United States as you will employ, I can render almost as effectual aid out of court as I could in, and this I intend to do. To this end I have begun a careful study of the case with such materials as are at my command here, and shall from time to time communicate with General Foster and give him all such aid as I possibly can, as you requested in your letter of February 17.

"I shall much regret it if after full consideration of what I have said, the President and yourself are still unable to agree with me, but you will at any rate give me the credit of conscientiously weighing the matter and deciding it according to the best of my lights.

Yours very truly,
JOSEPH H. CHOATE."

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IN QUEST OF CHANGE AND ADVENTURE

BY FRANKLIN CHASE HOYT

Presiding Justice of the Children's Court of New York City: Author of "Citizens in the Making," etc.

"PLEASE, mister, how much is it to Palm Beach?"

The ticket-agent at the Pennsylvania Station was somewhat startled by the unexpected inquiry and gazed wonderingly at the youthful figure standing in front of his window. At seven o'clock on a dull November morning travel is apt to be rather slack and a request for transportation to Palm Beach at such a time is liable to excite the curiosity of even the most phlegmatic of ticket-sellers.

"A good deal of money, my son," he replied in a kindly voice. "But it's sort'er early yet to go there. The trains at this time of year only stop at West Palm Beach. Ain't you rather rushing the season?"

"Oh, no," came the agitated answer. "I want to get down there right away. I can pay for it easily."

With that the boy produced a roll of bills which made the ticket-agent gasp. It also made him do something more, for, inviting the boy to step inside the booth upon the pretext of fixing up his ticket, he signalled for the railroad detective whose duty it was to interview travellers of suspicious appearance and behavior.

Upon the arrival of the latter the two officials proceeded to question the boy as to his identity and the reason for his proposed visit to Palm Beach. He answered their inquiries rather nervously and told a somewhat incoherent story which only served to increase the misgivings of his auditors.

His name, he said, was Leonard Kenneth. His father and mother were both dead, and as their only child he had fallen heir to a considerable fortune. His guardian, however, was of a cruel, unsympathetic type and Leonard had found the surroundings of his new home, which was situated in a small suburban town, exceedingly distasteful and confining. So, after practically dismissing his guardian, he had decided to learn more of the world and to spend some of his leisure time in travel. With that purpose in view he had drawn a fairly large sum of money from his estate and had come to New York, where he had been amusing himself in various ways for the past fortnight. During his stay in the city he had been stopping at one of its best-known and most expensive hotels. His reason for wishing to go to Palm Beach was a very simple one. He had found plenty of amusement, but that was not just what he was looking for. The time had come, he thought, when he should meet people and acquire social polish and distinction. The easiest way to break into society, he had read, was via Palm Beach. Hence his very logical and proper request for a ticket to that training-camp of the social aspirant.

The ticket-agent and the railroad detective looked at each other and shook their heads. They were quite ready to sympathize with Leonard's yearning for high life, but they remained wholly unconvinced by the story of the unsympathetic guardian and the large estate. The detective understood enough law to know that even if Leonard had a right to the money he was using, he had no authority or license to be roaming around the country at his age without some one to look after him. So it was decided to take the young traveller into custody and turn him over to the proper authorities for investigation.

At about the same moment that Leonard was making his abortive attempt to procure transportation to Palm Beach, the Police Department of New York received word from a neighboring city that a general alarm had been sent out for a boy by the name of —— (let us say, "Frank Brown") who had run away from his home taking with him several thousand dollars from his father's strong-box. The description of the runaway followed, and

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in every detail it tallied with the appearance of the *soi-disant* Leonard Kenneth.

A little later on the same morning the boy was arraigned before me in the Children's Court. Except that there was no eagerness or resolution left in his expression and manner, he stood before me just as he had stood before the ticket-agent a few hours earlier on that day of days in his young life. And looking at him I was not surprised that the ticket-agent had paused and wondered. In one hand the boy held a shiny new tarpaulin bag and in the other clutched a soft hat of vivid green. Both hands were encased in white kid gloves ornamented with black stitching on the backs. The suit which he wore outdid in cut even those "good form" models of the modern advertisement, while a gaudy tie, a striped silk shirt, and patent-leather shoes completed a picture which would have been amusing had it not been so pathetic.

The legal preliminaries in his case were settled swiftly. The boy admitted at once that he was the missing Frank Brown, and that he had stolen the money from his father.

What I wanted to know, however, and what interested me far more deeply than the bald facts of his offense, were the underlying causes for his conduct and the mental reactions which had influenced him to seek pleasure in so strange a way. Had the boy on his arraignment in the Children's Court been harshly treated or laughed at in the beginning, the truth would have been unattainable. A little interest, a little sympathy, and a little understanding were sufficient, however, to win his confidence, and, once the barriers of reserve and shame were broken down, he poured out his young heart and soul in full confession.

Until a few months before he had been quite happy in his modest but comfortable home. His mother and father had always treated him kindly, although apparently there was no particular bond of sympathy between himself and his parents. Once he had asked his father for permission to join a boys' club, but the suggestion had been frowned on.

Suddenly he found his life utterly "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." Just why he didn't know. But it was. He wasn't getting any fun, and it was fun that he wanted. He longed to get away from his prosy, dull surroundings and to go out into the world in quest of change and adventure.

As it happened, his father frequently brought home from his shop a considerable sum of money and kept it in a cash-box over night until he could deposit it in the bank the following morning. Knowing of this parental habit, it was an easy matter for the boy to force the box, extract its contents, and steal out of the house without arousing his parents. Taking an early morning train to New York, he was able to reach the city and lose himself before any pursuit could be started.

"How long have you actually been here?" I asked him. "You told the ticket-agent that you had been amusing yourself in New York for a fortnight—was that true?"

"No!" was the sad and rather plaintive reply. "I really haven't seen anything of New York at all. I only left home yesterday morning."

"Now, Frank," I said, "tell me why you took the name of Leonard Kenneth, and what put the idea of Palm Beach into your head. I want very much to understand all about it."

The boy hesitated for a moment and then braced himself as if for an unpleasant ordeal. The thought evidently flashed through his mind that having already told so much, he might as well explain the rest, and get the painful and mortifying business over once and for all.

"Because I wanted to get to know the proper kind of people. I didn't think Frank Brown sounded just right, and thought Leonard Kenneth would help me much better."

For a moment I lost power of utterance, then gathering myself together, in a faint voice I asked him to proceed. "How about Palm Beach?" I inquired.

"Just for the same reason," he answered. "I read that if you wanted to get to know people and break into society the best place to begin is at Palm Beach. You can make a start there and after that the rest is easy."

"What on earth have you been read-

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ing?" I exclaimed in wonder. "Did you get this from some book?"

"No! judge," he replied bashfully. "I got it from the society columns!"

At this point some of my readers may conclude that I have departed entirely from a recital of actual facts and that I have evolved a fictitious colloquy for the purpose of pointing a moral or adorning a tale. Let me assure them that this conversation (or, to employ the legal phrase, this examination) actually took place in the Children's Court of the City of New York a short time ago, and that the language used is reproduced practically verbatim.

The boy's explanation of his impulse and motive was illuminating, to say the least. For once the much-abused and much-condemned movies and dime novels were relegated into the background as the contributing causes of juvenile delinquency. A newcomer had asserted itself and, *mirabile dictu*, it turned out to be that staid, respectable, and immaculate friend of the reading public—the society column.

"Tell me, Frank," I said as our interview drew to an end. "How much of your father's money have you spent altogether?"

"About two hundred dollars," he replied.

"And for what did you spend it?" I inquired.

"The ticket to New York, the hotel, a couple of shows and clothes," was his rejoinder.

"Did you really buy a great deal for your campaign at Palm Beach?" I asked with a real feeling of sympathy as I gazed on the serio-comic figure in front of me.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "I bought this suit, this bag, these shoes, and this hat."

"How about that silk shirt and tie?"

"I got those too."

"Collars?"

"One besides the one I have on."

"Any other shirts, underclothes, or socks?"

"No, I didn't think I would need any."

"Not even a bathing suit?"

"Gosh, what do you know about that! I just clean forgot it."

A few hours after Frank's appearance in the court his father arrived to reclaim his erring offspring. To my satisfaction and delight and entirely contrary to my expectations, I found him to be a man of broad sympathy and discernment. At the outset, he sought to take the blame of the whole occurrence upon himself and insisted that his was the fault in permitting his business interests to engross his whole time and attention, with the consequent neglect of his own son. He acknowledged that he had failed to provide the boy with proper amusements and outlets for his activities, but promised that if I would allow him to return home everything would be different in the future. He had already thought out and prepared for submission to me a tentative programme for his son's occupation and training. It embraced a sojourn for the boy at an attractive summer camp, a short return to his own home where he would be given every opportunity to meet and mingle with desirable friends, and then a final placement in an excellent boarding-school.

Frank's joy at his father's forgiveness and their mutual desire to atone for past differences convinced me that the boy's problems had been solved wisely and sanely. In turning him over to his father I felt sure he would be watched over and guided with good judgment and loving sympathy.

So it was that I said good-by to Frank Brown. But in my heart I said good-by to some one else—Leonard Kenneth from the land of make-believe.

Ah, Leonard, you were very young and very foolish and very crude. Yet there are many grown-ups whose reasoning is as primitive as yours. They too seek a place in Vanity Fair, and to gain it they are willing to do things beyond your ken and comprehension. You are forgiven, because of your youth and because your dreams were so ephemeral. But for those who err with deliberation and understanding the final reckoning may not be as easy as yours.

It is not only among the boys that we find this intense yearning for change and adventure. In the pursuit of happiness many a girl will dare much and will take

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no end of risks to find diversion from the irksome routine of a monotonous existence.

A certain good woman (whom, for the purpose of this story, we shall call "Mrs. Burns") was a just mother according to her lights. She was totally devoid of a sense of humor, however, and strangely lacking in tenderness and tact. So it was not to be wondered at that she and her daughter Helen failed to get along and that they had gradually drifted far apart. Had Mrs. Burns only replaced her jeremiads and curtain-lectures with a little kindly common-sense advice, it is doubtful whether Helen ever would have set out on her great adventure, and whether Mrs. Burns ever would have appeared in the Children's Court in the guise of a complainant.

The final break in their domestic relations was brought about by a very trivial thing—very trivial at least in the eyes of Mrs. Burns, but of supreme importance and of vital significance as far as Helen was concerned. For the thing in question was Helen's hair.

As long as she had remained in school Helen had been perfectly satisfied with a coiffure of the plainest style, and had followed her mother's advice in brushing it straight back from her forehead without the slightest attempt to make anything of her "crown of glory." Now that she had graduated from school, however, and was working with salesladies and such, the situation in Helen's opinion was entirely different, and she decided that it was time to make the most of the gifts with which heaven had endowed her. So, one afternoon, with the assistance of some of her new-made friends, she rearranged her locks and tresses in a manner more consistent with the fashion of the present day and then proceeded to her home to dazzle and amaze the unimaginative Mrs. Burns.

The experiment was wholly unsuccessful. There was no question about her mother's amazement, but it was of a different kind than Helen had expected, and it contained no suggestion either of admiration or of pleasure.

"You bad, wicked child!" shrieked Mrs. Burns, almost beside herself as she gazed at her partially transformed and somewhat modernized offspring. "Whatever do you mean by dolling yourself up like that? You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Go to your room this minute and take out them curls and them frizzes. I won't have no hussy like that in my house. If you won't do things like I like them, you can clear out for good and all."

Her mother's outbreak did not altogether astonish Helen. She had not expected to work this transformation in her appearance without a certain amount of faultfinding and criticism, and so she had looked for something of the kind; but its violence and fury quite staggered her. Without a word she went to her room, and there she sat and thought and thought.

The first conclusion which she arrived at was that her home was an impossible place. True, she had been sometimes at fault herself, but she had never committed any serious wrong and she was not to blame for all the lapses and delinquencies of which her mother continually accused her. If only she could be accorded a little sympathy and a little understanding, everything would be so different! But her mother would never see anything from her point of view, and there would be precious little fun in the future while this state of things continued. Mrs. Burns had told her that if she would not act just as she wanted her to, she could clear out for good and all. Well, it was certain that she couldn't be happy and please her mother at the same time, so undoubtedly the best plan to follow would be to take this advice and leave her uncongenial home forever.

Having settled this much of her programme, the next question was where to go and what to do. As she pondered over this phase of her problem an idea began to formulate in her mind which seemed to offer an attractive solution for all her difficulties. For some time past she had been indulging in an intermittent daydream, and had pictured herself in fancy as living the life of a girl surrounded by every luxury and comfort. Exactly where she was to obtain the wherewithal to do this her imagination had not precisely figured out, but is it not always understood that wealth incalculable is stored in

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every castle in Spain? Why shouldn't she go forth into the great world and live as she had dreamed? Of course, reason and common sense told her that it couldn't last for long, but youth whispered that a day of pleasure was worth a year of drudgery, and that she would find joy and happiness on the rainbow road of adventure.

Unfortunately, Helen lacked the key to the treasure-room of her castle, and as a substitute had only about twenty-five dollars in her little bank—the result of her savings. But twenty-five dollars would permit her to play the game for a day and a night, and after that—well, something would be sure to turn up!

So it was that Helen decided to set out in her quest of adventure. She appeared that evening at the family supper with her hair brushed back in the same old familiar style, and thus quieted the reproaches and fears of the apprehensive Mrs. Burns. The next morning she departed for her work as usual, but had her mother been more suspicious and had she investigated things in Helen's room, she would have discovered one difference, at least, in the customary state of things—the little bank was empty!

After leaving her home Helen went to her place of employment and passed a restless day waiting for the great adventure to begin. She had decided to defer putting her plan into operation until the evening, partly because it suited her purpose better, and partly because she wanted the assistance of her friends in adorning herself for the glorious occasion. She told them all she was going to a party that night, and she wanted them to help her to arrange things. After work was over they again lent their aid in doing up her hair in the most ultra style and in loaning her various additions to her wearing apparel, with the final result that, as one of them put it, she could pass anywhere as a "perfect lady."

At that magic hour when the tired city throws aside its burden of the cares which infest the day and seeks to find surcease from its worries in an evening of enchantment and pleasing relaxation, Helen went out into the great world to turn her day-dream into a living reality.

She proceeded boldly to a large and expensive hotel and told the clerk at the office a somewhat improbable story. She had just arrived from the West, she said, where she had been engaged as a movie star with a well-known film concern. Her mother had been detained unfortunately in Chicago by some business, but would arrive in a day or two. The reason that she had been compelled to leave her mother and come on to New York in advance was because she had an important engagement with her manager here in the city the next morning. Could she have a room for a day or two until her mother arrived? She would be very glad to pay for it in advance.

Generally it would be impossible for a girl of fifteen to obtain accommodation in a New York hotel of the better sort upon a story of this kind, but in this particular instance the clerk accepted the tale on its face value and assigned her a room.

Her first evening passed off pleasantly enough. A simple meal at a near-by restaurant and a few hours at a moving-picture show were her only indulgences, and she retired to her hotel chamber in an ecstatic frame of mind over the success of her venture. The next morning she treated herself to that height of luxury—a breakfast in bed. Why not?—for every lady of wealth always breakfasts in bed according to the novels which Helen had read. Later on she arose and put in a desultory day wandering around the city, taking in the sights and postponing the disagreeable necessity of finding some employment until fate should have some suggestion to offer.

In the late afternoon, after her return to the hotel from a matinée where she had found oblivion from unpleasant reflections on her rather perilous situation, she received some serious news. The manager would like to have her call at the office. Helen wasn't quite sure what it meant. Possibly some one was going to offer her a wonderful job, and thus enable her to continue her little adventure. Possibly it signified something less pleasant. However, the call had to be obeyed, and with a beating heart and a dull premonition of disaster she went in to face the arbiter of her destiny.

It was not so serious after all. The

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room clerk whom she found at the desk was kindness itself and merely told her that under the circumstances it would be better for her to go to some woman's hotel and wait there until her mother arrived; that it was against the rules of the hotel to take in a girl as young as she without a relative and that a mistake had been made in admitting her the night before. He handed her the address of an appropriate stopping-place and added that her mother could settle the balance of her bill later on.

The amazing thing about his action was that he didn't seem to question the veracity of the girl's story in the slightest and took no steps to investigate her situation or to consult with any organization or authority concerning her care. He seemed to think that his full duty had been discharged by turning her out of her present lodging and referring her to another hotel of the sort maintained exclusively for women.

Helen received his edict with a feeling of disappointment and depression. The process of disillusionment had begun and already her castles were beginning to dissolve into the thin air. Of course, she could continue to play the game for a little while longer in the hope that something would turn up to stave off the impending crisis. After all, she had a little of her twenty-five dollars left and moving from one hotel to another was not a difficult matter. In any event she decided it would be better to prolong her experiment and give fate the chance to justify itself than to return to her home and her former life of discontent and unhappiness.

As she was about to depart from the hotel, one of the bell-boys who had been standing around the office-desk and who apparently had heard some of her conversation with the clerk came up to her and handed her a card. It bore the name of another hostelry, very different in character from the one she had been stopping at or the one to which she had been recommended by the clerk. The bell-boy assured her that she would find it pleasanter in every way than the place which the room-clerk had spoken of.

Helen was delighted with this little attention and instantly decided to follow the youth's suggestion. On her arrival at this establishment, which she found far less imposing than the place which she had just left, she was asked no questions whatever, and was only required to sign the register and make a small deposit for her lodging. This made a serious hole in the remnant of her funds and when she retired to her room and took stock of what remained, she realized there must soon come a change in her fortunes either for better or for worse.

Poor little Helen! Plays such as yours cannot go on forever and already inexorable fate is signalling impatiently for the drop of the final curtain. Destiny has no time to lose in amusing itself with day-dreams and every adventure must soon come to an end. A few more hours and you will learn how transitory and unreal were the pleasures and diversions which you had thought to find.

In default of anything else to do that evening, Helen sat herself in the hotel lobby and watched the guests come and go. She had not been there long before a man (the inevitable man!) came up and started to converse with her. He asked if she were not a stranger in the city and if he could be of any service to her. It was pleasant to have some one to talk to after twenty-four hours of loneliness, and Helen found the stranger such an agreeable companion that when he suggested that she should accompany him to a show she accepted his invitation with alacrity.

It was this visit to the theatre, after all, which brought Helen to her senses. Certain things were said and certain things were done which awakened her to a keen sense of her perilous position. Whatever may have been her fondness for amusement and pleasure, she at least had a conscience and a vivid appreciation of the fundamental difference between right and wrong. She flatly declined an invitation from her new-found friend for supper and parted company from him immediately after leaving the theatre. Accosting the first police officer she could find, she told him that she was without a home, and asked where she could find suitable lodging for the night until she could communicate with her relatives. The officer asked her how old she was, and when she told him that she was but

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fifteen he took her himself to the Shelter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The meeting the next morning in the Children's Court between Mrs. Burns and Helen was not altogether cordial or reassuring. Mrs. Burns was not at all sure that she wanted to have Helen come home and Helen was not at all sure that she wanted to go there. As it was necessary in any event to make a full investigation of the case and to hold Helen until her story could be checked up and verified, it was quite apparent that a week's separation could do no harm and would give them both a chance to think over the situation calmly and dispassionately.

When Helen came again before me a week later, I found both her and her mother in a more conciliating mood. Mrs. Burns said that she would be willing to forgive Helen, provided that she would give up her nonsense and settle down to hard work, while Helen graciously consented to return home on condition that her mother afforded her a trifle more liberty and amusement. She handed me a little note embodying the terms upon which she would sign a treaty of peace:

"DEAR JUDGE:

"I want to be a good girl and I am willing to go home with my mother. But I want you to tell her that I can go out to dances and shows once in a while, and that I can go around with my friends more.

Yours truly,

HELEN BURNS.

"P. S. I think one dance every week will be enough."

All these terms and conditions only added to the complexity of the situation. What we aimed at was a full reconciliation between Mrs. Burns and her daughter, based upon mutual trust and understanding, not a negotiated compromise or an armistice!

Again I put the case over for a week and used the time in trying to make each one of them see the fairness of the other's point of view.

To Mrs. Burns I pointed out that she had been largely responsible herself in bringing on the crisis, and that, in depriving Helen of reasonable liberty and amusements, she had forced her to go outside her home to search for pleasure. I assured her that Helen was a good girl at the bottom, and that if she would handle her with a little more tact and intelligence she would find her a loving daughter and a staff of comfort.

To Helen I appealed for greater consideration of her mother's wishes and more respect for her judgment. I told her that I was sure that if she would remain at home her mother would give her every liberty consistent with her own best interests. I talked of her moral obligations and responsibilities, saying that I knew she was no shirker and too fine a character to be swerved from the path of duty by petty irritations and annoyances.

In the end we succeeded in bringing them together, and the broken bond between mother and daughter was welded together again, never, we trust, to be broken in the future.

Into New York and out of New York every twenty-four hours there wend two curious processions moving in opposite directions.

The incoming host includes children from all parts of the country seeking change and adventure. Some come to see the sights of the great city, some to find employment, some to avoid the dull routine and drudgery of unsympathetic homes. They travel by passenger trains, they beg rides in automobiles and trucks over hundreds of miles of road, they stow themselves away in freight-cars and steamers, and sometimes they walk. There are little nomads who have already tramped half the world's width, and there are boys who have left their sheltered homes for the first time because of some foolish resentment or fancied wrong. There are girls who wish to become actresses, and who believe that their mere arrival in New York will suffice to win them a place on the stage or in the films. Some of the children come to find amusement and distraction, while others seriously seek new openings and happier vocations. To all of them the end of the rainbow rests on the streets of New York and there the pot of gold is to be found.

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The outgoing throng is, in its way, every bit as queer and extraordinary. Some are prompted to leave the city by a sincere desire to try country life for a change, while others are impelled by a craving for adventure and a spirit of wanderlust which they themselves can scarcely fathom or explain. Big boys and little boys armed to the teeth with revolvers, bowie knives, and even toy pistols, laden down with camp impedimenta of a weird kind and frequently equipped with a few odd sombreros and breeches, strike boldly out for the boundless West, there to hunt buffalo, fight Indians, and mingle in friendship with cowboys. One girl is leaving home at the suggestion of an older friend to tour the country towns with a cheap burlesque show; while another, all unbeknownst to her family, is going off for a little trip with a "gentleman friend" whom she met at a party a few days ago. Sometimes the girls and boys indulge in romantic dreams and travel in pairs, but happily this does not often happen. All these children are following a will-o'-the-wisp and it flickers up and down, leading them out from the dull and dreary streets of the city into the boundless country of illusion and heart's desire which lies beyond.

Every twenty-four hours, within the confines of the city itself, another form of nomadism also manifests itself. Girls and boys leave their homes with no apparent wish to travel far afield, but simply because they seek a change and are restless and unhappy, due either to their own transgressions or to the faults of their parents. Some are actuated by fear, some by resentment, and some by mere love of adventure. This girl has stayed out at a dance too late and fears to face her mother in the early hours of the morning. That boy has played truant from school and fooled around the streets all evening with undesirable companions; no wonder that he is ashamed to return home and prefers to sleep in a vacant hallway. Here are some children who have grown weary of being continually beaten and "hollered at" as they put it; can we blame them for running away from their brutal parents and seeking some more sympathetic refuge elsewhere?

Most of these little wanderers and fugitives do not get very far in their travels or with their plans. They are picked up in the city and out of the city by the authorities and social workers, and the wires between our "missing persons' bureau" and the police departments of other towns are kept hot with messages concerning the "lost and found."

Practically all of them find their way sooner or later into the Children's Court, and there we seek to understand their troubles, fathom their motives, and help to solve their problems. In nine cases out of ten the wisest solution is to return these children to their own homes, to which they usually are glad to go back, repentant of their follies and overjoyed at being forgiven. But in some instances we find that they had more than sufficient cause to leave their unhappy surroundings and to seek refuge in alien places. For such as these new homes must be found and new foundations constructed, so that they may have the chance of living normally, cleanly, and happily.

There is nothing more absorbing and fascinating than to get at the view-point of these children, to listen to their stories, and to discover the underlying reasons for their actions. By the skill with which we diagnose their maladies, by the treatment we accord them, by the confidence and trust with which we inspire them, it lies with us to mar or mend their future lives. It is a heavy responsibility—but a glorious privilege.

Once upon a time there was a wicked fairy who lived in a palace at the bottom of a sea, and whose name was Fata Morgana. One of her chief amusements was to deceive people and lure them on to destruction by various tricks and devices. The chroniclers would have us believe that she came to an evil end many centuries ago, but some mariners aver that she still lives and sends forth upon the face of the waters a strange mirage to bewitch sailors and lead their ships to disaster. Can it be that Fata Morgana has found an incarnation in the New World and is plying once more a variation of her old vocation by luring children into danger by false dreams and illusions? If so, old Fata Morgana must be exor-

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cised and driven out. And what agency is stronger and better able to destroy her spell than that of the home? Not the home which is akin to a prison-house, nor even that which merely offers a shelter and provides a refuge, but the good old-fashioned home which binds together each and every member in bonds of loving sympathy and endeavor, which is reverenced as the temple of all they hold most dear, and which stands out in this dreary, disappointing world of ours as the very foundation of decency and civilization itself, the one thing bright.

THE WINGED SOUL

By Dabney Horton

On wings I went from earth. On wings
Must I each further year return.
Just at the turning of the Spring,
Shall I flit back to France to learn
If the Cardinals bloom as red for me
Around the Fount of the Medici.

As a hawk I may drop from out the blue,
Diving from distant skies, much higher
Than ever my able war-'plane flew;
And rest a moment on some tall spire
Above the steep crannies of Notre Dame,
Where the pigeons murmur their morning psalm.

If some black-frocked raven haunts
Your flowering, boulevard balcony,
Cast him not hence; perchance he wants
The remembered vision again to see;
The distant towers of Sacré Cœur
Agleam in the sun through the leafy blur.

Mayhap, such humble flight I'll take
As sparrow, or bat, whose nervous wing
Divines Night's secrets. For my sake
Cherish each small, late-flying thing,
When the Pont Neuf hangs like an opal chain
Across the dark bosom of the Seine.

Or, if some foolish, wandering bee,
Enticed by the gay roses at your waist,
Hums 'round your head exultantly,
Seek not to crush him in your haste,
Lest it be I, returned to woo,
And know how Paris fares with you.

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THE FRASER BUST OF ROOSEVELT

By Louise Eberle

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE is a bust of Roosevelt that is in a fair way to becoming known simply as "the Roosevelt bust," because so many of those who knew and loved the late great American find it the one that brings their friend back to them; and because artists approve it not only for its qualities as a likeness but as a work of art.

One might quote from each of these groups, but it is possible to condense by quoting a man who represents both—Carl E. Akeley, sculptor-explorer, who was not only Roosevelt's friend but for a time a fellow hunter in Africa. He says of the bust that he believes it to be the only one that grasps Roosevelt's spirit as well as his likeness, and that not only gives him back to his friends, but can also, in a measure, give the real Roosevelt to generations that cannot see him, because it has the intangible quality of interpreting as well as reporting. For such reasons Mr. Akeley is one of the group which is urging that some official cachet be placed on this bust so that there may be no confusion in the future regarding the likeness of Roosevelt.

It is quite fitting that the only bust for which Roosevelt ever posed should have connected with it a story of youth and achievement, of effort and success. It runs this way:

When President Roosevelt consented to have his portrait made in marble, he wrote to his friend Augustus Saint Gaudens requesting him to undertake it, and when the reply came that Saint Gaudens was ill, Roosevelt asked him to choose a man for the work and send him to Washington.

A few days later Roosevelt was told that the artist with whom he had an appointment was in the East Room awaiting him. So he went to meet the sculptor, James Earle Fraser, of whom he had never heard.

Mr. Fraser outlines that first day. He had gone to Washington merely to make minute measurements of the President's head so that he could carry the work as far as possible without a sitting and have the advantage of all the time he was to have for the real portrait work. When Roosevelt entered, Mr. Fraser had all his measuring-tools laid out, and felt very much like a dentist come to operate, except that it was he, not the patient, who felt the usual trepidation. He remembers his surprise that the President entered alone—having a preconception of an eternally guarded Chief Executive. And one can imagine that Roosevelt, having in mind the venerable Saint Gaudens, himself received a distinct shock when he found a man awaiting him who looked even younger than his twenty-five years.

Then came the first characteristic touch. Being Roosevelt, he made no secret of his surprise. But, being Roosevelt, his surprise was his own sort—something like this:

"You are a much younger man than I expected, Mr. Fraser. It goes to show how merit must find its level, doesn't it? It can't be kept down. I asked Saint Gaudens for the man who could do the job, with perfect confidence in his choice. The fact that he sent you proves that you are the man." And then he plunged straight into a talk on confidence, and how the bigger a field one had to cover in one's activities the larger a part it had to play—how great issues had to be staked on the judgment of advisers for whom one had that abstract but utterly definite feeling called "confidence."

When that incident was told to Mr. Akeley he appreciated it hugely.

"Wasn't that Roosevelt!" he said. "No crying down of youth. No wet blanket of doubt. Just a seizing of the opportunity to set firm on his feet a boy whose knees—his quick sympathies told him—were probably wabbling under him.

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Could that bust have been a failure after that? And can you believe that a fellow like Fraser wouldn't climb up, for that job, to the top of his own highest peak and hang on there every moment, if it killed him?"

When Mr. Fraser had the bust set up in clay he returned to Washington, and then the real sittings began. There is a tale that has been much told, both orally and in print, to the effect that the President, after taking the trouble to get an artist to make his portrait, said that he was too busy really to pose, and that the work would have to be done during cabinet meetings and conferences. This tradition Mr. Fraser explodes with the first remark about that experience.

"The President posed faithfully for me for two weeks, morning and afternoon, in the East Room," he said. "And though he frequently had to receive cabinet officers and attend to business with other people, there were times when we had as much as two hours without interruption. I worked from eight o'clock until ten each morning, at which time the public was admitted; and in the afternoon, when business was over for the day and the President had had his ride, he would pose again."

Mr. Fraser had chosen that aspect of Roosevelt that most means Roosevelt to the American people—the man with the forward-thrust head, ever springing into action, with the warm quick sympathies of the true son of out-of-doors, the keen observation of the naturalist to whom the whole world and man are included as objects of nature study, the man to whom the defense of truth was always an adventure—and who loved adventure. And the kerchief knotted around the neck set the scene in those Rough Rider days that most intrigue the imagination of this young land.

When Mr. Fraser was asked "if Roosevelt really held that pose," he replied: "Hold it! He couldn't hold any other, except temporarily." But he went on to relate how once in a while the President, in talking more earnestly than usual with some friend, would clasp his hands behind his back, fling up his head, and lift his eyes—no, not dreamily—into some realm where his thoughts were extraordinarily busy and where his attention was riveted for the time. Mr. Fraser was always fascinated by this, and still has dreams of fixing it in clay.

One could scarcely imagine Roosevelt delighting in the inaction of "sitting" for a portrait, and Mr. Fraser's tale confirms this conjecture. Roosevelt never sat, but stood, and he never stayed long in one spot, but would try first one side of the stand on which the bust was placed and then the other; and he talked all the time, vitally and interestingly, to official visitors, friends, and to Mr. Fraser himself. Mr. Fraser confesses that this had its difficulties, for deliberately to relegate that vivid stream of narrative and comment to the secondary channels of his attention was a feat in itself. But in looking at the bust one can believe that it may have gained some of its extreme vitality from this necessity of circumstance—one man tremendously alert to catch and register every significant shading of expression in another man who was constantly alert to register every significant shading of humanity.

For all his animation it seems that Roosevelt was far from being a "difficult" sitter. Any artist who is accustomed to doing portraits will acknowledge that the mental attitude of the sitter is often the worst difficulty he has to face. But Roosevelt neither expected a perfect likeness immediately, nor tried to help the artist by kind suggestions, nor did he have an idea that differed from all the world's regarding his own appearance. He candidly wanted the best that was due him, and was not a stickler for a too grim realism. One day he caught Mr. Fraser modelling two small moles—they may be seen on the left cheek of the bust—and exclaimed: "Young man, I'm not like Cromwell in being too particular about having such things as warts all represented." And then he went on to relate how Cromwell had severely impressed a portrait-painter with the necessity of putting in all the many warts that adorned his stern face.

Roosevelt did want to be sure that all the measurements were absolutely exact, and sometimes Mr. Fraser proved them to him with the calipers. He was frankly inquiring in his attitude toward sculpture, though more intelligent than many

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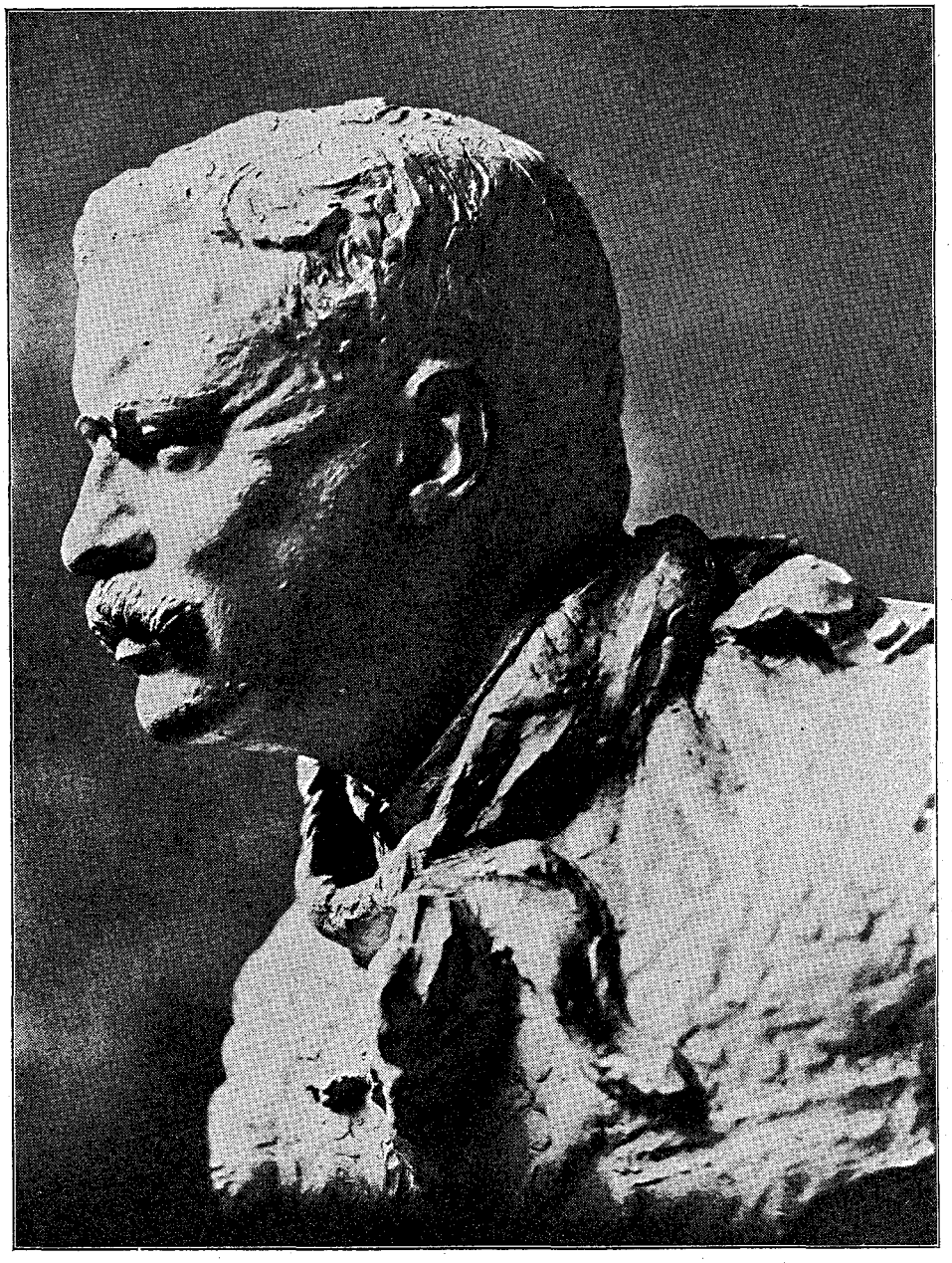

The Fraser bust of Roosevelt, which the late President's friends know simply as "the Roosevelt bust."

a person who parades an opinion on it. On the other hand, he quite awed the artist by being able to give their scientific names to all the different types of human heads, and to place them in their proper period, race, and location.

At the time the posing was going on, the President had visiting him a friend who was a naturalist and traveller. He was frequently in the room as the work went on, and the conversation always filled Mr. Fraser with amazement. There was not, it seemed, a spot on the coast of China or South America that the Presi-

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Medal for the Roosevelt Memorial Association, by James Earle Fraser.

Reverse of Roosevelt Memorial Association medal.

dent could not outline, giving its history, its significance, its relation to the rest of the world; there was not a move that Japan was making on which he did not have his finger. The friend might mention some fish in the South Seas, or other equally unlikely spot that Roosevelt had never visited, and Roosevelt would round out his statements with the most casual and complete familiarity in the world.

So Mr. Fraser—fortunately for his work—saw the President from many angles of vision during those days. Most often, of course, it was the man of affairs, the leader of the nation in his various activities. Sometimes it was that wonderful father-pal who could find the most secret and elusive pathway of a child's heart, and tread therein without bruising a bud or a blossom. Sometimes it was the strong man tugging against opposition, the man with the big end in view, raging, with humor even in his rage, against senators or congressmen who seemed to see no further than politics. Often it was the Panama Canal—which was the moot question just then. And he was present when the following incident, which illustrates the President's frank methods with wrong-doers, took place. One day a governor, who had been at some political iniquity, was announced. Mr. Fraser could see instantly that the President was far from pleased, and when the guest was ushered in he received a very formal greeting. As Roosevelt remained standing, the visitor necessarily did the same. The man did not seem to notice this, however, nor the fact that he was receiving monosyllabic replies to his remarks. When Roosevelt observed that he was not snubable by this method, he turned and walked to the other side of the bust and posed there. The man followed him, his flow of comment unabated. Roosevelt went back to where he had stood originally. And this time the man got it. He said good-by and turned to leave the room. Before he had reached the threshold Roosevelt leaned toward Mr. Fraser, pointing an indignant finger after the retreating figure, and exclaimed: "That's a bad man—a *very bad* man!"

Roosevelt never came into association with any man that some personal touch was not evoked. Having no immediate close point of contact with a sculptor, he began about the world at large—that being admittedly a good general subject. He talked a lot about this day and age, fairly thrilled that he lived in it; and the chief reason that he gave for its preeminence over ages past was that we could know what was going on all over the world at the same time, so having the greatest opportunity we have ever had to be real human men and women through mutual understanding and knowledge, and to get out from under the heel of mere circumstance and chance.

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It was not long before Roosevelt found the specific point of contact between himself and the young artist—a mutual love of athletics. Boy fashion, the two stood up to measure themselves together. Now, Mr. Fraser is a man whose breadth of shoulder apparently takes something from his height. Roosevelt was much shorter than he, yet to the artist's amazement the President's shoulders were two full inches broader than his. They compared notes on favorite sports. Roosevelt asked Mr. Fraser if he played baseball, and when the latter admitted it, the President looked positively wistful as he owned that he had never lived down his disappointment at not being able to play the game because of his defective eyesight. Mr. Fraser, however, saw a concrete example of the President's ability to get action out of other games, for he came to his pose one afternoon barely able to hobble in, and explaining with a grin that he had sprained his ankle at tennis. Then he stood for two hours, with never a mention of the pain he must have been suffering, and, moreover, insisted on standing as usual the next day, too, though conditions were apparently little bettered.

Death-mask of Theodore Roosevelt, the work of James Earle Fraser.

In discussing the bust recently, Mr. Fraser pointed out how interestingly the physique of Roosevelt ran parallel with his character. "Look at his neck," he said, indicating it on the bust. "It has

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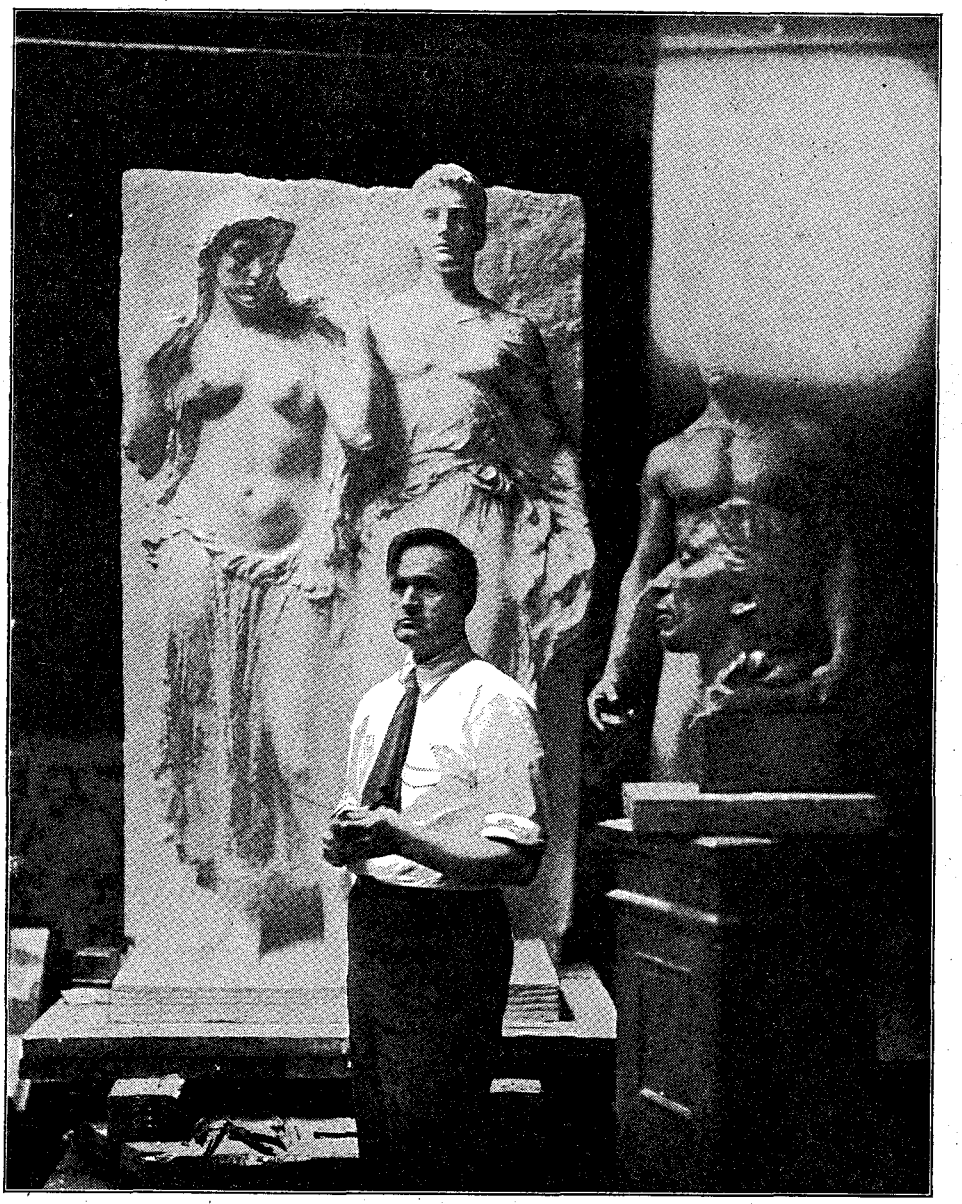

James Earle Fraser at work on a monument to be placed in Washington.

the sheer strength of a lion, and so have the jaws and cheeks. But look here"—his finger indicated eyes and temples—"see the delicate tooling there, the fineness of modelling and line. And look at his ear—like a woman's. I have never seen a heavier arm or a thicker wrist. But the tips of his fingers were sensitive, fine, and wonderfully perceptive."

It may seem out of place to speak of the death-mask (Mr. Fraser's work also) in this connection. But it is more than interesting to see it beside the bust. In the case of any person such a comparison will illustrate how little mere features have to do with personality, for the more of the latter a person has expressed in his life, the less easy is it to recognize him in

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a death-mask. The case of Roosevelt is an extreme example of this. The world knows pretty generally how he deliberately builded on and added, by self-discipline, to the assets wherewith he found himself as a young man. And, looking at the death-mask and the bust side by side, it seems as if one were beholding a foundation, and, beside it, the same foundation with what the aspiration and courage and faith of a soul builded thereon.

Mr. Fraser did not put the final touches on the bust down in Washington, but brought it, when the likeness was complete, to his studio in New York. But before he left he received (in addition to the President's words of enthusiasm) two entirely Rooseveltian indications of approval. One was Roosevelt's emphatic assurance that he would never again pose for a bust (and he never did, except for one casual, convenient hour that he gave to one other sculptor). Just as emphatic was the President's request that Mr. Fraser write the name "Theodore Roosevelt" under one ear of the bust. "For," said he, "in a hundred years the head will be broken off the base, and I don't want some one to pick it up and say, 'This is Charles W. Fairbanks, the great Idaho poet.'"

Thus Roosevelt claimed the bust as his, and his countrymen have done the same; and since then the artist who made it has achieved a distinguished place among the world's great sculptors. One would be surprised if he had not, after that performance. But one wonders just what was in Saint Gaudens's mind when he selected Mr. Fraser to do the work. Did he choose him because he thought him the best craftsman available? There were many, though, who had already achieved more of a name. Did Saint Gaudens believe that there was some reason, aside from sheer ability, why he was best fitted to be interpreter of this man with the complex mind and simple heart, the childlike gentleness and terrific force? No one can answer those questions now, but one can give reasons from the artist's own life why he should have been able to see through all the battlements and ramifications which the great man had erected during the course of his warfare with life into the inner chamber where dwelt, serene, the pure and friendly and gay and simple spirit. These reasons began back in the artist's boyhood, when, because his father was constructing the Chicago and Milwaukee Railroad, he spent eight years on the plains in his life's most impressionable time. Day by day the car that was home to him pushed farther into the wild as the steel rails were laid ahead of it—like a needle patiently drawing a thread through shapeless cloth that it might some day be a garment. Trees, mountains, plains, Indians who were still purely Indian, buffalo, and ponies as untamed as their riders, were the familiars of his boyhood. Like Roosevelt, though, he did not have merely the thirst for adventure itself, but wanted to get at the human motive or emotion that expressed itself in the concrete happening. One can imagine what would enter the spirit of a boy who would rise, as he did many times, long before dawn, to watch for hours a medicine-man making his elemental prayer—just an Indian standing motionless on a knoll, palms out in meditation, a stark figure stabbing the sky—but a whisper from Mother Earth's own lips for those with ears to hear. Because of such things the boy came to know his Indians and his out-of-doors in a way that alone could give us, later on, his "End of the Trail," and because of such things one surmises that he knows his art in a big and simple and clean way, as Roosevelt knew life and life's business. The result was "the Roosevelt bust," gratitude for which we must divide between the artist and Roosevelt himself, with the belief that each would enjoy this sharing of the indebtedness.

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UNDER GENIAL SKIES

CALIFORNIA NOTES ON WILD LIFE

By John Burroughs

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I

UNDER GENIAL SKIES

THE two sides of our great sprawling continent, the East and West, differ from each other almost as much as day differs from night. On the coast of southern California the dominant impression made upon one is of a world made up of three elements—sun, sea, and sky. The Pacific stretches away to the horizon like a vast, shining, gently undulating floor. Its waves are longer and come in more languidly than they do upon the Atlantic coast. It justifies its name. The passion and fury of the Eastern seas I got no hint of, even in winter. Its rocks, all that I saw of them, are soft and friable. The languid waves rapidly wear them down. They are non-strenuous rocks, lifted up out of a non-strenuous sea. The mountains that tower four or five thousand feet along the coast are of the same character. They are young, and while they carry their heads very high, they are soft and easily disintegrated compared with the granite of our coast.

As a rule, young mountains always wear the look of age, from their deep lines and jagged and angular character, while the really old mountains wear the look of youth from their comparative smoothness, their unwrinkled appearance, their long, flowing lines. Time has taken the conceit all out of them.

The annual rainfall in the Far West is only about one-third of what it is on the eastern side of the continent. And the soil is curiously adapted to the climate. Trees flourish and crops are grown there under arid conditions that would kill every green thing on the Atlantic seaboard. The soil is clay tempered with a little sand, probably less than 10 per cent of it by weight is sand. I washed the clay out of a large lump of it and found the sand a curious heterogeneous mixture of small and large, light and dark grains of all possible forms. The soil does not bake as do our clay soils, and keeps moist when ours would almost defy the plough. Under cultivation it works up into a good tillable condition. Its capacity to retain moisture is remarkable, as if it were made for a scant rainfall. As a crop-producing soil, it has virtues which I am at a loss to account for. Root vegetables grown here have a sweetness, and above all, a tenderness, of which we know nothing in the East. Much sunshine in our climate makes root vegetables fibrous and tough.

I more than half believe that the wonderful sweetness of the bird songs here, such as that of the meadow-lark, is more or less a matter of climate; the quality of the sunshine seems to have affected their vocal cords. The clear, piercing, shaft-like note of our meadow-lark contrasts with that of the Pacific variety as our hard, brilliant blue skies contrast with the softer and tenderer skies of this sun-blessed land.

II

LAWN BIRDS

To have a smooth grassy lawn about your house on the Pacific coast, is to have spread out before you at nearly all hours of the day a pretty spectacle of wild-bird life. Warblers, sparrows, thrushes, titlarks, and plovers flutter across it as thick as autumn leaves—not so highly colored, yet showing a pleasing variety of tints, while the black phœbe flits about your porch and arbor vines.

Audubon's warbler is the most numerous, probably ten to one of any other variety of birds. Then the white-crowned

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sparrows, Gamble's sparrow, the tree-sparrow, and one or two other sparrows, of which I am not sure, are next in number.

Two species of birds from the Far North are usually represented by a solitary specimen of each, namely, the Alaska

Photograph by Herbert S. Ardell.

Nest of the meadow-lark.

The wonderful sweetness of the bird songs here, such as that of the meadow-lark, is more or less a matter of climate. —Page 434.

hermit-thrush and the American pipit, or titlark. The thrush is silent, but has its usual trim, alert look. The pipit is the only walker in the group. It walks about like our oven-bird, with the same pretty movement of the head and a teetering motion of the hind part of the body.

While in Alaska, in July, 1899, with the Harriman Expedition, I found the nest of the pipit far up on the side of a steep mountain. It was tucked in under a mossy tuft and commanded a view of sea and mountain such as Alaska alone can afford.

But the most conspicuous and interesting of all these lawn birds are the ring-necked plovers, or killdeers. Think of having a half-dozen or more of those wild, shapely creatures, reminiscent of the shore and of the spirit of the tender, glancing April days, running over your lawn but a few yards from you! Their dovelike heads, their long, slender legs, that curious, mechanical jerking up-and-down movement of their bodies, their shrill, disconsolate cries as they take flight, their beautiful and powerful wings and tail, and their mastery of the air—all arrest your attention or challenge your admiration. They bring the distant and the furtive to your very door. All climes and lands wait upon their wings. They fly around the world.

The plovers are the favored among birds. Beauty, speed, and immunity from danger from birds of prey are theirs. Ethereal and aerial creatures! Is that the cry of the sea in the bird's voice? Is that the motion of the waves in its body? Is that the restlessness of the surf in its behavior?

However high and far it may fly, it

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has to come back to earth as we all do. It comes to our lawn to feed upon earthworms. The other birds are all busy picking up some minute fly or insect that harbors in the grass, but the plover is here for game that harbors in the turf. His methods are like those of the robin searching for grubs or angle-worms. He scrutinizes the turf very carefully as he runs about over it, making frequent drives into it with his bill, but only now and then seizing the prey of which he is in search. When he does so, he shows the same judgment which the robin does under like conditions. He pulls slowly and evenly, so as to make sure of the whole worm, or to compel it to let go its hold upon the soil, without breaking. All birds are wise about their food-supplies.

On the beach the wild life that I see is all on wings. There are the tranquil, effortless gliding herring-gulls, snow-white beneath and brown above, displaying an affluence of wing power restful to look upon—airplanes that put forth their powers so subtly and so silently as to elude both eye and ear. At low tide I see large groups of their white and gray-blue forms seated upon the dark, moss-covered rocks. Fresh-water is at a premium on this coast, and the thirsty gulls avail themselves of the makeshift of the drain-pipes from the town, which discharge on the beach.

There are the clumsy-looking but powerful-winged birds, the brown pelicans, usually in a line of five or six, skimming low over the waves, shaping their course to the "hilly sea," often gliding on set wings for a long distance, rising and falling to clear the water—coasting, as it were, on a horizontal surface, and only at intervals beating the air for more power. They are heavy, awkward-looking birds with wings and forms that suggest none of the grace and beauty of the usual shore birds. They do not seem to be formed to cleave the air, or to part the water, but they do both very successfully. When the pelican dives for his prey, he is for the moment transformed into a thunderbolt. He comes down like an arrow of Jove, and smites and parts the water in superb style. When he recovers himself, he is the same stolid, awkward-looking creature as before.

A bird evidently not far removed from its reptilian ancestors—a bird that is at home under the water and hunts its prey there on the wing—is the black cormorant. There is a colony of several hundred of them on the face of a sea-cliff a short distance above me. In Florida, I think, they are called snake-birds. They look as if they were as much snake as bird. I see, at nearly all hours of the day, the black lines they make above the foaming breakers as they go and come on their foraging expeditions. In diving, they disappear under the water like the loon, and penetrate to as great depths. One does not crave an intimate acquaintance with them, but they are interesting as a part of the multitudinous life of the shore.

III

SILKEN CHAMBERS

My Pacific notes would be incomplete without some account of the trap-door spider which furnished me with one of the most interesting bits of natural history I found on the coast. An obliging sojourner near me from one of the Eastern States had discovered a large plot of uncultivated ground above the beach that abounded in the hidden burrows of these curious animals. One afternoon he kindly volunteered to conduct me to the place. The ground was scantily covered with low bushy and weedy growths. My guide warned me that the quarry we sought was very hard to find. I, indeed, found it so. It not only required an "eye as practised as a blind man's touch," it required an eye practised in this particular kind of detective work. My new friend conducted me down into the plot of ground and, stopping on the edge of it, said: "There is a nest within two feet of me." I fell to scrutinizing the ground as closely as I knew how, fairly bearing on with my eyes; I went over the soil inch by inch with my eyes, but to no purpose. There was no mark on the gray and brown earth at my feet that suggested a trap-door, or any other device. I stooped low, but without avail. Then my guide stooped, and with a long needle pried up a bit of the gray soil nearly the size of a silver quarter of a dollar, which hinged on the straight side of it, and behold

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—the entrance to the spider's castle! I was not prepared for anything so novel and artistic—a long silken chamber, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, concealed by a silken trap-door, an inch in its greatest diameter. The under side of the door, a dull white, the color of old ivory, is slow to profit by it. My guide detected one after another, and when I failed, he would point them out to me. But presently I caught on, as they say, and began to find them unaided.

We often found the lord of the manor on duty as doorkeeper, and in no mood

Photograph by Herbert S. Ardell.

Trap-door shown in centre of photograph at end of pointed stick.

There was no mark on the gray and brown earth at my feet that suggested a trap-door, or any other device.—Page 436.

slightly convex, and its top is a brownish gray to harmonize with its surroundings, and slightly concave. Its edges are bevelled so that it fits into the flaring or bevelled end of the chamber with the utmost nicety. No joiner could have done it better. A faint semicircular raised line of clay as fine as a hair gave the only clew. The whole effect, when the door was held open, was of a pleasing secret suddenly revealed.

Then we walked about the place, and knowing exactly what to look for, I gave my eyes another chance, but they were to see strangers. He held his door down by inserting his fangs in two fine holes near the edge and bracing himself, or, rather, herself (as, of course, it is the female), offered a degree of resistance surprising in an insect. If one persists with a needle, there is often danger of breaking the door. But when one has made a crack wide enough to allow one to see the spider, she lets go her hold and rushes farther down in her burrow.

Occasionally we found one about half the usual size, indicating a young spider, but no other sizes. My guide said they

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only emerge from their tunnel at night, and proved it by an ingenious mechanical device made of straws attached to the door. When the door was opened, the straws lifted up, but did not fall down when it was closed. Whenever he found the straw still up in the morning he knew the door had been opened in the night.

Photograph by Herbert S. Ardell.

The whole effect, when the door was held open, was of a pleasing secret suddenly revealed.—Page 437.

As they are nocturnal in habits, they doubtless prey upon other insects, such as sow-bugs and crickets, which the night brings forth. Two bright specks upon the top of the head appear to be eyes, but they are so small they probably only serve to enable them to tell night from day. I think these spiders are mainly guided by a marvellously acute tactile sense. They probably feel the slightest vibration in the earth or air, unless they have a sixth sense of which we know nothing.

All their work, the building and repairing of their nests, as well as all their hunting, is done by night. This habit, in connection with their extreme shyness, makes the task of getting at their life histories a difficult one. The inside of the burrow seems coated with a finer and harder substance than the soil in which they are dug. It is made on the spot, the spider mixing some secretion of her own with the clay, and working it up into a finer product.

The trap-door sooner or later wears out at the hinge, and is then discarded and a new door manufactured. We saw many nests with the old door lying near the entrance. The door is made of several layers of silk and clay, and is a substantial affair.

The spider families all have the gift of genius. Of what ingenious devices and arts are they masters! How wide their range! They spin, they delve, they jump, they fly. They are the original spinners.

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They have probably been on their job since carboniferous times, many millions of years before man took up the art. And they can spin a thread so fine that science makes the astonishing statement that it would take four millions of them to make a thread the calibre of one of the hairs of our head—a degree of delicacy to which man can never hope to attain.

Trap-doors usually mean surprises and stratagems, secrets and betrayals, and this species of the arachnids is proficient in all these things.

The adobe soil on the Pacific coast is as well-fitted to the purposes of this spider as if it had been made for her special use. But as in all such cases, the soil was not made for her, but she is adapted to it. It is radically unlike any soil on the Atlantic coast—the soil for canyons and the rectangular water-courses, and for the trap-door spider. It is a tough, fine-grained homogeneous soil, and when dry does not crumble or disintegrate; the cohesion of particles is such that sun-dried brick are easily made from it.

This spider is found in New Mexico, Arizona, California, and Jamaica. It belongs to the family of *mygalidæ*. It resembles in appearance the tarantula of Europe, described by Fabre, and has many of the same habits; but its habitation is a much more ingenious and artistic piece of workmanship than that of its European relative. The tarantula has no door to her burrow, but instead she builds about the entrance a kind of breastwork an inch high and nearly two inches in diameter, and from this fortress sallies out upon her prey. She sinks a deeper shaft than does our spider, but excavates it in the same way with similar tools, her fangs, and lines it with silk from her own body.

Our spider is an artist, evidently the master builder and architect of her kind. Considering her soft and pussy-like appearance, no visible drills for such rough work, one wonders how she excavates a burrow six inches or more deep in this hard adobe soil of the Pacific coast, and how she removes the dirt after she has loosened it. But she has been surprised at her work; her tools are her two fangs, the same weapons with which she seizes and despatches her prey, and the rake or the *cheliceræ*. To use these delicate instruments in such coarse work, says Fabre, seems as "illogical as it would to dig a pit with a surgeon's scalpel." And she carries the soil out in her mandibles, a minute pellet at a time, and drops it here and there at some distance from her nest. Her dooryard is never littered with it. It takes her one hour to dig a hole the size of half an English walnut, and to remove the earth.

One afternoon I cut off the doors from two nests and left them turned over, a few inches away. The next morning I found that the occupants of the nests, under cover of the darkness, had each started the construction of a new door, and had them about half finished. It seemed as if the soil on the hinge side had begun to grow, and had put out a semicircular bit of its surface toward the opposite side of the orifice, each new door copying exactly the color of the ground that surrounded it, one gray from dead vegetable matter, the other a light brick-red. I read somewhere of an experimenter who found a nest on a mossy bit of ground protectively colored in this way. He removed the lid and made the soil bare about. The spider made a new lid and covered it with moss like the old one, and her art had the opposite effect to what it had in the first case. This is typical of the working of the insect mind. It seems to know everything, and yet to know nothing, as we use the term know.

On the second morning, the door had attained its normal size, but not yet its normal thickness and strength. It was much more artfully concealed than the old one had been. The builder had so completely covered it with small dry twigs about the size of an ordinary pin, and had so woven these into it, standing a few of them on end, that my eye was baffled. I knew to an inch where to look for the door, and yet it seemed to have vanished. By feeling the ground over with a small stick I found a yielding place which proved to be the new unfinished door. Day after day the door grew heavier and stronger. The builder worked at it on the under side, adding new layers of silk. There is always a layer of the soil worked into the door to give it weight and strength.

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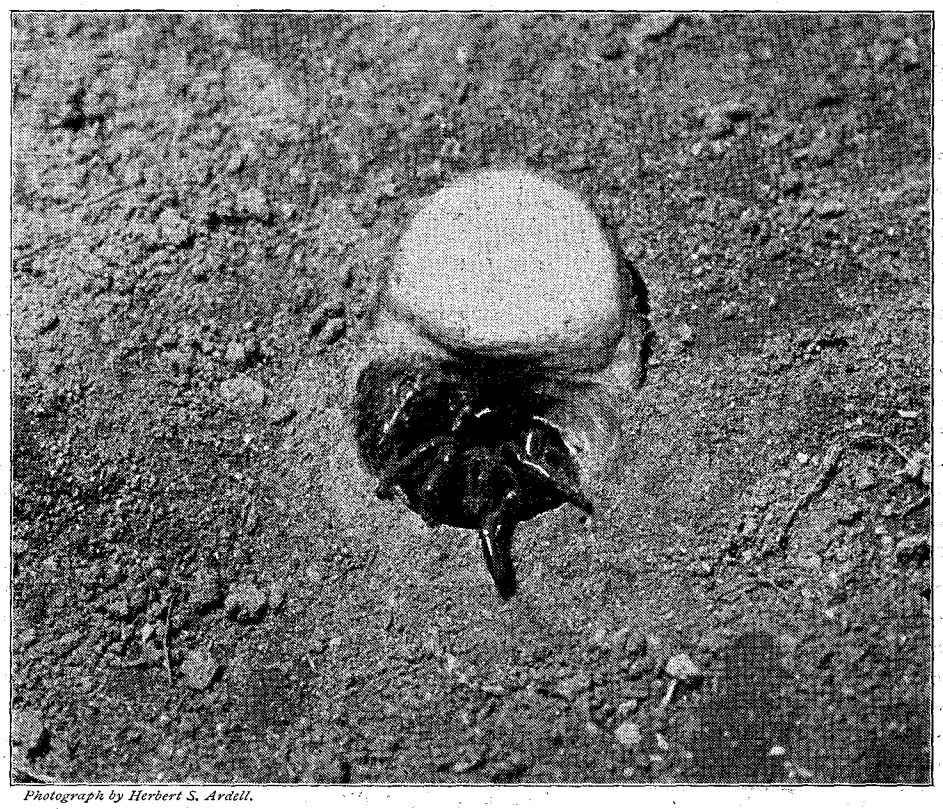
Spiders, like reptiles, can go months without food. The young, according to Fabre, go seven months without eating. They do not grow, but they are very active; they expend energy without any apparent means of keeping up the supply. How do they do it? They absorb it directly from the sun, Fabre thinks, which



Photograph by Herbert S. Ardell.

We often found the lord of the manor on duty as doorkeeper.—Page 437.

means that here is an animal between which and the organic world the vegetable chlorophyl plays no part, but which can take at first-hand, from the sun, the energy of life. If this is true, and it seems to be so, it is most extraordinary.

In view of the sex of the extraordinary spider I have been considering, it is interesting to remember that one difference between the insect world and the world of animal life to which we belong, which Maeterlinck has forgotten to point out, is this:

In the animal world, the male rules; the female plays a secondary part. In the insect world the reverse is true. Here the female is supreme and often eats up the male after she has been fertilized by him. Motherhood is the primary fact, fatherhood the secondary. It is the female mosquito that torments the world. It is the female spider that spins the web and traps the flies. Size, craft, and power go with the female. The female spider eats up the male after he has served her purpose; her caresses mean death. The female scorpion devours the male in the same way. Among our wild bees it is the queen alone that survives the winter and carries on the race. The big noisy blow-flies on the window-pane are females. With the honey-bees the males are big and loud, but are without any authority, and are almost as literally destroyed by the female as is the male spider. She does not eat him, but she

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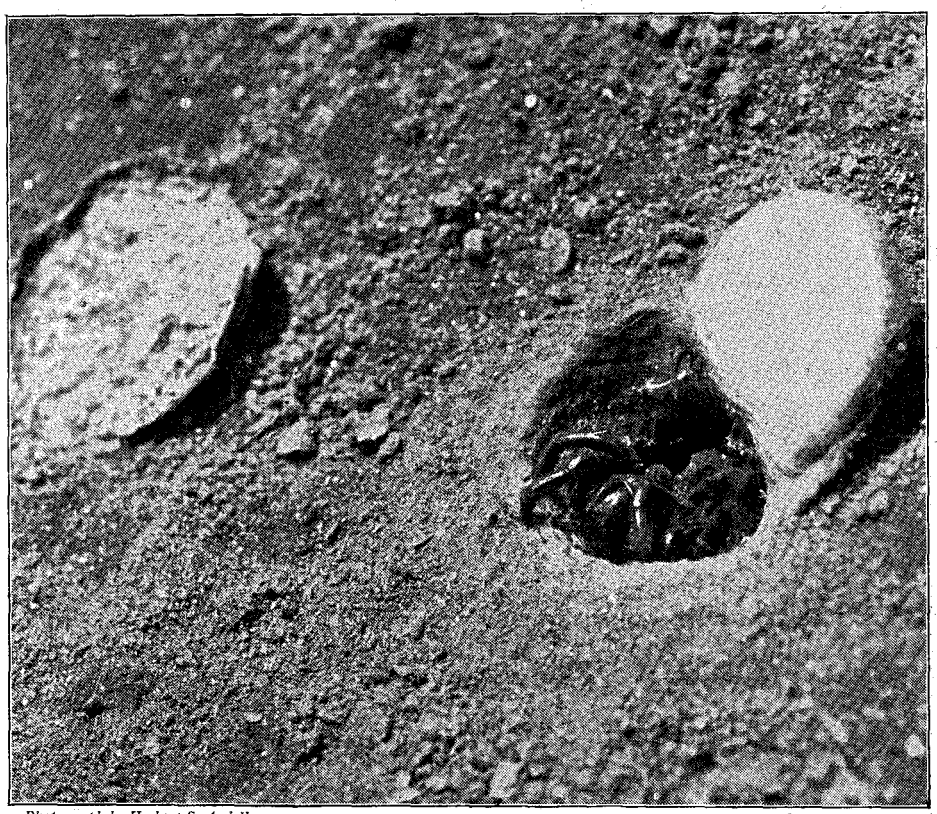
disembowels him. The work of the hive is done by the neuters. In the animal world it is only among birds of prey that the female is the larger and bolder; the care of the young devolves largely upon her. Yes, there is another exception: Among the fishes, the females are, as a rule, larger than the males; the immense number of eggs which they carry brings this about.

There are always exceptions to this dominance of the female in the insect world. We cannot corner Nature and keep her cornered. She would not be Nature if we could. With the fireflies, it is the male that dominates, the female is a little soft, wingless worm on the ground, always in the larval state.

In the plant world, also, the male as a rule is dominant. Behold the showy catkins of the chestnuts, the butternuts, the hazelnuts, the willows and other trees. The stamens of most flowers are numerous and conspicuous. Our Indian corn carries its panicle of pollen high above the silken tresses which mother the future ear.

One day I dug up a nest which was occupied by a spider with her brood of young ones. I took up a large block of earth weighing ten pounds or more, and sank it in a box of earth of its own kind. I kept it in the house under observation for a week, hoping that at some hour of day or night the spider would come out. But she made no sign. My ingenious friend arranged the same mechanical contrivance over the door which he had used successfully before. But the latch was never lifted. Madame Spider sulked or bemoaned her fate at the bottom of



Photograph by Herbert S. Ardell.

Discarded door shown to the left of nest.

The trap-door sooner or later wears out at the hinge, and is then discarded and a new door manufactured.—Page 438.

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her den. At the end of a week I broke open the nest and found her alone: she had evidently devoured all her little ones.

I kept the two nests with a spider in each in the house for a week, and in neither case did the occupant ever leave its nest.

Apparently the young spiders begin to dig nests of their own when they are about half-grown. As to where they stay, or how they live up to that time, I have no clew. The young we found in several nests were very small, not more than an eighth of an inch long. Of the size and appearance of the male spider, and where he keeps himself, I could get no clew.

One morning I went with my guide down to the spider territory, and saw him try to entice or force a spider out of her den. The morning previous he had beguiled several of them to come up to the opening by thrusting a straw down the burrow and teasing them with it till in self-defense they seized it with their fangs and hung on to it till he drew them to the surface. But this morning the trick would not work. Not one spider would keep her hold. But with a piece of wire bent at the end in the shape of a hook, he finally lifted one out upon the ground. How bright and clean and untouched she looked! Her limbs and a part of the thorax were as black as jet and shone as if they had just been polished. No lady in her parlor could have been freer from any touch of soil or earth stain than was she. But on the ground, in the strong sunlight, she seemed to be lost. We turned her around and tried to induce her to enter the nest again; but over and over she ran across the open door without heeding it. In the novel situation in which she suddenly found herself, all her wits deserted her, and not till I took her between my thumb and finger and thrust her abdomen into the hole, did she come to herself. The touch of that silk-lined tube caused the proper reaction, and she backed quickly into it and disappeared.

Just what natural enemy the trap-door spider has I do not know. I never saw a nest that had been broken into or in any way disturbed, except those which we had disturbed in our observations.

IV

THE DESERT NOTE

I OFTEN wonder what mood of Nature this world of cacti which we run against in the great Southwest expresses. Certainly something savage and merciless. To stab and stab again suits her humor. How well she tempers her daggers and bayonets; how hard and smooth and sharp they are; how they contrast with the thick, succulent stalks and leaves which bear them! It is a desert mood; heat and drought appear to be the exciting causes. The scarcity of water seems to stimulate Nature to store up water in vegetable tissues, just as it stimulates men to build great dams and reservoirs. These giant cacti are reservoirs of water. But why spines and prickles and cruel bayonets? They certainly cannot be for protection or defense; the grass and other vegetation upon which the grazing animals feed are not armed with spines.

If the cacti were created that grazing animals in the desert might have something to feed upon, as our fathers' way of looking at things might lead us to believe, why was that benevolent plan frustrated by the armor of needles and spines?

Nature reaches her hungry and thirsty creatures this broad, mittened hand like a cruel joke. It smites like a serpent and stings like a scorpion. The strange, many-colored, fascinating desert! Beware! Agonies are one of her garments.

All we can say about it is that Nature has her prickly side which drought and heat aggravate. In the North our thistles and thorns and spines are a milder expression of this mood. The spines on the blackberry-bush tend against its propagation for the same reason. Among our wild gooseberries, there is a smooth and a prickly variety, and one succeeds about as well as the other. Apple and pear trees in rough or barren places that have a severe struggle for life, often develop sharp, thorny branches. It is a struggle of some kind which begets something like ill-temper in vegetation—heat and drought in the desert, and browsing animals and poor soil in the temperate zones. The devil's club in Alaska is one mass of spines; why, I know not. It must just be original sin.

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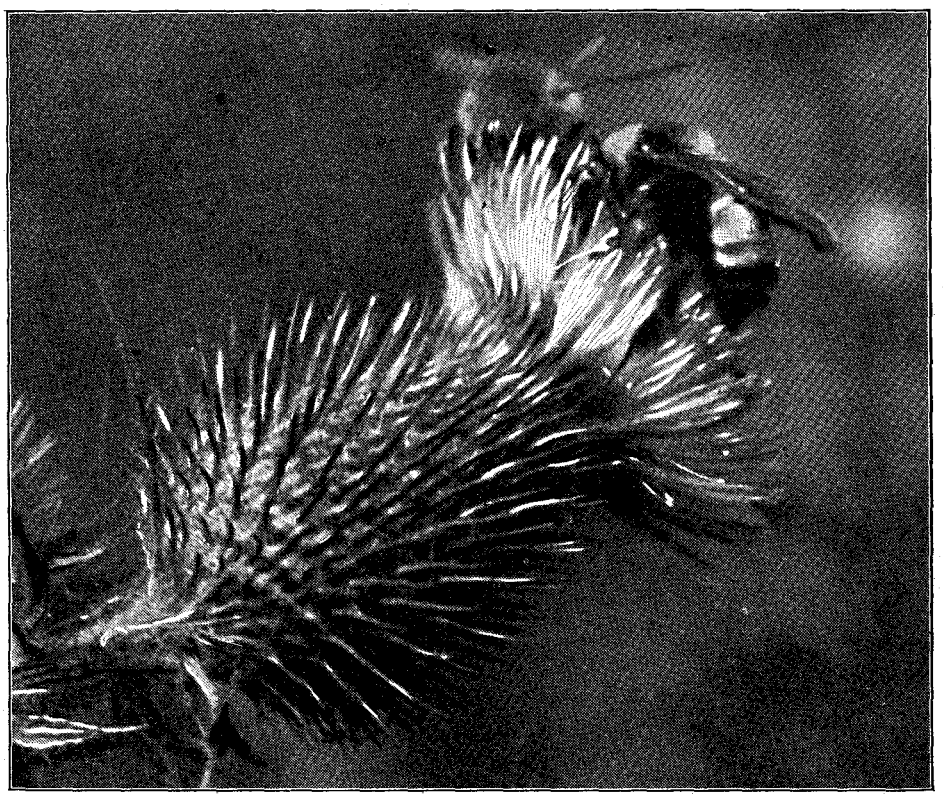
Our raspberries have prickles on their stalks, but the large, purple-flowering variety is smooth-stemmed.

Professor Van Dyke in his work on the desert is possessed with the idea that thorns and spines are given to the desert plants for protection; and that if no animal were there that would eat them, they would not have these defenses. But I believe if there had never been a browsing animal in the desert the cacti would have had their thorns just the same.

Nature certainly arms her animal forms against one another. We know the quills of the porcupine are for defense, and that the skunk carries a weapon that its enemies dread, but I do not believe that any plant form is armed against any creature whose proper food it might become. Cacti carry formidable weapons in the shape of spines and thorns, but the desert conditions where they are found, heat and aridity, are no doubt their primary cause. The conditions are fierce and the living forms are fierce.

We cannot be dogmatic about Nature. From our point of view she often seems partial and inconsistent. But I would just as soon think that Nature made the adobe soil in the arid regions, that the human dwellers there might have material at hand with which to construct a shelter, as that she gives spines and daggers to any of the vegetable forms to secure their safety. One may confute Van Dyke out of his own mouth. He says "Remove the danger which threatened the extinction of a family, and immediately Nature removes the defensive armor."

"On the desert, for instance, the yucca has a thorn like a point of steel. Follow it from the desert to the high tropical table-lands of Mexico where there is



Photograph by Herbert S. Ardell.

With the honey-bees the males are big and loud, but are without any authority.—Page 440.

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plenty of soil and moisture, plenty of chance for yuccas to thrive, and you will find it turned into a tree and the thorn merely a dull blade-ending. Follow the sahuaro and the pitahaya into the tropics again, and with their cousin, the organ cactus, you will find them growing a soft thorn that would hardly penetrate clothing." But are they not just as much exposed to browsing animals in the high table-lands as in the desert, if not more so?

Van Dyke points out that Nature is more solicitous about the species than about the individual. She is no more solicitous about the one than the other. The same conditions apply to all. But the species are numerous; a dozen units may be devoured while a thousand remain. A general will sacrifice many soldiers to save his army, he will sacrifice one man to save ten, but Nature's ways are entirely different. Both contending armies are hers, and she is equally solicitous about both. She wants the cacti to survive, and she wants the desert animals to survive, and she favors both equally. All she asks of them is that they breed and multiply endlessly. Notwithstanding, according to Van Dyke, Nature has taken such pains to protect her desert plants, he yet confesses that although it seems almost incredible, it is nevertheless true that "deer and desert cattle will eat the cholla—fruit, stem, and trunk—though it bristle with spines that will draw blood from the human hand at the slightest touch."

This question of spines and thorns in vegetation is a baffling one because Nature's ways are so unlike our ways. Darwin failed utterly in his theory of the origin of species, because he proceeded upon the idea that Nature selects as man selects. You cannot put Nature into a formula.

Behold how every branch and twig of our red thorn bristles with cruel daggers! But if they are designed to keep away bird or beast from eating its fruit, see how that would defeat the tree's own ends! If no creature ate its little red apples and thus scattered its seeds, the fruit would rot on the ground beneath the branches, and the tribe of red thorns would not increase. And increase alone is Nature's end.

It is safe to say, as a general statement, that the animal kingdom is full of design. Every part and organ of our bodies has its purpose which serves the well-being of the whole. I do not recall any character of bird or beast, fish or insect, that does not show purpose, but in the plant world, Nature seems to allow herself more freedom, or does not work on so economical a plan. What purpose do the spines on the prickly ash serve? or on the thistles? or on the blackberry, raspberry, gooseberry bushes? or the rose? Our purple-flowering raspberry has no prickles, and thrives as well as any. The spines on the blackberry and raspberry do not save them from browsing cattle, nor their fruit from the birds. In fact, as I have said, the service of the birds is needed to sow their seeds. The devil's club of Alaska is untouchable, it is so encased in a spiny armor; but what purpose the armor serves is a mystery. We know that the hard conditions of soil and climate will bring thorns on seedling pear-trees and plum-trees, but we cannot know why.

The yucca or Spanish bayonet and the century plant, or American aloe (*agave Americana*), are thorny and spiny; they are also very woody and fibrous; yet nothing eats them or could eat them. They are no more edible than cord-wood or hemp ropes. This fact alone settles the defense question about spines.

V

SEA-DOGS

THERE is a bit of live natural history out here in the sea in front of me that is new and interesting. A bunch of about a dozen hair seal have their rendezvous in the unstable waves just beyond the breakers, and keep together there week after week. To the naked eye they seem like a group of children sitting there on a hidden bench or rock, undisturbed by the waves that sweep over them. Their heads and shoulders seem to show above the water, and they appear to be having a happy time.

Now and then one may be seen swimming about or lifted up in a wall of green-blue transparent water, or leaping above the wrinkled surface in the exuberance of its animal spirits. I call them children of

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the sea, until I hear their loud barking, and then I think of them as dogs or hounds of the sea. Occasionally I hear their barking by night when it has a half-muffled, smothered sound.

They are warm-blooded, air-breathing animals, and there seems something incongruous in their being at home there in the cold briny deep—badgers or marmots that burrow in the waves, wolves or coyotes that hunt their prey in the sea.

Their progenitors were once land animals, but Darwinism does not tell us what they were. The whale also was once a land animal, but the testimony of the rocks throws no light upon its antecedents. The origin of any new species is shrouded in the obscurity of whole geological periods, and the short span of human life, or of the whole human history, gives us no adequate vantage ground from which to solve the problem.

I can easily believe that these hair seals are close akin to the dog. They have five digits; they bolt their food like dogs; their sense of smell is said to be very acute, though how it could serve them in the sea does not appear. The young are born upon the land and enter the water very reluctantly.

This seal is easily tamed. It has the intelligence of the dog and attaches itself to its master as does the dog. Its sense of direction and locality is very acute. This group of seal in front of me, day after day, and week after week, returns to the same spot in the ever-changing waters, without the variation of a single yard, so far as I can see. The locality is purely imaginary; it is a love tryst, and it seems as if some sixth sense must guide them to it. Locality is as unreal in the sea as in the sky, but these few square yards of shifting waters seem as real to these seal as if they were a granite ledge. They keep massed there on the water at that particular point, with their flippers protruding above the surface, as if they were as free from danger as so many picnickers. Yet something attracts them to this particular place. I know of no other spot along the coast for a hundred miles or more where the seal congregate as they do here. What is the secret of it? Evidently it is a question of security from their enemies. At this point the waves break much farther out than usual, which indicates a hidden reef or bench of rocks, and comparatively shallow water. This would prevent their enemies, sharks and killer whales, from stealing up beneath them and pulling them down. I do not hear their barking in the early part of the night, but long before morning their half-muffled baying begins. Old fishermen tell me that they retire for the night to the broad belts of kelp that lie a hundred yards or more out to sea. Doubtless the beds of kelp also afford them some protection from their enemies. The fishermen feel very bitter toward them on account of the fish they devour, and kill them whenever opportunity offers. Often when I lie half asleep in the small hours of the morning, I seem to see these amphibian hounds pursuing their quarry on the unstable hills and mountains of the sea, and giving tongue at short intervals, as did the foxhounds I heard on the Catskills in my youth.

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THE OPAL FLAGON

By Louis Dodge
Author of "Bonnie May," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

I

THE old cottage crouched back in its unkempt garden as if it were hiding. It seemed to peer through a tangle of vines and shrubs to the distant city, above which the sky glowed sullenly. The hour was just approaching midnight.

It was the home of Judge Embree, who had retired from the bench a year ago and who had come to this remote and quiet spot to spend the remaining years of his life. He was alone in the world save for a sister, a wealthy widow, who travelled a great deal and whom he seldom saw. The cottage was kept in order for him by an ancient servant who had been with him nearly forty years. She had kept his house in the city. When he retired to his suburban cottage he would no more have dispensed with her services than he would have parted with his shoes, or his books, or his favorite chair. He would have missed her far more than he should have missed even his opal flagon—though I had not meant to mention the opal flagon quite so soon.

The hour was approaching midnight, as I have said; but Judge Embree's guest still lingered. His guest was Colonel Bircher, also retired, and nearly his own age, which was of that usually serene period between sixty-five and seventy.

The two elderly men sat on opposite sides of a reading-table which was cheerfully lighted by an electric chandelier. They seemed singularly alone. There had been a beating rain and a high wind, and they had closed the front door, though the month was August. Not a sound reached them.

They were playing some sort of game of their own devising. Their chairs were drawn close to the table, on which a pair of shears and a copy of the afternoon newspaper from the city were visible.

Judge Embree took the shears in hand and opened the newspaper. Colonel Bircher leaned back in his chair, his hands clasped behind his head, and watched his host.

The judge found an article which was accompanied by a portrait. He cut out the article and the portrait, placing upon the back of each the letter A—this being done, obviously, to denote that the portrait and the article belonged together. A second article and portrait were marked with the letter B. Other clippings were made and similarly identified.

Occasionally the shears made a whining sound, but otherwise perfect silence continued to reign.

Bircher's eyes had just begun to wander about the homely and comfortable room when he was suddenly and somewhat disagreeably startled. Judge Embree had noisily dropped his shears on the table before him and now sat staring intently at the closed front door.

"What is it?" asked the colonel, a certain tensity in his tone.

The judge did not reply for a considerable interval. Then he said musingly, "I don't know."

The two men sat motionless, Embree staring at the door, Bircher gazing scarcely less intently at his host.

It had often occurred to Colonel Bircher that his old friend was dwelling in a much too isolated spot for perfect comfort. The nearest neighbor was about a quarter of a mile away, down a shaded lane which was but rarely traversed after nightfall. Prowlers who were at least potential criminals were not unknown in the suburb. There was a railroad half a mile away, one of those thoroughfares of unrest where strange feet and stranger minds are forever passing.

However, the judge took up his shears

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again and brought his mind lingeringly back to the task before him. Without glancing up at Bircher he explained: "I thought I heard some one at the gate."

"Scarcely likely at this late hour," replied the colonel. But Embree's behavior had disturbed him vaguely; and he began to reflect how many tragedies he had heard of in which isolated houses were the settings.

His somewhat morbid train of thought was broken in upon by the judge, who suddenly assumed a brisk, cheerful air. "I've got enough," he said, indicating the clippings before him by a glance. "At any rate, I seem to have got all there are."

He began to assemble the clipped portraits in one little heap and the text which had accompanied them in another. Then again he jerked his head up, listening. His usually ruddy and cheerful face seemed pale and troubled.

"I think it was a call from the housekeeper's room," said the colonel, with a hint of impatience in his tone.

The housekeeper had been rather more than slightly indisposed for a number of days, a fact of which Colonel Bircher had been made aware.

"So it was—that time," assented the judge. "But that wasn't what I heard before, I'm positive."

He arose and placed the mutilated newspaper over the pieces he had cut out. "No fair looking!" he said, in imitation of a child at play, as he glanced at the table. Then he approached the door which opened into the housekeeper's room.

He noiselessly opened the door and looked into the dimly lighted room.

He looked back toward Bircher almost immediately and uttered a low murmur of surprise. He closed the door and came back toward the table. "She's sound asleep," he explained. He was whispering. "She is breathing slowly and deeply, like a child."

He had scarcely finished speaking when Bircher arose hastily from his chair and faced the closed front door. The old military air of command and authority was upon him. He listened an instant and then, turning to Embree rather apologetically, he said: "I could have sworn I heard a footstep on the walk." He went to the front door and looked out.

Nothing stirred among the obscurities of the garden. Far away the night sky, glowing sullenly, marked the location of the city.

When he came back into the room, closing the door behind him, the judge laughed in a forced fashion. "Come, come!" said the judge, "we're behaving like a couple of old maids. Let's get on with our experiment."

They drew their chairs close to the table again: with needless noise, as if to dispel the depressing influence of the prevailing silence.

"We shall try this one first," said the judge in a somewhat official tone; and he took from the heap of clippings a portrait and passed it over to his companion.

The scheme of the pastime in which they were indulging very soon became apparent.

Colonel Bircher received the clipping and placed it on the table before him. He placed his elbows on the table and supported his face in his hands. He became deeply absorbed in the portrait. But after a moment's inspection he looked across the table to his companion with an air of disappointment. His hands fell together in a clasped position.

"Um—nothing very interesting here, I think," he said. "Our friend"—he laid a finger on the portrait—"doesn't seem to be a very important subject. I should say he might be the father of an extraordinary family—say a score of children, all boys." He changed the position of the portrait so that a stronger light fell upon it. "It is possible that he has invented something—perhaps a labor-saving oil-cup, or a coupling device." He paused again and reflected. At length he shook his head decisively. "If there's anything at all in our so-called science of physiognomy, this man has done nothing at all—I mean, nothing significant. It's likely his portrait is in the newspaper because——"

As he hesitated, selecting his words, he looked across at Judge Embree.

"You think—" interposed the other.

"That he may have been the victim of a particularly shocking crime."

"If you want to let it stand at that," responded the judge, "we'll see. What is the letter on the back?"

"The letter C."

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The judge looked through the clippings before him. "Here we are!" he exclaimed cheerfully, drawing forth a strip of text with the letter C on the reverse side. "Rather a long one," he commented. He read with narrowed eyes. His brows contracted slowly. He swallowed with difficulty. "You hit it," he announced, but his pleasure in the colonel's success had been spoiled by what he had read. There was a strong note of distaste in his voice. "He was murdered. There are some shocking details. By his wife."

But there was no time for comment. There was a disconcerting interruption and both men sprang to their feet and stood staring at the front door.

The silence had been broken by a loud rapping.

II

EMBREE tried to master the situation naturally and easily.

"Rather late for callers," he remarked, his tone as casual as he could make it. He went to the door and pulled it wide open. He stood aside so that the light in the room might fall upon the midnight visitor.

A woman stood in the doorway—an elderly woman whose appearance was very far from dispelling the tension which had been mysteriously imposing an influence upon the two men in the room.

She had been caught in the showers and her dress of print cotton clung to her. She wore no covering on her head and her hair was in disorder, wet wisps of it clinging to her face. But these details of bedragglement were immediately lost sight of because of the expression in the woman's eyes. That expression was one of surrender—of mute, tragic supplication.

After the first almost indifferent glance at Embree the intruder fixed her gaze upon vacancy; and so she stood motionless, a picture of hopeless misery.

Impelled by a force which he did not stop to analyze, Embree indicated the interior of the room by a hospitable sweep of the hand. "Will you come in?" he said.

The woman gave a quick, significant glance at her clinging dress, her soiled shoes, and at the expensive rug on the floor. Then, with a shuddering look over her shoulder, she entered.

Her limbs trembled as she took the chair which Bircher pushed forward for her. She sat in an unsettled manner, still looking straight before her without speaking. And the two men waited for her to find herself—waited as they might have done if they had dragged her from deep waters.

She did not seem inclined to speak. Her glance presently wandered to a small object which she held in her hands and which both Embree and Bircher noticed now for the first time. It was a thin, rectangular object, clumsily wrapped in a fragment of newspaper and tied with white cotton twine. This object she now held closer to her, as if it were a treasure.

It was the judge who perceived the need of a gentle prompting. He began in a soothing tone: "You probably lost your way?"

The woman shook her head. She sought to arouse herself. "Mrs. Phillips doesn't live here any more?" she asked.

"No," replied the judge. "She moved away a year ago. She sold the house to me. You were looking for her, then?"

"I used to work for her before I—when I was younger. I used to visit her once in a while. Every year or so. After I got—after I left her service."

"I see. Yes, she went away a year ago. To Colorado, I believe."

"I thought she couldn't be here any more. The garden——"

"I *have* neglected the garden," said Embree, when she paused. He spoke pleasantly. He was trying to put her at her ease.

"And the curtains. They're not the kind—" She looked slowly and forlornly at the window-curtains.

"I suppose not," assented Embree. He lowered his glance as if he were considering this point. He wished to spare her the embarrassment of a searching or inquiring look. He was thinking: "What can have happened to the poor creature?" She had struck him as a kind and decent-appearing woman, despite her tragic air.

She seemed to have no intention of going away immediately, now that she had learned that her old friend was no

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Will you come in?" he said.—Page 448.

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longer there. Perhaps she was incapable, or felt herself to be incapable, of rising from the chair in which she was sinking in a more and more hopeless attitude.

Then, quite suddenly, a shockingly distracting event occurred.

There was a call from the housekeeper's room: a smothered cry of agony and terror, followed by quick, labored gasps.

Embree sprang to his feet and rushed into the room, followed by Bircher. He uttered a cry of distress, though he did not at once perceive how serious was the crisis confronting him. The aged form of the housekeeper lay in an unnatural attitude, her head turned far to one side and partly buried beneath the bedcover.

He exerted himself to lift the helpless woman into a more normal attitude. Colonel Bircher perceived what his intention was and sought to aid him. But when the body was lifted the head fell back helplessly, the eyes staring, the mouth open.

Suddenly both men, much to their surprise, were almost roughly thrust aside, and the woman who had come in out of the unknown was adjusting the pillow with skilful hands under the housekeeper's head. She was opening the stricken woman's nightgown and immediately she was passing her hand over breast and side. She was moving placidly and with admirable efficiency.

"It's her heart," she announced, glancing at Embree. "You should get a doctor."

She was a changed woman. Her lassitude, her wretchedness, had passed. She had quite naturally assumed command.

Embree hurried to the telephone. Bircher, watching the judge's eyes, sighed with relief. He had read instantly in the expression of the judge's eyes that the doctor was in, that he was responding to the call at the telephone.

In the meanwhile the strange woman had promptly decided upon a course of action. She knew the kitchen as if it were her own: that was plain. And when Judge Embree turned away from the telephone he perceived that she had lighted the gas in the range and had put water on to heat. Then she went back to the sick-room and began rubbing the limbs of the stricken woman.

There was the rush of an automobile up the lane. The doctor entered.

He went to the housekeeper's room without stopping to ask questions. He had had the case in hand for a week or so. As he entered the room and the strange woman silently made way for him Embree stared after him anxiously.

The doctor's examination was entirely perfunctory. He turned to the judge significantly, and Embree knew that the faithful old housekeeper was dead.

III

When the door closed upon the departing physician, only a few minutes later, Embree realized that he was quite without power of initiative in a situation like the present one; and then he perceived, not without relief, that the strange woman had taken charge of the situation unbidden and as a matter of course.

"I can do what's to be done," she said almost brusquely. "Just don't get in the way." She did not wait for Embree's assent. She went into the kitchen and filled other vessels with water and placed them on the range. Then she returned to the room of death, closing the door behind her.

Both men stared after her, and then at each other. Bircher easily read the almost comical look of amazement on his friend's face. "I should say she is quite safe," he suggested, smiling grimly.

But Embree lifted a cautioning hand. "Not so loud," he said. "That door doesn't fasten securely. It's likely to come open unless she locks it. I shouldn't wish to have her hear us discussing her."

They sat down rather aimlessly. The judge absent-mindedly fingered the newspaper clippings on the table, occasionally looking musingly toward the closed door, beyond which, doubtless, certain last offices were already being performed.

"I'll not go just now," said Bircher. "I suppose my company will be better than my room, for a little while at least."

But Embree did not respond. Instead, he thrust up a hand, enjoining silence. He was staring in a kind of furtive fashion toward the housekeeper's room. Something had happened. The

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defective fastening had failed, as often before, to perform its function properly, and the door had swung partly open.

Embree could see the woman in there. She had not noticed that the door had opened. She was standing before a bureau, and her attitude again expressed an agony of despair. She was unwrapping the little package she had brought into the house. Presently a photograph was revealed. She drew it to her throat with a cuddling movement and held it so with an utter abandonment of anguish.

Embree silently turned his back. He felt that he hadn't a right to spy on her. He spoke in a casual tone to Bircher. He meant his voice to be a warning to the woman.

He heard her door close firmly, once and again. She had discovered that the fastening was imperfect.

Presently she emerged from the room and approached Embree. There were no traces of grief in her face, save those which were habitual and indelible. "Her wardrobe is locked, and I'll have to get into it," she said. "I must find her best linen."

She went back into the room, clearly assuming that Embree would follow her. He did so; and Bircher heard them discussing the probable location of the housekeeper's keys.

When Embree emerged a few minutes later he closed the defective door firmly behind him. He was visibly excited. Approaching Bircher closely he whispered: "I want you to take these keys in to her." He drew from his pocket a bunch of keys which the housekeeper, several days before, had asked him to keep for her. "I didn't give her the keys, because I wanted an excuse to let you into the room for a minute. Take them to her. And manage to glance at the top of the bureau—quite casually, you understand? And take special note of what you see there!"

While Bircher was gone he searched through the clippings on the table until he came to the portrait they had both examined half an hour earlier. He also laid aside the corresponding article from the newspaper.

Bircher returned almost immediately, a look of amazement on his face. "I saw a photograph," he reported.

And Embree placed on the table, where the light fell strongest, the portrait he had clipped from the paper. He tapped it with his forefinger and looked almost incredulously into Bircher's eyes.

"The same!" declared Bircher.

IV

THE two men regarded each other for a long moment, and then Embree took up the half-column of text which had accompanied that portrait. He read it through and then turned it face down and leaned back in his chair.

"Well?" whispered Bircher.

Embree glanced toward the room of death again and then leaned forward so that he need not raise his voice above a murmur. "There seem to have been extenuating circumstances," he said. "The crime was committed shortly after twelve o'clock to-day, as nearly as the police could determine. The neighbors saw the man—Strobel, his name was—come home about noon, and shortly afterward they saw his wife, Mary, emerge from the house in a highly excited state and go down the street. They supposed she was going to the corner grocery; but she did not reappear. They had remarked that the man was intoxicated when he came home, and the woman who lived in the flat above reported that she heard the two speaking in loud tones, which suddenly ceased, to be succeeded by complete silence. The same woman, in an interview with the reporter, gave information to the effect that Strobel was known to be an unreasoning, brutal man when he was drinking, but that he was a very good neighbor when he was sober. She stated that she had gone down to the flat below half an hour later, when Mrs. Strobel did not come back, and that she had found Strobel with a knife-wound in his throat—dead."

"And the extenuating circumstances?" said Bircher.

"I was about to mention them. The same neighbor related how the Strobels were known to be a devoted couple, but how the woman had borne many indignities and even much cruelty at her husband's hands during his drinking periods."

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Bircher pressed his lips together. "Yet to have slain him," he said, "and with a knife——"

"It occurred to me," said Embree, "that she might have acted in a moment of frenzy—or perhaps in self-defense. That is to say, she may be neither morally nor technically a murderess."

Bircher did not seem wholly to sympathize with this point of view. "And there's nothing more in the newspaper account?" he asked.

"Nothing, except that the police have been unable to locate the woman."

Bircher nodded and smiled coldly. "Which, of course," he said, "we know without reading it in the paper."

The other man relaxed in his chair and fixed a long, pensive gaze upon the opposite wall. He was recalling the expression in that poor creature's eyes when she had entered the house; he recalled, too, her pitiable plight, and he thought of the generous, efficient manner in which she had lent a hand when an emergency arose. His mellowed experiences informed him that there are very few genuine criminals in the world: that, while many men and women are guilty of ruthless folly, there is very little genuine crime. And the woman who had come in out of the darkness had impressed him as a wholesome, straightforward creature, beside herself for the time being, perhaps, by reason of mere mischance.

He turned a steady, inscrutable gaze upon Bircher at last. "What is it that we know?" he asked in a challenging tone.

"Why, that the police haven't laid hands on—on the woman in the case," replied Bircher with a certain emphasis.

"Do we really know anything of the sort?"

"Oh, of course——"

"You're drawing conclusions from the fact of her having a certain photograph in her possession."

"Yes. If a woman were to kill her husband in a moment of passion or fear, I suppose she would be very likely to choose his photograph, among other things, to take with her when she escaped—if she really loved him."

The judge weighed this. "She might," he admitted at length. "Though it would be the one thing which would serve to identify her most conclusively, if she were discovered with it in her possession. But it occurs to me that if a man met a violent death, there might be others who would cherish a portrait of him: his mother, a sister, a daughter, perhaps a friend. We might fairly conclude that a guilty woman would be the least likely of all to carry with her anything which might serve to connect her with the crime."

Bircher frowned. "There's a word—quibbling. You're familiar with it. Perhaps I should say there's the judicial angle. But let me ask you: what's your feeling touching—" He nodded toward the housekeeper's door.

"What I'm getting at," replied the judge, "is that neither of us has any actual knowledge of this case. It occurs to me that from the standpoint of humanity, as well as jurisprudence, we have no right to form any conclusion."

Bircher's lips slowly relaxed into a smile. "We're trained in the use of different weapons, Embree. For my part——"

But Embree took him up rather sharply. "What I mean is that I have found it a dangerous practice, all my life long, to jump to conclusions."

"And you also mean," asked Bircher somewhat incredulously, "that you intend to shelter a woman who——"

"Who came to my house looking for a friend?"

"You may put it that way if you please."

"As to that, her arrival seems to have been singularly opportune. What should you suggest my doing?"

Bircher arose and stood with his back against the table. "You might telephone to the police," he said. "At the very least, you might require her to leave your house."

It was Embree's turn to smile. "But shouldn't you consider that a strange way to repay her for what she's done—for what she's doing?"

Bircher could not meet his friend's smile or the words which accompanied it. He went to the window and stood looking out into the obscurities of the garden. There was, of course, a certain plausibil-

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ity in what Embree had said. He could understand how the judge might have grown heartily weary of sitting in judgment during the long years of his official career, and how it might seem a sort of self-indulgence now to close his eyes to things which he was not required to perceive.

Nevertheless, his own fixed habits of thought persisted—the arbitrary mental processes of the soldier, who stands as far from the judge, in point of type, as pole is from pole. And he could not resist the temptation to utter a word or two of shrewd unfaith before he took his leave.

"I must be going," he said; "unless, perhaps, you'd like to have me spend the night here."

"I won't ask you to do that. There doesn't seem anything to be done that isn't being done—better than you or I could do it."

Bircher took up his hat. Then he moved somewhat aimlessly about the room until he stood before the mantel. He stood intently regarding the most conspicuous ornament on the mantel.

It was the judge's famous opal flagon.

It was a small crystal vessel, notable chiefly because of its contents. It was filled with chip opals which had been assembled from many places and by many means: from ancient Aztec mines, from Hungary, from the antipodes. The collection of these scintillating bits of stone had been a labor of love extending over many years. The flagon had been filled to its slender neck. A clear oil had been poured over the opals. The flagon had then been sealed.

It stood on the mantel now, a thing of almost mystic beauty. It seemed to be a spirit rather than a body. Its elusive colors seemed tremulous, nameless.

Bircher spoke, and there was a mild taunt in his tone. "Hadn't you better let me take this flagon home with me to-night for safe-keeping?" he asked.

Embree approached him with a pleased air. "Ah, my opals!" he said. He stood gazing at the changing lights. "They never lose their charm for me," he added. "I think of them as being ghosts of the sunlight of million of years, back yonder before man was born." Presently he added: "No, you needn't take them away with you. I think they'll be quite safe where they are."

Bircher approached the front door. "Good night," he said. "And—at least, sleep with one eye open to-night."

The judge stood in the open doorway and watched while his friend descended the garden path and disappeared down the shadowy lane.

As he closed the door at last he heard the sound of that woman who had come in out of the unknown, ministering to the dead. The clock was just striking two.

PART II

I

NEARLY two years passed before Judge Embree and Colonel Bircher permitted themselves to discuss the events of that night on which the old housekeeper died.

The woman who had entered the house on that night remained there. Her crime —if it might be spoken of so—was soon forgotten, after it was shown at the coroner's inquest that in all probability it was of an involuntary nature. That the woman who had taken refuge in Judge Embree's house was the same woman who had slain her husband was further indicated by the fact that Mary Strobel was never seen by any of her neighbors again.

Her presence in Embree's cottage was accepted tacitly by both the judge and the colonel as a subject which was to be avoided.

The morning after his housekeeper's death Embree had been awakened by a light tapping on his door. He had appeared shortly afterward to find that not only had an appetizing breakfast been spread for him but that certain cheerless duties in the death-chamber had been skilfully performed, down to the last detail. Apart from such funeral arrangements as he could easily make over the telephone, he had been spared all the responsibilities which must otherwise have fallen to his lot.

The strange woman, who had clad herself decently in garments which the old housekeeper would need no more, had gone about the duties of putting the household in order in a manner which in-

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vited neither denial nor interference. One might have concluded from her manner that she had been summoned by some higher authority to perform the tasks which had fallen from another's hands. And immediately she had begun to manifest qualities—tactful silence, intelligence, energy, intuition—which were invaluable. Thus the days became weeks and the weeks months, and she continued to remain.

It may be admitted that if her presence in the house did not constitute a sort of guilty secret between Embree and Bircher it was at least a matter which imposed a certain restraint upon them. But it was not for Embree to justify himself to his friend, and it was not Bircher's way to manifest curiosity in a matter which was obviously none of his business.

But after the cottage had been under its new domestic administration nearly two years Embree broke his long silence (on this one subject) at the close of an evening which the two men had spent in riding along interminable rural lanes, with a breath of spring in the air to induce them to ride longer than was their wont.

"She's an odd creature," said Embree, bringing his horse alongside of Bircher's after they had ridden single-file through a pebbly ford. He looked back as if he found it diverting to see the little stream clarify itself swiftly where the horses' hoofs had passed. "A very odd creature. I mean, of course, my new housekeeper."

"Is she, indeed?" responded Bircher, pretending to flick a fly from his horse's shoulder, as if his companion's remark had not surprised him.

"Very odd. Do you know anybody in the world who doesn't care, at least to some extent, for money? Well, she won't look at a piece of money. She won't have it mentioned."

Bircher made no comment. He felt that the judge was merely approaching some more significant communication.

"When she'd been with me a month," added Embree, "I summoned her and suggested that we come to some agreement as to wages. Her response amazed me. 'I don't want any wages,' she said shortly. I tried to be severe with her. I pointed out the excellence of her service. I explained that I couldn't accept such service for nothing. And you'd never guess what line of argument she took. She'd not like to think of herself as a servant, she said. She wanted a man to think for her where her needs were concerned. I might bring her a bolt of cloth, if I would, so she could do some sewing; and she would be glad if I'd get her other little things as she needed them—shoes, for example. But she almost angrily brushed aside the mention of wages. She had food and shelter, she said—and kind treatment. That was all she wanted."

"That was strange," was Bircher's comment; and then he could not help venturing, "has she told you her name?"

"She never has," admitted Embree; and added, with an impulse to make a slight concession to his companion's habits of thought: "She has never given me *any* name. She asked me to call her Mary, and she gave me a look which discouraged me from suggesting that it would be convenient for me to know her surname."

Bircher frowned. "You don't want me to infer that you stand a little in awe of her?" he asked.

"Not quite that. She has a genius for reticence. There's a dignity about her— She's not an ordinary woman, Bircher. She surrounds herself with an atmosphere. She seems to have her mind on her work nearly always—as if there weren't any time for idle speculation. She always finds something to do. Late in the evening she rests—but then she withdraws herself completely. She found an old willow chair in the garden back of the house. She sits there when it's turning dark. She has the manner of an empress as she sits alone. You think of the growing things around her as her subjects. She creates an atmosphere. She seems to fill the place with some sort of majesty. A beneficent majesty, I should add. It is not awe of her—not a bit of it. Admiration, you might say."

"Ah!" exclaimed Bircher softly. He turned his face away and smiled. It seemed strange to him that Embree, gray and spent, should be talking almost like a youth who falls in love for the first time.

Embree continued: "That's the influence she exerts over the house, as well as the garden. You would think she was present to tend a flame that might go out if she turned her back. You're indifferent to the classic things, Bircher—the

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ancient rites and that sort of thing; so I won't elaborate the idea. But she simply won't leave the premises. Even when the hucksters come with their truck she makes them bring it into that back garden, though all other properly constituted housekeepers go out into the lane and inspect the whole load."

"But don't you see——"

Embree interrupted hurriedly: "I only see that she has assumed a sort of primitive sense of responsibility toward me and the house, and that the place is a kind of shrine to her."

Bircher drew his horse up impatiently. "Look at it squarely, Embree," he said. "Why not persuade the poor creature to make a clean breast of it? With your influence and experience you could reduce the whole thing to a mere formality. Persuade her to go into court and get a clean bill of health."

A flush of discomfort overspread Embree's face; he frowned with a suggestion of stubbornness. But he evidently decided, after a moment, to reply to his friend amiably and candidly. "There again is the fact of her extraordinary reticence," he said. "You see, she's never hinted to me that there has been any trouble. If I thought she was suffering from a consciousness of guilt I should approach her on the subject, in spite of the barriers she has set up. But she seems the sort of person to whom court proceedings are mere rigmaroles—who realize that in the complex nature of things there is only a remote relationship between the thing that is right and the finding of a court. No, if she's suffering it is from a philosophic conviction that life *will* go cruelly wrong now and then."

They turned out of the road to let a vehicle pass; and when they resumed their discussion Bircher's tone was slightly impatient. "I think you're imagining depths which don't exist," he said. "The woman is simply afraid: of you, of every one who represents society in the abstract. You could prove to her that she needn't be afraid—you could remove the cause of her fear. Instead, you're permitting her to hide in a back garden and to work without wages. But there, excuse me—I'm sure I've gone too far."

But Embree responded reassuringly: "No, you haven't. I wanted your views, or I shouldn't have mentioned the subject. You may be right. I may do precisely as you suggest some day. And I assure you that in the meantime she is not working without a fair recompense. She'll be well enough paid in the long run. I don't mind telling you, Bircher, that her amazing fidelity has touched me deeply. I mean to provide for her. A man doesn't accept such benefits without paying. My estate is a small one, as you know: an income of about twelve hundred dollars a year, and the cottage. I'm wholly free to dispose of it as I like. If she survives me it will be hers—and she ought to be good for thirty years after I'm gone."

"But, Embree!" began the colonel incredulously; "such generosity——"

"I've no doubt it sounds a bit extravagant. But what better plan could I adopt? You can't realize how doggedly affectionate she is in all her attentions. She's become the very soul of the place—she has, indeed. She's given to every stick and every plant the whole of her affection; and surely that's the only true passport to possession."

It was now Bircher's turn to frown perplexedly. He stole an appraising glance at the judge. He suspected that he was witnessing some sort of mental eclipse. But he instantly changed his mind. No, this was more nearly a clear sunrise which had taken place in Embree's habit of thought.

They rode on in silence for a time. At length Bircher said with an air of caution: "But you'll not go so far as to tell her that your death would place in her hands a sum which she'd consider countless riches?"

Embree flushed painfully. "Come, come, Bircher!" he protested. "If you knew the fidelity and unselfishness of the poor creature! I don't see how devotion could go farther, even in the case of mother or wife."

Each retreated behind his own secret musing, his own philosophical bent, after that. It might have been supposed that they had become estranged.

It was Bircher who broke the silence, after a very long interval. "Here's my turning-off point," he said. He touched his horse's rein and rode away alone—far less cordially than he would have done

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if he could have looked into the future by so much as a stone's throw.

At Embree's next crossing an automobile, noisily emerging from behind a long row of shrubs bordering a fence, suddenly sounded its horn. The judge's horse snorted and wheeled—and lost its balance. There was a heavy fall, with the rider underneath; and when assistance arrived, almost immediately, there was needed no trained eye to perceive that Embree was dying.

II

Bircher located Embree's sister, Mrs. Chandysson, in Santa Barbara, four thousand miles away, and wired the news to her. Her reply was in the form of a request—or perhaps rather a command. Colonel Bircher would please take charge of her late brother's affairs until she could come in person and dispose of them a little later in the spring.

The colonel accepted this responsibility with much of his old-time military vigor and efficiency. Embree's body was removed to an undertaker's in the city; it lay in state for a day or so; scores of former associates and friends—who were shocked to realize how nearly they had come to forgetting him—called to look at him for a last time; the city's noisy traffic, from which he had escaped during the last tranquil year of his life, flowed heedlessly past him; and then he was borne to his grave.

It seemed to Bircher that there had been a thousand things for him to think of in connection with the funeral. He came out of it all with a feeling of self-congratulation. He had forgotten nothing, bungled nothing, he thought. After the funeral he returned to his house in the suburb, feeling that he had retired too early in life—that it was too bad the services of so proficient a man should be lost to the world.

He was rudely awakened from his prideful mood by a house-servant who intruded upon him long enough to lay before him a bunch of keys: the keys to Embree's cottage. They had been left for him by a woman who had called and gone away without an unnecessary word.

Bircher frowned in token of his chagrin. The woman who had left the keys would have been Embree's housekeeper, of course, and the reminder of her brought to his consciousness the fact that he had forgotten her completely. He should have seen that she was enabled to attend Embree's funeral. Embree would have wished that, he felt certain. And he should have had a talk with her. He had communicated to her the substance of Mrs. Chandysson's message, but that was all. He should have explained the late judge's intention——

His mental processes halted. What should he have explained? Embree's sudden death had no doubt prevented him from putting his generous plans into effect. He pondered, brooding. There lay the most difficult part of his duty, after all: to decide what was to be done with, or for, the mysterious creature who had meant so much to Embree, but whose claims or rights the law might not be able to recognize at all.

He tried to solve this problem, for which there seemed to be no solution. Then he tried to put it aside, to be grappled with on some other occasion. But he could not shake off the conviction that he had neglected a faithful and now friendless woman; and a moment later, almost without conscious volition, he had started for the late judge's cottage.

He marched hurriedly along the familiar lane. He would find her—the woman he had known—in her accustomed place, of course. Still, there was the fact of the keys she had sent to him. Why should she have relinquished the keys?

When he arrived at the cottage and tried the front door his hands were trembling slightly. The door was locked. He turned the key in the lock and pushed the door open.

His heart sank when he crossed the threshold. The silence, the void—so far as human life went—suggested not merely a house that was uninhabited, but one which was abandoned. He knew positively, before he had glanced into a second room, that Mary Strobel was gone.

He stood in the familiar old front room, musing darkly. A sense of the fearful insecurity of life oppressed him. Mechanically his glance travelled to the mantelpiece. His musing gaze merged into a piercing stare.

Embree's famous opal flagon was gone!

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III

FOR a moment he struggled with the conviction that his judgment had been vindicated. Mary Strobel had stolen the opal flagon: she had taken the thing which doubtless seemed to her more valuable than anything else in the house, and she had deserted.

Long ago he had cautioned Embree against the woman. He had mistrusted her. And he had been right.

But this humor passed immediately. It was as if the spirit of the dead judge suddenly confronted him, asking shrewdly: "What do you really know?" Certainly he did not know that Mary Strobel had stolen the opal flagon. Any number of prowlers might have found entrance to the house after she left it. Moreover, his sense of loyalty to his dead friend asserted itself. Embree would have wished him to stand by Mary Strobel—he knew it. And he must do this for his friend's sake.

He reported the loss of the opal flagon to the local authorities. He did not mention the housekeeper. After all, the thing had had but little intrinsic value, and now that the judge was gone its recovery was not a matter of great moment to any one.

The local authorities, ignorant of the actual value of the unique curio, decided that the aid of the metropolitan police ought to be enlisted. As a result, an extravagant story appeared in one of the afternoon newspapers—a newspaper given less to accurate reporting than to florid interpretations. The flagon was connected with the Orient. Swarthy and stealthy Orientals, bent upon revenge, were hinted at. An obscure and deadly mystery was suggested. The isolated situation of the late judge's cottage was described. The writer of the article ventured upon the wholly unwarranted statement that the most determined search for the lost treasure would be made.

The article was very cleverly worded. Bircher was forced to admit this. But he was greatly vexed. For one thing, many persons who knew of his long association with Embree came to him and more than hinted that possibly he knew things too strange to tell. Moreover, he feared that the theft would sooner or later be traced to Mary Strobel, and he regretted this. After all, she had been entitled to pay for her services. She would have been guilty only in a technical sense if she had taken the flagon as the equivalent to what she had honestly earned. He felt that Embree would have interpreted the matter in this wise.

He was still hearing a great deal about the lost flagon—or, rather, about the newspaper account of its mysterious disappearance—when, a week later, he was surprised to receive a second telegram from Mrs. Chandysson requesting him to meet the next incoming train. She had managed to leave California sooner than she had expected to do.

He met her at the down-town station and conveyed her to a second station, where they took the local train which served the suburb in which Embree had lived. She brought with her a maid, to whom she seemed to transfer all her minor worries and responsibilities, and she struck Bircher as being an uncommonly pleasant and well-poised woman, with a finely subdued air of opulence about her.

"I've known from my brother of the strong friendship which has existed between you and him," was Mrs. Chandysson's rather briskly spoken opening remark, when she and Bircher were seated at last in the sitting-room of Embree's old cottage, to which she had requested him to bring her. "I am sure you are able to realize how impossible it is for me to express my appreciation of your kindness—especially during the last few weeks."

"We were friends of long standing," responded Bircher simply.

She gazed pensively through the open doorway and down the garden path; and gradually her expression softened wonderfully. "What a lovely place he had here!" she said. "I mean, how like the place you would have known he would care for: simple and restful—and where the values are almost entirely sentimental."

She had removed her hat and gloves; and her hands, resting on the arms of the homely old rocker, relaxed gradually. Something in the atmosphere of the place seemed to affect her pleasantly. She surveyed the room. "The charm of the place is inside as well as out," she added; and then, with a quick, animated move-

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ment, she asked, "Who took care of the house for him?"

Bircher cleared his throat. "There was a housekeeper," he said. "A—a rather unusual person."

"And what became of her?" She glanced toward him sharply, with an odd effect of suspense.

At first it did not occur to him to hide anything; he thought only of the need of being reasonably guarded in his choice of words. And then he experienced a wholly unprecedented sensation. His eyes were drawn, as if against his will, to the opposite wall. A strikingly fine portrait of the late judge was looking down at him.

He was sure he had never seen this portrait before—yet it must have been there when he sat in the room on former occasions. It was draped with mourning. Perhaps this fact had served to attract his glance to it. It represented Embree in his prime. The eyes were the most remarkable feature: profoundly discerning, yet possessing a finely tempered benevolence. They were gazing unsparingly into Bircher's, with an almost disconcerting effect—somewhat as the eyes from the dead Svengali's portrait held and controlled the unhappy Trilby.

Bircher realized that his point of view was rapidly shifting. He was seeing things as Embree would have seen them. After all, his positive knowledge of the housekeeper amounted to so little!

"I don't know," he said at length, in response to Mrs. Chandysson's question. He added: "She disappeared suddenly after your brother's death."

"Rather singular, wasn't it? There must have been wages due her?"

"Undoubtedly. Yes, I'm sure of it."

"We'll have to find her. There ought to be a question of a gift, a legacy—my brother would have wished that, I know."

Bircher reflected a moment and then said: "The truth is—if I needn't fear speaking too frankly?"

"Indeed, I wish you to be quite frank."

"Thank you. You see, your brother's housekeeper was quite eccentric in one respect. She would never accept wages for her services——"

"That would have seemed like a—a design, wouldn't it?" interrupted Mrs. Chandysson, frowning slightly.

"Judge Embree would never have believed so. And I happen to know that he planned to provide for her——"

"I'm sure he did."

"Briefly, on the very day of his death—at the very hour—he confided to me a plan by which he meant to leave what he considered his very modest estate to the faithful creature——"

He glanced somewhat anxiously at her, taking in the fine jewels on her hands and the sheltered aloofness indicated by her entire person. He was relieved when she smiled with pleasure. "Then of course we must find her!" she exclaimed heartily.

She arose. "And until you bring her back I shall feel that I am not intruding here. I haven't seen a quainter spot in years. Of course, under the circumstances, there will be certain things I shall have to do before she can come into legal possession: rights to waive, or a transfer of the property to make. We can inquire into that later."

She stood in the doorway as if she were happily at home, as Bircher walked down to the gate and turned out into the shady lane.

He did not look back. His thoughts were reaching out toward the task of finding Mary Strobel. And he was trying to analyze the influence—the spell—of Embree's gaze as it had descended upon him from the draped portrait.

In his own room, a few minutes later, he sat down to a newspaper which he had not yet read with his customary thoroughness; and out of the mild chaos of trivial headlines and text he came suddenly upon a name, and then an announcement, which brought him to his feet with a cry of amazed protest.

A telegraph item from the near-by town of Catawissa had caught his eye:

"A woman giving the name of Mary Strobel died here yesterday. Just before she died she confessed to the murder of William Strobel——"

Bircher looked up from the printed page, his brow furrowed. When he returned to the item his glance fell upon a concluding paragraph which had been supplied locally:

"William Strobel, a concrete-worker, was killed in this city about two years ago. All the evidence pointed to the conclusion

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that the crime was committed by Strobel's wife, Mary Strobel, who disappeared at the time of the killing and who has never been seen in the neighborhood of their home since that time."

Bircher flung the paper aside. His regrets touching Embree's housekeeper had been wasted, it seemed. She had passed beyond the reach of care and kindness now. And yet—as Embree would have said—was he really positive that Embree's housekeeper and Mary Strobel were one and the same person? At least, he decided, he need not immediately inform Embree's sister that the fugitive housekeeper would never come to claim her reward.

IV

THE night which followed proved to be Mrs. Chandysson's last night in the pleasant yet isolated cottage. For on that night she passed through strange and alarming experiences.

She and her maid had retired shortly after ten o'clock—she in the room which had been her brother's, her maid in the room which had been the housekeeper's. But she had been wakeful, and after trying vainly to go to sleep she had arisen and partly dressed. She did not leave her room. She opened a book and arranged her night-lamp and began to read.

In the stillness of the night she was startled by a sound which, rising above a series of sounds monotonously preceding it, pierced her consciousness and caused her to lay her book aside. The sound, furtive yet persistent, was repeated, and she knew it to be the result of some human agency rather than of unconscious forces. Some one was stealthily trying to open a window which opened from the front room upon the garden.

She was alarmed, though not too much so to try to analyze the sound. She speedily arrived at the conclusion that some one who knew the cottage was relying upon some defect in the window-fastening to gain admittance secretly. Then her alarm took surer hold upon her. She realized how entirely helpless she was. Again she listened attentively, making sure that she had not yielded to mere fancifulness. Then she softly extinguished her light.

A moment later Bircher, in his house at the other end of the lane, was drawn from his book by a ring at his telephone.

When he responded a whispered message came to him: "It is Mrs. Chandysson. I dislike to disturb you; but I am quite sure some one is trying to break into the house. Would you mind coming? If you'll stop outside the window at the gable end I'll pass the key of the front door out to you. Please come—I'm really quite alarmed."

The stealthy sound of the hand at the window continued; the night drama went forward. Bircher presently appeared outside Mrs. Chandysson's window and received a key from her. A moment later the climax came startlingly. The silence, with its little surreptitious noises, was shattered by a firm step on the front porch, by a key turning in the lock. So too was the darkness dispelled with blinding suddenness by the turning of a key somewhere and the blazing of incandescent lamps.

Mrs. Chandysson, now fully dressed, stood at her door on one side of the front room. Bircher stood just inside the front door. Midway between them stood the shrinking form of a woman.

Bircher uttered a cry of amazement. It was the late judge's housekeeper!

She stood near the mantel from which the opal flagon had disappeared. She was holding the folds of a shawl close about her. She seemed to be concealing and guarding something beneath her shawl.

Bircher was the first to speak. His impulse was to speak sharply, accusingly. But the place, the familiar setting, served mysteriously to restrain him. As a result, he spoke quietly, almost gently.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

Before there was time for a reply there was an interruption. A suburban official entered the room. He had overheard the colonel's question and he replied to it:

"She is hiding Judge Embree's jewels under her shawl."

Bircher looked at the official with an air in which bewilderment gave place to distaste, even to animosity. The official's uniform was ill-fitting and absurd; his manner was expansive, officious. The fellow's chief need was a thorough policing up, Bircher thought. He asked sharply: "How do you know?"

"She got off the night train at the sta-

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tion an hour ago. I was on the platform. The conductor called me aside. He had been watching her. She had been hiding something under her shawl—a bottle like a rainbow. He guessed what it was. I *knew*. I turned to arrest her, but she had slipped out of sight somewhere. I trailed her here."

When he had uttered his accusation to its end the official took a step toward the housekeeper, who had been regarding him curiously.

But Bircher's voice arose almost angrily. "Wait!" he said. He was making an extraordinary effort to think clearly. It seemed obvious that the housekeeper faced utter ruin, and this one thought persisted clearly in his consciousness: this was what Judge Embree would have wished him to prevent at all costs. He tried to speak tranquilly. "I don't believe," he said, "that this woman has anything which isn't her own."

But now the housekeeper spoke, seemingly spoiling everything. "I have," she said. And with a movement at once simple and dignified she dropped her shawl and brought to light the opal flagon, which she carefully replaced on the mantel.

Silence followed: a silence which covered various impulses. Bircher was still grasping vainly for light and authority, but he could not escape the grip of an underlying bewilderment. The name of Embree's housekeeper was Mary Strobel. Mary Strobel was dead. Yet here stood the housekeeper! Not only had she appeared among them, but she was now the calmest person in the group. She was holding her head high, as no offending or guilty woman could possibly have done.

One after another each member of the group turned toward Bircher, as if it must be supposed that he held the key to the situation. And he took in the expressions on the various countenances: the triumph of the bucolic man in uniform; the musing tranquillity of the strange woman; the bewildered and resentful gaze of Mrs. Chandysson, whose maid had now appeared and who stood by her side dutifully.

It was Mrs. Chandysson's expression which troubled him most. Here was the woman who had known only ease and deference all her life long, who could not be supposed to have developed broad or deep sympathies for women who toiled—for a woman who, like her late brother's mysterious housekeeper, presented herself in the dead of night in the guise of a housebreaker. Bircher's allegiance to Embree asserted itself with renewed strength. The situation resolved itself into this—that he must fight for Embree against Embree's sister.

He glanced up at the dead judge's portrait—and the inspiration he needed came to him. The thought came to him strikingly: "Let the woman speak for herself. Trust her!"

He turned to the waiting housekeeper. "Tell me," he said persuasively, "isn't your name Mary Strobel?"

"It is," was the reply. She manifested no surprise. She did not ask him how he knew. Instead she replied to the bewildered expression in his eyes:

"I am Mary Strobel, wife of the man who was killed two years ago, William Strobel."

He did not interrupt her. He only gazed at her intently, and with a degree of confidence which he could scarcely have explained even to himself.

"My husband was killed before my eyes—by his sister. Her name was Mary Strobel too. He was drinking. He attacked me. His sister stood near by, and it was her wish to save me. She seized a knife and placed herself between us. He grasped the hand which held the knife. In the struggle which followed the point of the knife caught him in the throat. I tried to stop the flow of blood. I could not. He died under the touch of my hands—before I dreamed what was happening. We ran away, his sister and I. We were frightened. How could we prove she acted in defense of me?—that his death was an accident? The courts don't always do what's right. She escaped by way of the front door and I went out the back way. I ran away so that no one could use my testimony against her. She was a good woman. And I never went back. There was nothing for me to go back for. My husband was a good man—when he was sober." She struggled with her voice an instant, as one straightens out the strands of a skein of yarn. Then she proceeded:

"On the day Judge Embree fell under his horse I got a letter from my husband's

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Tell me," he said persuasively, "isn't your name Mary Strobel?"—Page 460.

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sister. She had gone to live with a farmer's family near Catawissa. She was very ill. I went to her. I was with her when she died."

Bircher nodded in token of his faith in all she said. "And the opal flagon?" he said encouragingly.

"I took it along with me for fear it might be stolen. He—he held it dear, the judge. I had to leave his house alone. There was no one I could get to take my place. And so I took his treasure with me. I thought little of it until I saw in the papers that it had been stolen. Then I was a little afraid. I made up my mind to keep it hid until I could put it back where it belonged."

Bircher nodded his head repeatedly. A thrill of satisfaction swept over him. He glanced up at the suburban official, whose presence now seemed particularly intrusive. "You see you're not needed here," he said; and there was that in his glance and tone which induced the man to take his departure without a word.

Mary Strobel stood a moment, and then she slowly wrapped her shawl about her with a gesture of finality.

Mrs. Chandysson broke her long silence then. "You're not going?" she asked.

"I am. It's a servant that's needed here now, if any one is needed. And I never was that, and never will be." She spoke with needless arrogance; she gazed hard and unsympathetically at the woman of another world from her own—the woman of soft ways and of life's abundance.

Bircher's heart sank a little; why need she have said that? He had continued to hope that Mrs. Chandysson might see the situation as he saw it, as her brother would have seen it. But he couldn't expect her to be generous in the face of an affront.

"There's one thing in the house that's mine," added Mary Strobel. "That I want." She did not wait for any one's assent. She went to the room that had been her own. She reappeared immediately with a photograph, the photograph of her slain husband.

She forgot the others in the room then. She brought the photograph close to her eyes, which filled with anguish—and then with tears. She turned toward the door. But the photograph slipped from her trembling fingers. It fell to the floor and she stooped to recover it. She could not see; she groped for it blindly.

Bircher stepped toward her, a pang striking at his heart. Why, oh, why did not Mrs. Chandysson strive to comfort this poor creature? He stood gazing at the stooped form, a little ungainly because of long years of heavy labor for which she had asked no material rewards. An unwontedly sentimental mood overwhelmed him. He recalled something that Embree had said about the opal flagon—about a million years of sunshine, imprisoned. This Mary Strobel, with her jealous love of a home, her need of housewifely service—was she not a million years of womanhood, imprisoned in her work-hardened body, yet precious and beautiful?

He stooped and placed the photograph gently in her hand. Embree had had two opal flagons in his house, he reflected. One was a thing of glass and stone, an ornament; and one was of flesh and blood, a woman.

Mary Strobel arose and wiped the tears from her eyes. She turned for a look of love and farewell for the house which had been her home.

And then Mrs. Chandysson spoke.

"But you're not going," she said; and Bircher was amazed at the loveliness of her voice. "This is your home—yours, truly. My brother meant it to be." She had come forward and was looking kindly into the other woman's eyes. "I'm leaving to-morrow—if you'll let me stay to-night?" She smiled. "I'm sure you're tired. Won't you go to your room and let me have the sitting-room, just for to-night? There are things I ought to arrange with Colonel Bircher."

Mary Strobel gazed at her incredulously. Her face, which had been a little harsh, softened and trembled. "Mine?" she asked.

Mrs. Chandysson went with her to the door of her old room. "And I hope you'll have many, many years of happiness here," she said.

She returned to Bircher's side. They stood together, watching the incredulous eyes, which wandered about the room again and filled with the worship of dear, familiar shrines.

"Good night," came the tremulous last word. And then the door was slowly closed.

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RELUCTANTLY DIANA

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

THE pen of a ready essayist, of Agnes Repplier or Edward Sanford Martin, or of Chesterton perhaps, might write a large letter on the subject of whole-heartedness. One wonders, is the lack of it common to the race, or simply a shameful characteristic of the only mental machinery which one is qualified to judge. However that is, there seems to be, in all this world of interesting things to do, hardly a thing, however desirable, however desired, which may be approached and taken by the bridle and fairly mounted, without a certain reluctance.

When at dawn rain is heard pelting on the roof and the air is sharp and cold there stirs in the faint heart, wakening, a throb of disgraceful joy. "Nobody could swim to-day; a cosey bath by the fire." And yet that push out into the silver morning lake, the slide of the friendly water past the body, the glance over the shoulder to the shore to see how far it may be, the stretch of all the muscles into a glorious forgetfulness of muscles, a sense of casual power as of a fish, and the exhilaration, to shouting, of the landing; these things are rapture, to be remembered and looked forward to. Why, then, should a prodding of the spirit be necessary every morning to move the body to a swim?

Riding is the same. Are there any hours of a lifetime more consciously happy than hours spent in the saddle? Long spring afternoons of twinkling rains and gold fields of buttercups; crisp autumn mornings and the ecstasy of taking fences, of racing close back of the pink coat of a master of hounds; the glory of the strength of a horse added to small human strength. But when one is called up on the telephone and told that the hunt is off—what a relief! At the same time, so psychologically complex is that muddle called a soul that when one remarks later, "I was awfully disappointed not to ride yesterday," it is true. How these things may be, together, is a mystery, but a mystic secretary of the interior reports them so.

Instances might be strung out: a dinner—a jump of joy to hear that the hostess's second cousin in California is dead. Why joy? One wishes no harm to the unknown second cousin; one likes dinners at that house; one's note is sincere, later, saying how "very sorry we were to hear the sad news."

"Of course I wanted to go, in a way," one explains to the man who has the right to cross-examine. "But of course it's nice to have the evening at home."

Reduced to its lowest terms, would life then be truly happy only in a dressing-gown by the fire? Probably not. Yet the annoying questions follow: If there is forever an effort to the doing of things most alluring, then does one do even the worth-while things because of conscience, or public opinion, or the fear of losing a trick? Does effort mean lack of whole-heartedness? Must reluctance ever run side by side with pleasure?

Should one give up shooting, the most pronounced example of all, because one hates to kill things? because a horror as of murdering a man darkens the world the day before a hunt? The question has fogged the latter days of many an August; shooting of moose and caribou begins, in Canada, September first. The rifles are gotten out and put up, and one pops at bottles for practice, and looks over the cartridges, and discusses with the guides what lakes have been flooded by beaver and are spoiled for hunting, and where the signs, the "pistes," are good, and who shall hunt where. Then, on the night of the 31st, all is ready. It is seen to that the hunting-boots are oiled, the right number of cartridges laid out, the lunch ordered, and thick, woolly clothes where one may lay hands on

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them easily in half darkness; one starts at four-thirty. One gets to bed early, and for long hours tosses about, sleepless, because one is, to all intents and purposes, an assassin.

One reasons about it. Wild beasts do not die in their beds attended by trained nurses; a rifle-shot is the most merciful way of going over to the majority which any of them is likely to meet. Also they have not our nerves and imaginations; they do not and cannot suffer as humans suffer. One repeats all that, lying in bed in the dark. Ah, yes! But persistently the other side of the subject slips back—a big, harmless, beautiful creature, happy in its own wild environment, freer, lighter-footed, enormously stronger, in closer rapport with the earth and the gladness of it than any limited, eye-glassed human being ever born—to crash into that glorious living with a bullet!

Why should one? There are plenty of tinned meats to be bought at the club. Why should this humble, jubilant brother give up his flesh and blood? There are plenty of decorations to be got to hang in the hall—Japanese lanterns and Chinese gongs and Jacobean tapestries and reed curtains, if worst comes to worst—why should a king of the forest surrender his head to trim our walls? Why should one who loves him, generically speaking, and wishes him well, go out with set teeth and slaughter him? Heaven knows. False pride, self-respect, dislike of being a "paper sport," desire to share fairly the camp responsibilities, desire for honor as a mighty hunter, the power of long custom, cheap and honest motives are so chopped together that only heaven can know just the why. With a heavy heart one goes hunting.

Josef Dumont, Canadian half-breed, French on the father's side, "*sauvage*" on the mother's; owner of a lot in Indian Lorette where, these two hundred years, only Huron blood may own land; deep-shouldered, small-waisted, lithe as a wild-cat; swarthy, black-eyed, with a heavy lock of blue-black hair over his forehead. He stood before us on the "*gallerie*" of the camp and spoke in fluent English, full-mouthed, burring the r's as they maltreat that letter in western New York. He had lived in Vermont; one tackles an r with force there also. The opaque brightness of the eye which veils the look of Indians, of Orientals, was overshot in Josef by a French smile. Inscrutable depths of an alien race were there, but friendly Gallic cheerfulness, more or less of one's own blood, was on top. He moved, with a grace to arrest the attention of Anna Pavlowa, across the space between two posts, and hitched a suspender mended with a safety-pin up a fine shoulder, and folded brawny arms. The lake rippled a silver background behind him.

"Go'n' t' have ham 'n' eggs, Madame, or-r sh'd I better-r open a can-ner-r sausage f'r supper-r-r?" inquired Josef.

That vital question settled, he lingered. One understood. To-morrow was the first of September and the hunting season opened. The three "*messieurs*," which included me, had drawn for the three best lakes. The arsenal had been gone over to assure perfect order; arrangements were complete. Yet one knew for certain when Josef lingered that he wanted to talk about hunting. We did not realize then that Josef loved hunting as much as the breath of life, yet it was evident that the first of September was an epoch. He was to guide me. We had drawn *Lac à la Poêle*, two hours—six miles—up the river.

I, Margaret Morgan, in our camp of a Canadian club, with my husband and young brother-in-law, loving the woods life second to no one, am hampered as to hunting by an odd contradiction. I like hunting and I loathe it. It is bliss to spend long, silent days tramping or canoeing in the woods or on the water; it is misery to know that at any second it may be my affair to shoot down one of the big, wild things who live in the woods. Yet I go hunting. I shoot. To camp and not take one's share of the hunting would be holding the end of the reins—would be pusillanimous. So I go and do murder with an unwilling heart, for conscience' sake, and, murder having been done, revert to ancestral savagery and am delighted. So far I had murdered deer and caribou and a bear, but no moose. It was the object of Josef's ex-

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istence at the time of this tale that I should murder a moose.

There is a time-honored theory that shooting of big game should be done at morning twilight. Many a time I had arisen at three-thirty and stolen over trails by lantern-light and crouched back of a frosty bush while the dawn crept in cold gray and rose behind steep mountains; many a time watched ranks of water-grass melt from powdered white to green and waited till the sun poured down and warmed muscles, and then baked muscles, and made unendurable the sweater and coat which had been nothing against the chill an hour back. I had gone through that routine often, listening across the small sounds of the awakening forests, frogs and birds and creeping things, and—harbinger of warmth—the buzz of the gorgeous drag-on-flies—listening every moment for the caribou or the bull moose, due to steal from the woods over there by the inlet. And never but once had luck come at those mystic hours. So my faith in twilights had died. I faced Josef obstinately. I thought he was going to urge me to start at daybreak. He was.

He began to talk in pretty Canadian-French, in third-class ugly English, in both together. He was anxious to give me a shot; he wanted a big moose; he would work; it should not be his fault if I did not get my chance. Then familiar arguments for early rising. And I reasoned and quoted history. Josef was respectful, unargumentative, rock firm. A queer thing happened. An old Indian had named me "the squaw"; the squawness in me suddenly felt itself caught by an undercurrent, and the current was Josef's intense, primitive desire to hunt as his ancestors had hunted. The ghosts of dead Indians who had killed moose at daybreak since before Moses rose and urged me to go with their son at the traditional hour. And the squaw gave in. So at three-thirty next morning an alarm-clock crashed into the stillness, and I murmured, "Oh, stop!" and struck out a hand toward the abominable sound and began my day.

At four-thirty we had crossed a misty lake and paddled up a stretch of the river; stood waiting as Josef swung the canoe from the rocks and adjusted the leather tump-line across his forehead. Bent to the load, the boat hiding all but a dozen feet of the dim path ahead, off he swung with padded Indian tread, the 38–55 Winchester and I pegging after. Gray light filtered through tree-tops; below one walked by faith more than by sight; yet one walked and did not stumble overmuch. A manner of orthopedic inspiration comes to travellers in woods, and feet steer themselves through places where a head would be troubled to direct them.

We followed the half-seen trail through the country of wild creatures, up-stream, now close to tumbling rapids, now aloof in silence of the trees. Till in ten minutes the vista widened and was gray and the "still-water," half a mile across, lay pale, mysterious, a citadel unguarded of a shy, unknown world. Josef halted in the trail, and I cocked the rifle as nearly without sound as might be and slipped past. Step by slow step to the end of the portage, peering through mist wreaths for any movement on the curve of shore. Nothing. Rifle at half-cock again, and I drew aside, and the pad-pad of Josef's "*bottes sauvages*" came up. The canoe slid into water. I looked. The Huron stood erect, sweeping back his black hair, listening, gazing off, alert with an instinct five thousand years old. Just so poised, a bronze statue half hidden in the bushes of just such a shore, more than one of his forebears had listened and gazed of a morning in the year 3000 B. C. The elder Huron had carried a bow and arrow and his costume was somewhat—not so very much—less elaborate than Josef's, but that difference did not destroy the likeness. The Indian of to-day flashed a glance—Indians waste few words—and I crept along the boat and sank into the bow, paddle in hand, like a real squaw, knees braced, the bar in the small of the back. The rifle lay close; it was hunting-ground from now on; a moose might step any instant from any point of the silent forest wall. The paddles dipped; the boat fled through curls of mist, brushing with startling suddenness into lily-pads, falling into silence as the paddles stopped at a sudden plunge of a water-rat; in six minutes one guarded

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from rocks ahead with the blade, and Josef ran the bow ashore.

On and on. First a portage, a vague thread; rocks, mud-holes, dripping ferns hiding the trail, long sprays of green stretching over it, mist driven from the rushing river; fingers of wet sunlight reaching down, down from tree-tops; velvet stillness, earthy forest smells, air of a world made new. Then the canoe on a river in a canyon of the mountains; mountains of rocks hurled by giants, where birches sprayed over gray grimnesses; birches careless, breeze-tossed, clinging gayly in savage clefts; mountains ending at the river edge in a dance of woods of green and gold. Ending in fringes of lily-pads gone brown and yellow with frost, ending in sharp curves of shore where the canoe crawled around the point and the bow paddle was quiet, and the hand was on the rifle ready for a huge black shape to loom, as it might loom, through mist wreaths. On and on. Portage, still water alternated till, through the tree-trunks of a sixth portage waves gleamed in sunlight—a lake. The name of it was *Lac à la Poêle*—the Frying-Pan. One came out on a bowl a mile and a half in diameter. At the east it narrowed and ran, a river, a handle of the Frying-Pan, for two miles more. It was remote, quiet, and a natural hunting-ground. Some years as many as a dozen white people might see these waters; most years less. Long beaver meadows partly bordered it; brooks tinkled through spruce and balsam between such marshes. Ahead with the rifle, I examined shore and lake, and finding no game sat down on a log till Josef, a huge, animated mushroom, under the boat, came up the trail. There was the expert, light stepping from rock to rock, with a ninety-pound boat on his head as he chose the embarking-place; then the canoe swung sideways and slid in. Josef stood for a moment brushing black, wet hair from his forehead, wiping drops from his face with the back of a muscular arm; it is hot work carrying a canoe. Again I crawled to the bow, but not to paddle this time; one must be ready to shoot every second on *Lac à la Poêle*.

In the stern the blade played in short strokes, as Indians paddle, on and on and on. The warmth from portage walking lessened, a familiar chill began to creep through the blood; it would have been good to be paddling. But that was not one's *mêtier* at present. The affair was to be all eyes and ears, to sweep constantly that shore, in the sunlight on the right, in the shadow on the left, for a movement. The test is movement. If one of the black shadows among the rocks is alive, it is certain that in a moment it will move. If it does not move, no matter if one sees antlers and legs and nose, pass on.

So that small alien thing, the canoe, with its two passengers, strangers and enemies, slipped through the big silence of nature, and all about on mountainsides, back in the shadows, wild things, small and big, undoubtedly saw it and made no sign. It was at the handle of the Frying-Pan that Josef's paddle missed two strokes. Then it took one slowly; then the boat twisted to the left, into shade. I saw nothing, but I knew enough not to turn my head or whisper a question. My left hand slid up the rifle barrel, and I stared into that shining riddle of the lake, of marshy shores. I saw nothing. The canoe writhed through grasses like a snake in hiding. It got to be too much; I turned my head sidewise. Josef whispered carryingly, yet in the very key of the forest undertones:

"A moose, Madame. *Là-bas*—down the shore—*à gauche*—in the grass. A mile," Josef whispered.

Then I saw. A black spot in the yellow-green changed, lighter—darker. Josef, hiding behind points, whipped the little craft down the lake as a steam-engine might impel a butterfly, clinging to shore and shadow, till we were behind the last point. Around it we heard a slow, heavy splash, and then another, and there came a sound of water-lilies torn from mud. A big beast was walking and feeding. Like a stick floated by the current, the canoe drifted around the point, and we two in it did not stir a hair. There the big beast stood, fifty yards off, crunching, tearing roots. The enormous brown back, as tall as a horse, as big as a horse, was toward us. I lifted the rifle, staring at the uncouth mass

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standing deep in the green marsh as its forefathers of the same antique, mighty awkwardness had stood that morning when little Moses was pulled out of the bulrushes.

I lifted my rifle half-way—and then I stopped as if something had jolted me. I saw that this huge creature of a moose was a cow; one may not kill cow moose. At the same second Josef's hissing whisper came:

"*Ne tirez pas, Madame. Une vache!*"

We skirted about the monster till we got within thirty feet, and I lifted the gun and took aim three separate times, and so perfect was Josef's perfect paddling that, until we were quite through, the lady stared and waited, unafraid.

That day we did not see another beast. It was the first day and a long, long hunt; out from camp at four-thirty A. M., back to the log cabin by the water and smoke over the trees at twilight. After such a hunt I felt that I had done my duty and might trifle about the lake and read books on the "*gallerie*" with a clear conscience for at least three days. It was on the home-stretch that thought came. As the paddles kept beat up the bay one saw the red eye of the cooking-fire through the woods on the point and its reflection rippling in the water below. Then Josef's respectful voice lifted gutturally from the stern, and I stopped paddling. What was Josef saying?

"To-morrow, Madame, it will be better-r not t' star-rt too ear-rly. If we go about nine-thirty we can get t' *Lac Sauvage* at eleven, and watch all th' after-rnoon and get th' twilight hunting coming home."

Must I? It was not the tramping and paddling; I like that. I was fit, and revelled in being in the woods. But—when one is afflicted with a foolishness about hunting! Each hunt is as bad as a fit of sickness, yet I am hounded to it by all the obscure feelings which I have tried to make clear—it is that if I give in to such a weakness I may never more hold up my head in the woods; it is partly, certainly, vanity. When one has worked one's way on even terms it is wormwood to subside into a clinging vine. Camp is no place for clinging vines. But yet each hunt meant—. And Josef said we must hunt to-morrow! Well, to-morrow and get it over. To-morrow, it was to be hoped, I would get a shot. Besides, how might anybody disappoint Josef, who was living and breathing for the one purpose of getting his Madame the glory of a moose? Anybody might not. It would be like the proverbial "taking the milk from a blind kitten."

"*C'est bien*, Josef. At nine-thirty," I answered meekly.

That long, bright September day, from eleven to five, I sat on the sand by a rock on the shore of *Lac Sauvage*, and the screen of blowing Indian-tea bushes hid my dull-colored corduroy clothes. It was hot and bright there, and the Indian tea, with its thousands of tiny leaves, had turned lovely shades of brown and rose in frosty nights and had an aromatic fragrance; one crushed a leaf and its sweetness was strong. One picked wild huckleberries from a stray bush and ate them. Coarse grasses, gold and green, shot stiffly from the miniature bay and lapped my rock and rustled in breezy sunshine. Jewelled dragon-flies—"*demoiselles*" the Frenchmen call them—darted busily back and forth, lighted on my corduroy, fearless, singing their vibrant song of busy leisure, of summer and warmth and growing things, much as the locust sings that song at home. And all about crept out, as we sat there motionless, shy, wild life which only stillness may coax forth. An hour-bird—the hermit-thrush, the invisible voice which seems the keynote of the forest, the four slow, liquid notes which one hears at intervals from the depths of the trees, which one dissociates mystically from even a bird's body—the maker of that lovely music flew down in short, wary flights and perched on a gray log four feet from me, a quiet, dark little person infinitely timid of movement. Also small, gleaming chub—*ouitouches* in Indian—swam up the shallows and flirted away through silver-gilt water, unaware, so quiet I was, that an alien enemy was there. A slim-bodied mink ran in and out among the rocks looking for those same little fish; squirrels scurried up a branch over me and scolded noisily and whisked off in a flash of copper; a rabbit went past in

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soft leaps and froze into absolute stillness just beyond, and stayed there, a bundle of fur, its great, gentle, vague eyes staring at something in the wood for a long minute. We did not frighten these things, for to them as to us movement is the test of aliveness, and if a human will only turn into a stone or a tree, it is possible to pass for a stone or a tree, often, to the forest creatures, and to become a part of their universe for a while.

All that long afternoon one let go more and more of one's own restless existence and sank deeper and deeper into the restful sea of life teeming about. Thousands upon thousands, minute and ever more minute, one became aware of an inarticulate multitude going about its tiny affairs of the underworld, contented, unnoticed of the arrogant humans who call themselves the world. Regardless of us they are, free of us except when at long intervals a heavy human touch pushes into their secret ways. Then the hordes of small things—each a life, each, so far as one may know, a soul—all hush into silence, defenseless, frightened, waiting till the unknown peril shall pass. And sometimes we scatter devastation, as natives of Mars might among us, and sometimes we are better inspired, and go softly, not to disturb the hidden little lives. And then we have our reward, as it happened on that long, sunny September day on *Lac Sauvage*, when the small, wild things took me into their great untrammelledness and were not afraid. For all the impossibility of putting its significance into words, the day was one to be remembered, for the brotherhood of little lives that day made me one of them.

Many times it happens that the joy we do not go to meet is beyond the one which we take pains to bring about. Josef and I took much pains to bring about the slaughter of a moose—a joy supposedly, but a rather terrible joy, and in any case one not accomplished, for again we got home, in silver and purple twilight, with Josef much depressed.

"I cannot under-rstand it, Madame," spoke Josef in his throat, "but to-morrow——"

And so to-morrow I went. And the next to-morrow, and the next. There were more afternoon hunts, there were a few times when we got home for lunch, there were early rising days, there was one strenuous morning when at nine-thirty we had already hunted seven lakes and a river. But every day I drove myself to the chase with that subconscious combination of conscience and sinful pride, and every day Josef, with his quiet, respectful Indian immovability, also drove me, and I was powerless, though suffering, against the league of him and myself. And though we ran on cows a few times, not one glimpse of a bull moose. Till toward the 14th the three of us and four guides travelled to a distant part of the club to camp in tents for a few days and try luck in a famous moose country.

We reached a lake in the afternoon. From a portage through spruce and birch we came on a little river bordered with flat rocks, moss-covered, and up the stream, framed in arching birches, lay, five miles long, that lake of fairy-land. Hills at the end rose blue with distance, the water lay in shadow down one shore, and the rest sparkled. Shadows, then sunlight, marked the lines of deep bays on either side, and an island of romance lifted not three hundred yards from where we stood.

"Loch Katrine! Ellen's Isle!" With Scott and "The Lady of the Lake" in one's fundamental repertory, one could not fail to say that. We stood entranced, staring at the vision in the arch of shifting leaves.

With that the guides came, and in five minutes we were flying up the water, paddles plying briskly, for camp had yet to be made. The "*messieurs*" sat in the middle of the canoes and soaked up beauty. Along the shore one saw, now that we were *au large*, a fire had passed not many years ago and the new growth was young and tender. September frosts had touched it into glory. Small mountain-ashes — *musquabenas* in Indian — were tall flames; young birches were liquid gold; little wild cherry-trees shimmered in theatrical green like a stage springtime; along the shore flowed the russet and rose of Indian-tea bushes, the laurel of Canada, and through the idyl of color fused a mist of September.

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"Harp of the north, farewell; the hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending."

One murmured it as the canoe fled over gold-and-purple water; it was yet a good two hours to twilight, and even one half-seen deer, if he happened to be a bull moose, would have changed our peaceful progress into a battle-ground. But one felt a need for the swing of Scott's mountain verse on this very good imitation of Lake Katrine.

With that we were landing. On a point up a hill sunshine swam through spruces and birches—"*épinettes et bouleaux*," the standards of the north Canadian forest. The filtered light was as a cheerful cathedral, and here was an old camp. There was a dinner-table, and benches, there was ground cleared for tents; we lost no time in landing the "*butin*." At once began the delightful business of making camp, of setting up tents, of collecting fire-wood and starting a fire, of cutting balsam for beds and settling our effects.

With an average make-up and a little imagination every human being loves a camp. We are children at heart, perhaps, and this is our eternal fairy-story. The most practical, the fattest of us in a camp, no matter how commonplace his words, is secretly playing at being Robin Hood. We turned to, laughing like children, working like beavers, and as the "arrows of sunset" lay low in the forest aisles we sat down, tired and hungry and dirty and happy. Sat down to a quite literal board. Achille the butler, in shirt-sleeves and suspenders, dashed from the fire — where black kettles hung on crotched sticks over the blaze and Gros-Louis squatted, holding a broiler of bacon on the coals—to the three *messieurs* at the table, demanding "*encore*." Back and forth Achille dashed, till at last, quite "*remplis*," as Monsieur phrased it, we left the table, lit now by firelight and tallow candles, and tumbled up-hill to the tents. By nine o'clock there was no more to that night.

Being asleep by nine is likely to cause being awake by six. Early to bed in camp forces early to rise. That happened. So that when, dressed for the day, I drew forth my dollar Ingersoll, anchored on a shoe-lace, to find out the time, it was seven.

"Now, what will I do?" I meditated, for the braves were as yet asleep, and I sat on my cot, in the tent-door, meditating. "First I'll throw water—a little merciful water—on their faces and wake them up to this good day, and then——"

A sound of scuffling in the bush, a panting as of a thing in haste; a face with wild eyes appearing around the opening of the tent—Josef. Josef did not know if Madame was dressed or not; he did not care. His soul was absorbed in a question beyond etiquette.

"Madame! Moose!" he gasped, and with one hand snatched the rifle and whirled and went.

I crammed a box of cartridges into my pocket. Unfortunately, the bucket of drinking-water was in ambush outside, and splash into it went my hunting-boot, spilling me and the water into a hillside of very wet brush. But I scrambled, and somehow or other was down the hill not sixty seconds after Josef. Telesfor bent over the canoe, already in the water. We crawled in, the three of us, two paddles pushed out, the little boat sprang down the bay. Josef, in murmurs apparently from his boots, made it known that the moose had appeared on the point below and had walked out of sight into the next bay. There was a marsh in the next bay. He was likely feeding there still. I was steadily taking cartridges out of the box, storing them in accessible pockets mixed with handkerchiefs so that they would not rattle, putting the 38–55, kept always loaded, softly at full cock, making sure that hand and arm were free and could lift the gun quietly. And all the time the horror of murder was on me, and fervent if unphrased prayers went up that the moose was not in the next bay, that I would not get a shot, that he would depart into the woods before we rounded the point.

Then, inch by inch, the canoe poked its nose around bushes; inch by inch, till Josef in the bow, a statue of a hunter with a motionless paddle, shot down the hand on the off-side and motioned, a hair's breadth, backward. A hair's breadth,

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but enough; Telesfor was also Indian. Inch by inch, with no shadow of sidewise movement, the boat backed—"*reculait.*" More and more, till again we were behind the bushes and rocks.

Then Josef slewed about and whispered in the curious, distinct undertone of his that might be a wave splashing on the paddle or the rustling of wind in the bushes:

"He saw us; he barely missed being frightened—*manquait d'avoir peur.*"

With that Josef reflected; over my head sputtered a low fire of unintelligible patois. When the Canadian habitant or half-breed speaks home gibberish to his kind, no other created being may understand. Josef and Telesfor exchanged views, and with that the boat stole sidewise, backward, crab-like, to the most villainous nest of mud-holes and marsh-grass that God ever made, and Josef invited me to "*débarquer.*"

One was hunting; Josef was the guide. I threw him a look to make sure he meant it, and selected the likeliest within reach of the sodden grass clumps and went overboard. A foot landed on the clump, but the reach was long; I lost balance and sprawled into half-caked, sticky mud, reaching, for all proof to the contrary, to China. I thought I was started to China, but capable hands salvaged me and planted me on chosen grass-plots, with no attention whatever to the spill except a growl of reassurance that I had not made "*du train.*"

Then Josef explained. Thirty feet farther was a break in the bushes; one could command from it the marsh. I was to crawl that thirty feet of bottomless pit, leaning over double, meantime, so that I might not be seen above the bushes. I was to sneak into the breach and find footing and stand there and shoot at a moose. Such was the plan of Josef and Telesfor. Of the divine fire of hunting there was not a match-scratch in me. I hated that thirty feet of bog; I knew I should go in and make noises getting out; I objected to walking doubled over and toting a rifle besides; I was suddenly tired and faint for breakfast and utterly opposed to the whole business. I didn't want to kill a harmless beast who had never hurt me. "Peace at any price" was my desire. But I knew it had to be "peace with honor," because inscrutably I was obliged to

> "Still hold on when there was nothing in me
> Except the thing that said to me 'Hold on.'"

So, most unhappily, I grasped the rifle and started contorting down mud-holes. I held to a bush and jumped from the first tuft to the next; it was only big enough for one foot; I balanced and wavered till foot number two could reach ahead and test. Then another stagger. There was no grass at all now within reach; I had to risk an edge of the bog. I risked, and in went my boot with a sucking sound, and over I fell, luckily into bushes, saving the rifle. A struggle and I was up, and now there was a rock which I made for. So on for ten miserable minutes, at the end of which I stood in the pass, solid on a proper bit of earth and hidden by foliage. But cross—I was very cross. This way and that I peered—no moose. Presently I was aware of gulping mud sounds behind me; some one was following. Josef whispered:

"He is in the tall bush, Madame; *regardez*, one sees the *panaches*—the horns. *Crais*, but he is a big one—*un gros*. Listen—does Madame hear him cough?"

I did listen, and to my amazement I did hear out of the high shrubs a near-human cough. Josef was transformed with excitement, an excitement held into statuesque stillness. His eyes glittered like patent leather set with diamonds. He stood listening, watching, unconscious of everything on earth except the big beast out there. Suddenly there was a movement where the tip of a *panache* had glimmered; then the crack of a broken twig on solid land beyond the marsh. Another; the crash of a dead tree going down under a heavy weight.

"He walks through the wood into the next bay yet. Come," breathed Josef.

There was a caribou trail up the sudden little hill through that burned country, transfigured with such many-splendored color the night before. Burned country is good for moose; they feed on the tender leaves of the young trees.

We crept up that game trail, leaving Telesfor behind, and we stopped to listen in the wood at the top. By now I had

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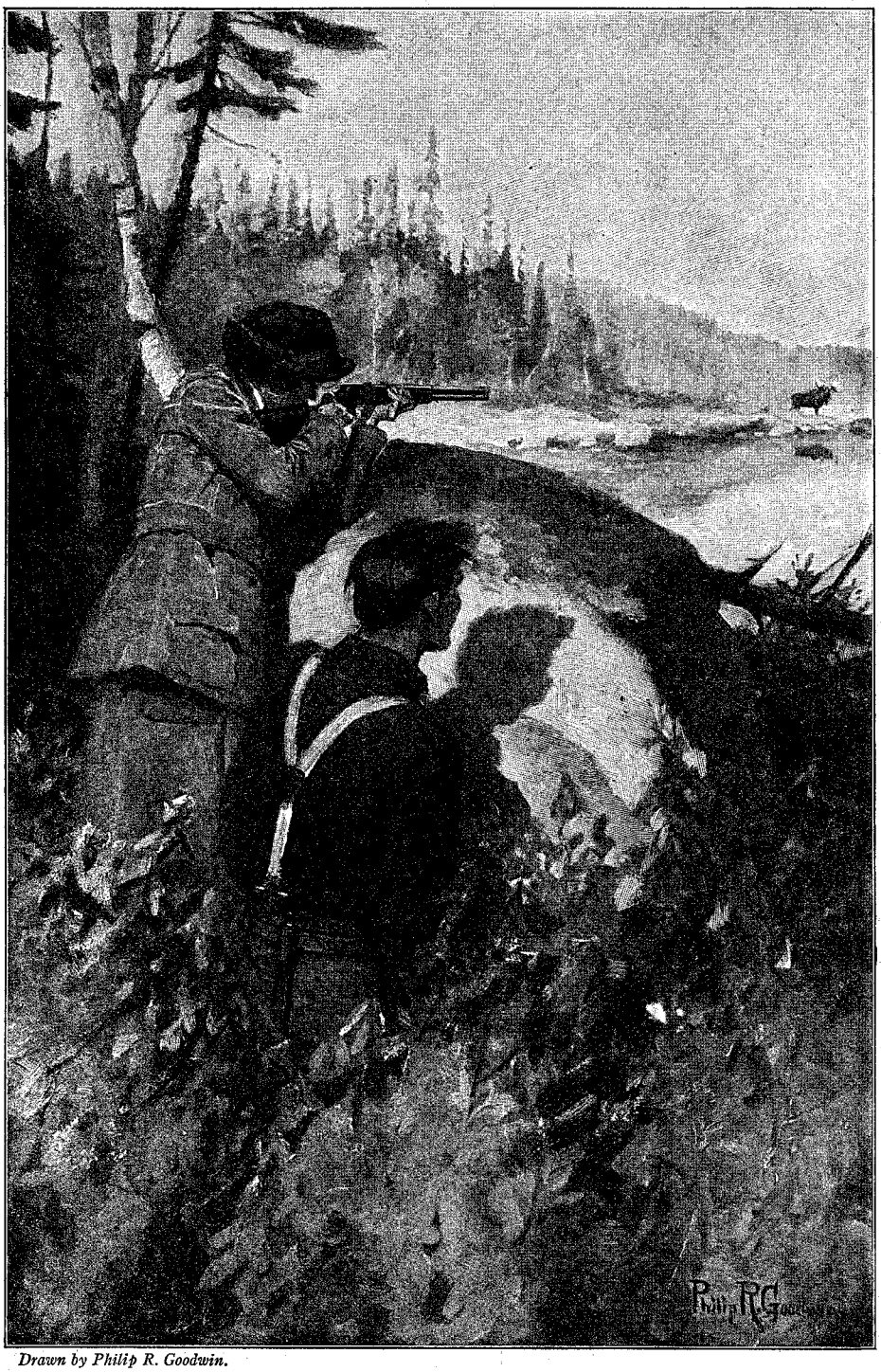

Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

He was there, a calm, majestic figure on the rocky point . . . a hundred and fifty yards away.
—Page 472.

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entirely lost the thread of the argument. I wasn't sure which side the moose was; I was quite sure we couldn't possibly see him again. I wanted awfully to get through the business and get back to breakfast. This scrambling about was futile.

When suddenly Josef, from a statue, became a whispering-machine, he poured a flood of language, but in his excitement he forgot my limitations, and it was the gibberish language which he and Telesfor spoke together. I shook my head and he gesticulated. Over the next little rise he pointed—and more gibberish.

"I don't understand, Josef—speak French or English," I remonstrated.

But Josef, too far gone to grasp why I didn't understand, did neither. Instead, he glared in despair one whole second, and suddenly swept me up, rifle and all, as if I had been six years old, and started over the rise at a trot with a hundred and thirty pounds of white woman, too astounded to protest, carried quite simply to where she would be most useful. It was no time for etiquette. The point was to kill a moose. Josef took the most direct way to get the rifle and the hunter where the moose could be killed. After a swift transit over the short cut to the next bay, he set me down. He whispered gutturally:

"*Le v'là.* Kill him."

He was there, a calm, majestic figure on the rocky point, outlined against the lake, a hundred and fifty yards away. I cocked my rifle and killed him. I thank the powers that one shot did it. A couple of shots more to make sure, and then the utterly unreasonable lucky hunter dropped in the wood and put her head in her hands and endured the curse of Cain. With that, subtle magic began working; suddenly the burden was lifted. I was on my feet and exultant thrills were rushing through a lately broken heart. The beast was quite dead. I had done my job; I had furnished meat for camp; I had honor of woodsmen; all was particularly right. I rushed out on the point and gloried as a squaw should glory.

And, behold, at a triumphant howl from Josef canoes darted from camp, and M'sieur and M'sieur Bob and Telesfor and Maxime and Achille were all there, congratulating, laughing, asking questions, reporting details, and out of the dark places of an unchartered illogicalness, I was primitive man after "a kill," and viewed quite contentedly the murder I had accomplished. One is beginning to wonder—how about the next 1st of September?

THE SHRINE

By Willis Boyd Allen

WITHIN a temple vast, not made with hands,
Far up the rugged mountain slope it stands,
Fern-draped, before its birchen reredos;
An altar gray, vested with robe of moss,
In whose soft folds the jewelled dewdrops gleam.
Hard by, a restless stream,
Deft acolyte, unversed in human creeds,
Pauses to tell its beads
In murmured accents low; then hastens on,
As one who, having sought a benison,
Resumes his humble task. Along the banks
Cluster the dark-robed firs in sombre ranks,
Their crosses all uplift. Upon the air
Laden with forest perfumes rare
Slow rise the morning mists; and, hush!
From his lone cell unseen the hermit-thrush,
Even as the clouds of incense drift away,
Chants his clear matins to the new-born day.

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JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AS A TEACHER

RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS LAST PUPIL

By William Roscoe Thayer

ILLUSTRATION FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

IN 1877, by appointment of President Hayes, Professor James Russell Lowell, having received leave of absence from Harvard, went as American minister to Spain; three years later he was transferred to Great Britain, where he remained until 1885. He had succeeded Longfellow as Smith professor of the French and Spanish languages and literatures in 1855, and he had taught pretty steadily at Harvard until he went to Madrid. I doubt, however, whether he ever liked teaching. He had as little as possible about him of the typical professor of his time. He was unmethodical and he would have disclaimed the title of scholar if he had thought that, in his case, at least, it implied the qualities of a grind.

Nevertheless, he was a great scholar. He knew the minutest details of the subjects which he taught, he no more made a brag of being conversant with the original sources than Titian would have boasted of knowing the names and qualities of the paints on his palette. Lowell got his knowledge through his passion for reading. He had an insatiable curiosity, and to feed this he devoured books. His curiosity led him into many remote by-paths. "How much time I wasted," he once said to me, "in all sorts of strange and musty subjects! I once spent months grubbing up whatever I could find about alchemy and astrology—and heraldry, too," he added.

The result was that in conversation a chance remark might awaken his memory of the most unexpected "forgotten lore," and he would pour forth a stream of entertaining learning. Two splendid gifts—his talent for humor and his talent for poetry—prevented him from ever boring you with his encyclopædic information, as the schoolmaster abroad does when he crushes you with his dump of hard, dead, undeniable facts, as the Sabines crushed Tarpeia with their shields. Whatever Lowell said was luminous with his humor, which often took the form of wit, if one wished to make the distinction, or it stirred with emotion.

The poet in him was, I believe, his inmost self; although to-day he seems to appeal to our generation most directly in his character of humorist. The poet was wayward; he waited on inspiration; and as the divine afflatus bloweth where it listeth so the poet necessarily kept irregular seasons. In one of his pieces of verse Lowell tells us that he never went after a theme, but that he waited until it seized upon him, and the metre and the rhymes came and would not let go of him until he had written them out. Perhaps this gave to much of his poetry the quality of improvisation which leaves some of his modern readers unsatisfied, and yet his Harvard Commemoration Ode—one of the most stupendous achievements in improvisation ever made, for it contains over four hundred lines, written in less than twenty-four hours—is one of the most finished, both metrically and verbally, of all his poems.

The very waywardness which critics, devoted to form and order, might object to, added immensely to Lowell's charm as talker and as teacher. He was the embodiment of the unexpected, and I have seen no one else who could compare with him in bringing humor out of the most inconceivable material, or of communicating the humor to you. Mr. Bernard Shaw excels in sarcasm, but he is acrid, and sometimes cruel if not actually diabolic. His shafts are often undisguised sneers, he likes to show up and deride the pettiness and failures and hypocrisies and fatui-

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ties of men and women. Lowell's humor, on the other hand, is good-natured and sweet. It is the source from which laughter and tears alike flow; it has pity for poor humanity's sins and failures. Its smile neither mocks nor withers. His humor lasts, as was proved during the recent war, when we found that his mingling of pungent satire and truth, aimed more than seventy years ago at the wickedness and blunders of the Mexican War, were just as true and just as pertinent to-day.

In 1885, when Mr. Cleveland became president, Mr. Lowell resigned as minister to Great Britain. On reaching Washington, he called at the White House as etiquette prescribed, and on greeting Mr. Cleveland he said, with characteristic humor: "Mr. President, like St. Denis I come bringing my head in my hand."

A little later it was announced that Mr. Lowell would resume his teaching at Harvard that autumn. I had been nearly four years out of college writing editorials for a Philadelphia newspaper, and had decided to return to Harvard and take a graduate course of study, in order to escape from the too facile seductions of journalism. So I welcomed the news that Professor Lowell was to teach again, and I elected his courses in Dante's "Divine Comedy" and in Cervantes. I supposed that scores, if not hundreds, of eager persons would flock to sit under so distinguished a man. Great was my surprise, therefore, when at the first meeting of the Dante section I found that only ten or a dozen pupils had enrolled. Probably there were restrictions which kept out many persons, unprepared in Italian, who might otherwise have attended; but I suspect that the small number was accounted for partly by the general lack of interest, which even intellectual Americans then took in university lectures.

Mr. Lowell held our recitations in the smallish northern room, on the ground floor of University Hall. He was a short man, not above five feet four in height, wore a plain sack business suit, was quite unaffected in manner. Two things, however, at once caught your attention: his remarkable eyes and the strange cut of his whiskers, he wore a square beard trimmed two or three inches below his chin, but he allowed his mustache to grow to an inordinate length, so that it projected on each side beyond his beard like walrus tusks. What twist of fancy could have led him to adopt this fashion cannot be guessed, for it was neither becoming nor beautiful, and I cannot believe that a man otherwise so unaffected and reserved could have been tricked by vanity into choosing to make himself conspicuous in this way; but his eyes were very fine; large and open and brilliant, of a grayish-brown color, as I remember them after all these years, which used to be called hazel: they were the eyes of an intellectual man, most expressive of his thoughts as you talked with him, and they gave the first signal that a flash of wit was coming.

Although small in stature, he left upon you the impression of great dignity. I think that President Eliot came with him to the classroom at the first meeting. Until that time I had never seen any one who so thoroughly embodied dignity as the president did. He was over six feet tall, still an athlete in spite of his fifty years, reserved, the undergraduates then thought, even to the point of stiffness, and with the unconscious air of one who never doubted his right to be wherever he happened to be. Mr. Lowell stood on the little platform by the desk, and President Eliot from the floor almost reached up to him. They exchanged a few remarks together, which we did not hear; Lowell's face broke out into a smile, the president bowed to him, turned and walked out of the room swiftly, in order to meet his next appointment punctually. In this simple way, without ceremony or jangling of rector's chains, did the president of our oldest university welcome the greatest of American ambassadors back to his profession of college teacher.

Mr. Lowell conducted the exercise in the old-fashioned way; that is, he called up each man to read a dozen or fifteen lines of the Italian text, and then to translate. He would correct faults in pronunciation or rendering, and would supply a better word wherever it was necessary. At times he would loiter into delightful digressions, in which he would tell in an easy unpedantic way the curious history attached to a word or to a

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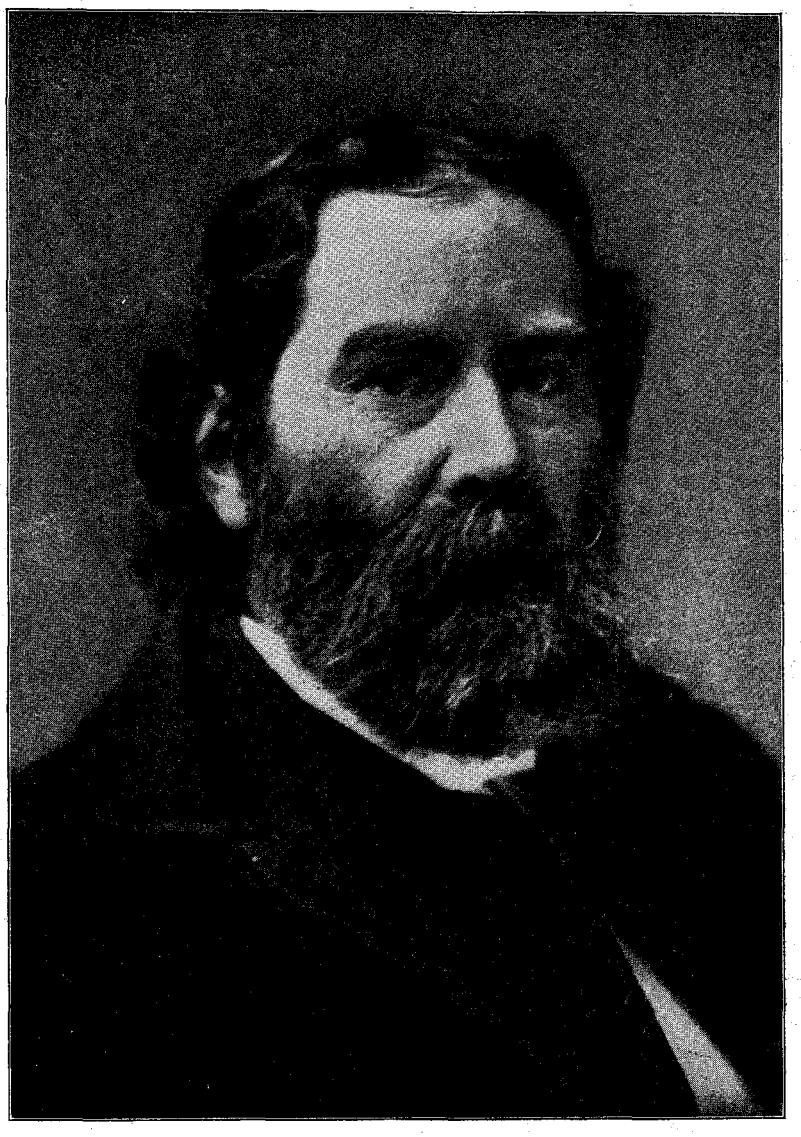

James Russell Lowell.
From a photograph taken about 1870.

phrase, or he would illustrate briefly but very vividly some episode in Dante's Florence, or the conflict between church and state, or Dante's astonishing symbolism. On some days when we were more than half through the hour, as if he had had enough of our bungling versions —and he probably had—he would take up the next canto and translate it rapidly himself, showing how the thing ought to be done, and how satisfactorily the English could convey the meaning of the Italian when he was the translator.

Lowell read Italian fluently and correctly, but even I could detect his foreignness. He was too scrupulous in pronouncing each syllable, as if it stood alone, instead of letting syllables and words melt into each other, as the Italian does. He had a very sympathetic voice. That winter I heard both him and Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes read from

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their poems to save the Old South Church in Boston. Doctor Holmes took undisguised delight in his performance. He knew that he was clever; he knew that the public knew it and would applaud; why should he pretend to a modesty he did not feel? Especially, since his egotism was so naïf. I have always thought he must have enjoyed the story of Victor Hugo—the supreme French egotist of that period—who, in his old age, attended a performance of "Hernani"; and at a certain passage exclaimed, within hearing of everybody: "My God! what a genius the man had who wrote that." Mr. Lowell was reserved, dignified, and when he read "Aladdin's Lamp" there was great sadness in his voice, and you saw that he felt most poignantly in his age the truth of the poem he wrote in his youth.

I took particular interest in the unconscious revelations which he let slip of his own preferences and character. For him Dante was not merely a master of literature, but a master of life—the former of manners and of morals. Thus after the well-known line in the third canto of "Hell," "Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa" ("Let us not talk about them, but do thou look and pass by"), he paused and commented: "An excellent rule! Unless it is your duty to interpose, do not get drawn into any street row or other happening which does not concern you, but look, and go about your work." At another passage he remarked: "Here you see that Dante was a man of great personal dignity, and one secret of his dignity was that he was never in a hurry. Throughout the 'Divine Comedy' you will never find him in unseemly haste." Of course Mr. Lowell would call our attention to lines or passages which had special literary qualities. I remember that he referred to "Dove sentia la pompeiana tuba," in the sixth canto of "Paradise," as the most beautiful of all, because of the perfect music of its arrangement of vowels and consonants. Doubtless, each of the other students has treasured up similar personal touches, jewels of criticism or taste, and were my note-book at hand I could recover many others myself.

I found, however, that I took fewer and fewer notes as the course went on. I interlined in my text the particularly fine verbal interpretations which he gave. Perhaps I was more interested in Lowell himself than in his teaching. His own copy of the "Divine Comedy" was, I think, of Fraticelli's edition, and it was not only interlined, but the margins on both sides, and at the top and bottom of the page, were covered with minutely written notes. At certain points he even marked that such or such a story was to be told there. Like all first-rate story-tellers he had the art of simulating spontaneity, so that when you heard him you supposed that story had just popped into his mind.

In earlier days, before Mr. Lowell went to Spain, he used to hold his course in his library at Elmwood, and the men who took it will tell you now of the charm of those evenings, when they gathered round the great professor in perfect freedom, he and they smoking their pipes, and the "recitation" being converted into a conversation in which every one joined and he led. When I had him, ten years later, the classroom in University Hall, bleak and unadorned, the long wooden boards which served us, instead of desks, to write on, the professor's rigidly simple table which seemed to have degenerated from the pulpit of stern puritanical times, and was hedged from us by being raised on a little platform, precluding ease or conversational flow, or any trickle of familiarity, I think that if he could have lighted his pipe he would have enjoyed it better. He seemed rather to be going through a task than to be indulging in a pleasure such as those evenings at Elmwood brought. The truth is, I suspect, that his eight years in Europe, filled with the richest experiences and especially with intellectual satisfactions, made teaching seem to him more like drudgery than ever. We young men, eager and willing, but crude, if not callow, must have bored him, freshly come from the companionship of the best minds of the Old World. Dante, of course, had not grown dull or prosy—Dante cannot grow old; but whatever pleasure Mr. Lowell got was rather the echo of earlier pleasure, and the glow kindled his memory rather than swept into his imagination, as when Dante was new to him. By the middle of the winter he had wearied of his teaching, and they told

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us that he would not continue it beyond the half year; then Professor Charles Eliot Norton would replace him.

I had had Mr. Norton before, but I was glad to sit under him again, because his teaching of Dante was unapproachable. I shrink from making invidious contrasts. Mr. Lowell unquestionably knew all about Dante that could then be known. In addition to equal knowledge, however, Mr. Norton had a spiritual insight which made his interpretation of the deep and holy passages of the "Divine Comedy" almost a religious exercise. Machiavelli in a letter dear to all lovers of books and of great men who wrote them, describes how, after working all day with his peasants on his farm, he exchanged his mud-bespattered clothes for his best suit, and went into his library, and took down his books, and, communing with the greatest spirits of all time, he forgot his poverty and cares and disappointments and the injustice which his contemporaries heaped upon him.

When you read Dante with Mr. Norton, you likewise put off your every-day, sordid, and unworthy thoughts, and your mind wore garments fit to welcome the Florentine poet, "Who like an Eagle soars above the others."

II

But when it came to reading "Don Quixote," Mr. Lowell was supreme. By a happy chance for me I was his only pupil in this course, although one other graduate had elected it. We met once a week, in the afternoon, and had an hour and a half of monologue. I cannot call it recitation, because it was really an informal talk by Mr. Lowell on all sorts of subjects. He would give out a chapter of the text for me to read over before coming in to him; then he would inquire whether I had found any obscure passages, and if I had he would quickly throw light on them. After that he would ramble on, passing from Cervantes to Calderon—a master whom he esteemed only a little below the highest, and so on to his own experiences in Madrid and London. As soon as I discovered that by a mere question I could start him off on one of these excursions, I tried it very often. I used to ask him about the English public men of the day, Gladstone, John Morley, Disraeli, Parnell, and he would give very keen descriptions of them. He had many stories which had not been printed, and he had shrewd and penetrating opinions on current events.

One of his remarks impressed me. He said that he thought that it was his talks with Gladstone on the Irish question, his advocacy of Irish Home Rule, that had persuaded Gladstone to adopt that policy. Fifteen years later, when I knew that Mr. John Morley was writing the life of Gladstone, I reported to him the view which Lowell had expressed to me; but Mr. Morley replied that Lowell must have deceived himself, because Gladstone concluded to embrace the Home Rule Policy for reasons which he had arrived at himself. As I listened to Lowell, however, state emphatically his belief that the pleas of the Home Rulers were just and must sooner or later be granted, I felt the irony of the situation. For, during Lowell's service as minister in London, the Irish-Americans had abused him unceasingly as an enemy of Ireland and an Anglomaniac who ought to be recalled; and all the while he was warning the English that they must do justice to Ireland. But the Irish would not be Irish if they did not behave in this way.

Some days, when we came to one of Lowell's favorite passages in "Don Quixote," he would stick strictly to the text; although I had found it amusing when I read it to myself, as he read it, it sparkled with unsuspected humor; it had the life and iridescence of an opal; and as he read he laughed, and I laughed, too, to the end of the chapter. I have often wished since then to find again in those pages what Lowell read from them, but I have never been able. The copy he read from was printed in sensitive ink, which responded only to him. He brought the magic, and with him the magic vanished.

He made "Don Quixote" not only a masterpiece of humor, but a guide to conduct. While admitting that Cervantes began it as a caricature of the extravagant romances of chivalry, then in vogue, it took on, as he progressed, a larger significance, so that we are justified in assigning to it a meaning far beyond that which

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Cervantes originally intended. Cervantes caused the dismal knight of La Mancha to undergo all sorts of experiences, comic, sordid, mock-heroic, and grotesque, but he took care, as Lowell said, to portray Don Quixote as a perfect gentleman throughout, and only on one occasion did he introduce an incident which detracted from the Don's dignity. This remark of Lowell's struck me at first as excessive, but as I passed each episode in review I saw that he was right. With whatever persons Don Quixote was thrown, he conducted himself as a man of delicate courtesy and honor would do; the humor comes in from the fact that Dulcinea and the others were commonplace people and not at all the grandees he took them for. Here enters the pathos of the story, the pathos and the contradiction which makes "Don Quixote" so true a representation of much of life. How many of us have devoted our best strength to tilting at giants which turned out to be windmills! How many have guarded as a precious treasure a barber's bowl which we mistook for Mambrino's helmet!

Besides my college work at this time I was reading a good many of the world's masterpieces, which I had not had time for during my life as a journalist. I fully appreciated my privilege in being able to talk over with Mr. Lowell, himself a literary master, the books I had in hand. No doubt he was fully aware of the little ruse which I often played, of asking him his opinion, and so deflecting our attention from "Don Quixote." He would talk for half an hour, if the subject were fertile—on the Greek dramatists, for instance. He still read these, he said, in an old edition, which had the Greek text on one page and a Latin translation, which he used as a trot, on the other. I had to be satisfied with an English translation, for neither Latin nor Greek was so taught in my time as to remain a permanent resource; and of my contemporaries, I have never known one who "kept up" his Greek in after-life, unless he made teaching Greek his profession. This seems to me a terrible indictment on the method of teaching the classics then; and I believe now, as I always have believed, that the fault lies not in the classics, but in the method of teaching them. Latin and Greek are not dead languages, although for generation after generation teachers have done their best to kill them.

Mr. Lowell had a strong liking for the plays of Euripides, and I remember that he regarded the "Hippolytus" as the most interesting, if not the best, of them all. At least it abounded in a modern quality, the quality of poignant human interest, of *pathos* (in the Greek sense). Mrs. Browning also held this view of Euripides, and expressed it in her poem beginning

> "Euripides the human
> With his dripping of warm tears."

Sir Gilbert Murray's fine translations did not exist then, and I was not quick enough to discern in the poor English version which I plodded through many of the features that Lowell mentioned; I did observe, however, that it was precisely on account of his quality of pathos that Mr. Norton ranked Euripides below Æschylus and Sophocles, the masters of *ethos*. Lowell recommended to me Frere's translations of Aristophanes, and this led him to talk about Sir Bartle Frere, who had recently been conspicuous in South Africa.

Speaking of translators, I questioned him eagerly about Edward Fitzgerald, whose "Rubaiyat of Omar Khâyyâm" had captivated some of us in college, and whose "Life and Letters," edited by Aldis Wright, had just been printed. I wanted to know all that I could about this strange creature, and Lowell was just the person for me to go to for information. Fitzgerald and he had corresponded for a good many years, Fitzgerald being intimate, often very affectionate, in his letters.

"When I first went to London," Lowell said: "Fitzgerald wrote to me and urged me to come down and visit him at Lowestoft, but I knew too much to accept," Lowell added with a twinkle and a laugh. "For Fitzgerald was the most freakish of creatures, and the surest way to fall out with him was to visit him." This confirmed what I had already heard in the case of Fanny Kemble; his charming letters to her are filled with affection, but once she spent a year within a short walk

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of him in the village of Lowestoft and he never went to see her.

Mr. Lowell told me the story of Fitzgerald's marriage to the daughter of Bernard Barton, an experiment in modern chivalry which ended disastrously. He married the lady, who was left penniless on the death of her father, in order to have a right to allot to her the half of his fortune; but they scarcely knew each other, and immediately discovered that they could not bear each other's company; so they parted. Of this episode, which was sufficiently unusual in general, but quite characteristic of Fitzgerald in particular, Aldis Wright said nothing. As a philologist he wrote in the minutest detail the life history of any word he chose to discuss, but he thought it both honest and scientific to omit this really important matter in the life of an important man: which proves that though one may be a master in the science of philology he is unworthy to practise the art of biography.

One of Lowell's anecdotes I shall not forget. He told about a young American (himself, I believed) who ardently admired Tennyson, and, on his first trip to England, desired to meet the poet laureate. This was accomplished by Lord Houghton (I think), who gave a breakfast for the young American, to which he invited Tennyson and other celebrities. For two hours there was much entertaining talk, but the swarthy poet said absolutely nothing. Suddenly, when a certain class of person, whom he apparently did not esteem, was mentioned, he growled from his corner of the table: "Yes, damn 'em. I'd like to take a knife and rip their guts up!" Being a true poet, to whom words were more precious than jewels, Tennyson used no circumlocution—such as abdominal viscera—for the part of the body which he unmistakably meant. I inferred from Lowell that the young American admirer was astonished, if not disillusionized.

You could not talk long with Mr. Lowell without encountering his favorite hobby, which was that everybody of marked ability had Jewish blood hidden somewhere in his veins. He instanced several cases where this was obviously true. Sometimes he seemed extravagant. What must have been the surprise of Robert Browning, at their first meeting, to have Lowell put to him, with a stand-and-deliver emphasis, the question: "Where is the Jew in you? You have more passion in your little finger than all the other British dramatists since Shakespeare have in their whole bodies." I do not recall that Browning gave Lowell satisfaction in regard to his supposed Jewish ancestry, but they remained friends thereafter.

At one of our recitations Lowell quoted from Sir Thomas Browne, and was evidently surprised that I, a Harvard graduate, had never read Browne. "Don't fail to do so," Lowell said. "Until you read Browne, you won't know the splendor which English prose is capable of or the gorgeousness of word-coloring. His thoughts, too, are often quaint and startling." I soon followed Lowell's advice, and I have always been glad to pass it on to younger readers.

If I had made at the time full notes of Lowell's talk, I should be able now to give a cross-section of London life as he saw it; for he went everywhere, and nothing escaped his penetrating eyes. But I rely wholly on memory, and make no pretense of drawing even in outline a finished picture. He spoke enthusiastically and affectionately of "Barry Cornwall's" widow, old Mrs. Procter, the wittiest woman in London, who, in spite of her eighty years and over, gathered round her, he said, the best to be found there. After Lowell died and Mr. Norton published his "Letters" I was surprised to see how very few there were about his six years' stay as minister in England, and how lifeless, not to say commonplace, most of those few were. Probably Mr. Norton thought that it would be indiscreet to publish so early Lowell's pungent comments on the society which had received him so hospitably and which he had enjoyed to the full. Perhaps Lowell himself did not write as vivaciously and as unguardedly as he talked, even to strangers like me.

After the "recitation" was over he usually walked to Boston, where he was staying with his sister. He could not bear to go back to Elmwood. "It was so lonely, so full of ghosts." He usually asked me to walk with him, which meant

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a prolonging of his talk. He walked fast, and, for a short man, he took enormously long strides, so that I could not very well keep pace with him. I especially wanted to know what he thought of Walt Whitman, whose acquaintance I had made just before leaving Philadelphia. Walt and Lowell were born in the same year, 1819, and I had already heard Walt's far from complimentary opinion of his year-mate. Lowell explained to me that Walt's vogue among the intellectual élite in England was partly due to the fact that they had read him first in a volume of selections skilfully chosen by William Rossetti, who had left out the dreary and tedious catalogues and the grossest of the physiological passages. The English, he added, expected that the vast uncultured population of the States would logically express itself in an unconventional form. They knew all the classical and modern literary forms, and so they were prepared to greet with applause one who uttered barbaric yawps and pretended to discard the conventional thought and expression of effete Europe. Lowell recognized some of the elements in Whitman's greatness, but I think that on the whole he did not place him among the masters. Walt would be more than a nine-days wonder, but the men who win the long race through the centuries, Homer and Sophocles and Virgil, Dante and Shakespeare, do not last on the ground that they are adepts in the art of startling.

Lowell was, as I have said, a man of moods; on some days he would not indulge in conversation, but after going through the recitation with almost bureaucratic correctness, he would close his book and depart without inviting me to join him. Several years later I passed a most uncomfortable half hour in his study, when Leslie Stephen was visiting him, and neither of the great men made the slightest effort to be even human to their young caller.

But I remember most gladly and gratefully the many hours when he gave this same young stranger of his best and revealed his own remarkable spirit. At the end of the half year, when I bade him good-by and told him that I hoped soon to visit Greece and the Levant, he said: "When you are at Athens, feast your eyes on the mountains with their beautiful shapes, which seem to have been carved by Phidias, and with their indescribable colors."

THE SIXTY-NINTH OF THE "FRAGMENTS" OF SAPPHO

By Anne Bunner

THOU shalt lie dead—nor shall the long years bring
Remembrance of thee; not with joy nor pain
The years shall come and go and each new Spring
Bring memories of long lost loves again.

Back through the shadowy years in many lands,
Home to the hearts that they were severed from,
With Roses of Pierian in their hands,
The dead come home who have the right to come.

But thou shalt never come for thou shalt lie
Still as the love thou killed; nor smiles nor tears
Shall wake thy memory to earth or sky,
Thou shalt lie quiet through forgotten years.

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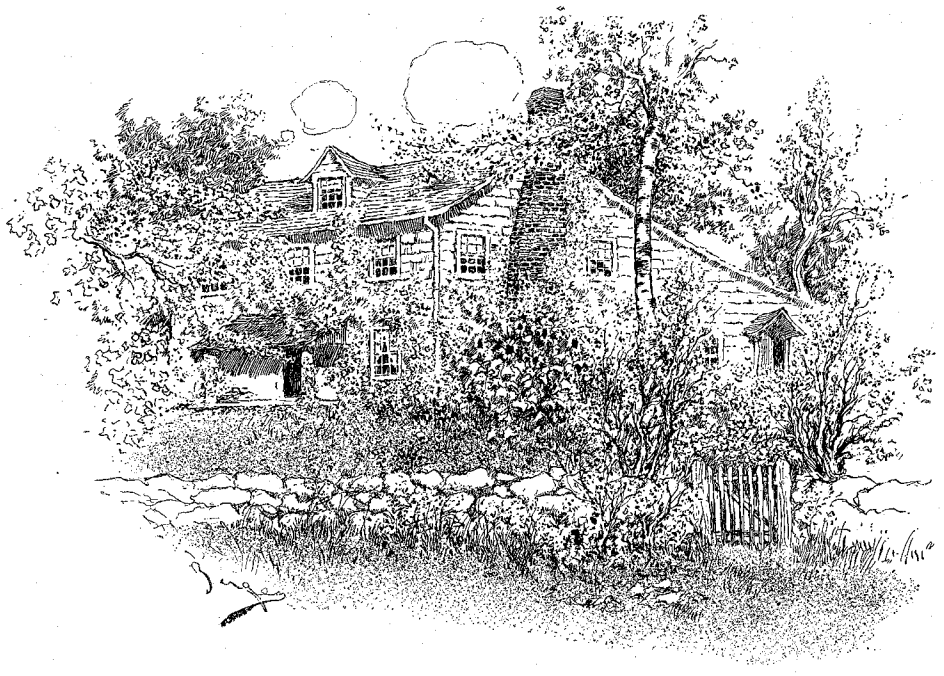

The abandoned farm.

OUR HOME-GROWN SOVIET

By Ruth Danenhower Wilson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER

HELEN and Roy were coming up from Greenwich Village for their first week-end on our newly acquired abandoned farm. Roy is a brilliant Cassius who looks out through near-sighted glasses upon a dream world of his own making. His best work sometimes brings as much as twelve dollars a page from a highly ethical journal of opinion. Helen, his wife, does occasional illustrating after a sprightly fashion for journals of no ethics at all except those of paying well for what they get.

Roy and Hal, my husband, were roommates at college—strange bed-fellows indeed. Hal's college career was closely associated with a gridiron cognomen of "Beef." Sporting writers still occasionally refer to him. According to our English brethren he is now "in trade." But he, too, had somewhere contracted the writers' itch, a malady that pursued him for two years through the reportorial columns of various papers till he started what he called a counter-irritant in the guise of a successful business, with occasional essay-writing as a salve to the original malady. It was the counter-irritant that made possible our present rural delights, namely the abandoned farm and the week-ending.

As we drove to the station Hal looked at his calloused hands a little ruefully. He had been reclaiming the farm with characteristic vigor. (They say he could rip a hole as big as a barn door through any opposing line.)

"I'm afraid," he sighed, "I'll be a little bit out of Roy's and Helen's talk. I'm on the other end of this 'cabbages and kings' stuff now, you know." He turned his hands for further inspection. "Our

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former brief sojourn in Greenwich Village led me to believe that I knew something—something of kings. Now I find I can't even beat the cabbage-worm to it."

"Oh, they'll be interested in the old place," I assured him. "They'll love its simple, direct manner, and its charm."

"They won't even see it," averred Hal. "They'll come loaded for ducks—lame ducks. You haven't been near the Village for so long you've forgotten. Wait and behold."

Hal was right. Our guests were strangely unresponsive as with brazen zeal we displayed the charms of our old place. There was the dry stone wall, so set that neither lightnings nor world's alarms could fell a single stone. There were the ancient lilac bushes at the gate with trunks as large as trees. There was the low-roofed house itself, built during the French and Indian wars by sturdy Connecticut pioneers with an amazing instinct for the simple line and the correct proportion. There were the wide chimney-places with their pothooks and Dutch ovens—but what was the use? Our *barrage* was hopeless from the beginning. No sooner had we seated ourselves on the little front porch, facing the

Roy and Helen.

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"I was saying to myself to-day . . . how pretty it was here."—Page 485.

ripening Baldwins and russets of our gnarled orchard, than Roy opened fire with his heavy artillery.

"This is all very charming—very charming," he began aggressively. "But, after all, isn't it just an evasion, a capitulation?" He snapped a scornful thumb and forefinger. "You two are like Marie Antoinette playing at dairy-maid." He swept his glance over the unoffending orchard.

"What are you answering with all this?" he demanded.

Hal blinked blankly. "Answer?" he gasped.

"Precisely," Roy cried. "How much gnawing have you been doing at the eternal interrogations? What's become of that little bag of ideals you used to carry around? What are you doing to get a better sense of proportion into this stupid old world?"

Hal shot me one quick glance of hopeless appeal across the back of Roy's chair, but the critical reviewer had fastened upon a distant focus and saw not.

"You remind me of a shoe salesman I met last week," he thundered on. "He said he'd made five thousand dollars in the last three months. Think of it! Five thousand dollars! He admitted he wasn't worth it. Wasn't even selling real, dur-

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able, honest-to-goodness shoes. Carried a fancy line of women's wear known to the trade as 'chicken shoes.' Just a case of abnormal conditions, and he got a chance to squeeze while the squeezing was good." He turned savagely to Hal. "It all amounts to this," he summed up. "The fundamental wrong is that capitalistic society values commodities—mere commodities—more than it does attainment—truth—ideals—visions. And rewards its citizens accordingly. That's the sort of thing you people ought to be combating."

Helen chimed in with an enthusiastic echo. "Think of it! Five thousand dollars to a spindly little shoe drummer, while the artist—the artist——" Words failed her.

But not so Roy. He brushed aside his weak ally with scanty gratitude, while he dug frantically into an inside pocket. Here was a clipping that told of a Hungarian soviet under which artists, writers, musicians, and college professors had the highest pay of all the workers of the land. Unskilled workers came next, and business men—yes, business men—he fixed withering eyes on Hal—came last of all. He read the clipping with an occasional exegesis of the text, then folded it with tender fingers and restored it to safekeeping until that day, that not far distant day, it seemed, when that critical journal of opinion should be able to revise the ethics of its pay-roll.

However, the gnawing at the eternal interrogations passed for the time being, and the week-end went along merrily enough. For, although this transcript may not show it, Roy and Helen are lovable people who bring more than gnawing into these barren hills. And yet, absurdly enough, Roy's parting words, flung from the back platform of the little shuttle-train, were:

"Give the people a chance, and see what they'll do for the artist. Yes, right here in Connecticut!"

On the way home Hal was strangely silent.

"Speaking of the eternal interrogations——" I ventured.

"He's right on that shoe business," Hal muttered with some spirit. There was further inspection of those big, capable hands. "But he's wrong on that soviet stuff."

"Of course, it lasted only a few weeks in Hungary," I declared.

"Oh, I don't mean that. What Roy doesn't see is that no sure-enough soviet will ever give a—well, a fig for an artist. Look at these people around here." He waved his arm sweepingly. "How long would it take them and their soviet to put Roy on the rock-pile?"

That gave me an idea.

"We'll see," I said.

After dinner I pondered further. This soviet rule that was predicted for our little Connecticut community, who was to inaugurate it? Who to rule? All around us the people, whether native or grafted stock, owned their own homes, a horse or a Ford car, a cow, and some ten acres of land, more or less. Many of them with contagious New England thrift had bank accounts, carried insurance on their lives and property; and so were in every sense of the word capitalists. Who then remained to make up the proletariat? Why, only the servants! Had we not all read how servants in Russia and Hungary had first become insolent, then insubordinate, and had finally gathered in solemn conclave around the kitchen table and summoned their masters before them? Here then was my laboratory for social research ready made at our back door. How would this home-grown soviet value the services of the shoe salesman and of the critical reviewer?

There was first of all good Swedish Selma, who cared for our little girl as faithfully and lovingly as if she were her own. Which way would Selma's thumbs be turned?

I found her in the kitchen spreading playing-cards upon the table. She grinned a little sheepishly.

"Just for fun I tell baby's fortune," she explained. We had celebrated the second birthday the day before.

Selma shuffled and reshuffled, dealt and redealt, thumb to lip, and then:

"I get her always good luck," she beamed. "Always good luck, and many—oh, so many riches, and fine horse and automobiles and diamonds. And the ermine—and the——"

"Oh, Selma, Selma!" I broke in.

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"Just for fun I tell baby's fortune," she explained.—Page 484.

"Don't you find any great talent? Isn't she going to sing or paint or write great books? Isn't there something besides just riding around in automobiles?"

Amused tolerance lighted Selma's face. "Nah! Nah! Nah!" she laughed. "She going to be a lady!"

Next morning I sought out Fanny, the cook. We had brought her as a winter servitor from the little Adirondack hotel where we used to spend our summers. Fanny, like Roy's paper, was a journal of critical opinion. She showed little restraint in voicing her opinion of our old farmhouse.

"I was saying to myself to-day," she began, "how pretty it was here with the trees and the pond and all. But the house! Such little windows and low ceilings and iron latches on the doors! Why, it's for all the world like one we used to have back home near Lake Champlain. 'Forlornity,' we used to call it."

I pondered as I left her wringing out

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Old Ancient was speaking.

her dishcloths. Our house was the Mecca of many architects who came to copy the lines of the true Colonial farmhouse, unharmed by over-zealous restoration. How they raved about the run of the ell, the pitch of the roof, the placement of the windows! An artistic achievement if there was ever one. "Forlornity," condemned Fanny with decision.

My third interview was with Old Ancient, tautologically named out of memory of Mr. Farnol. Old Ancient was a pitiable, bent creature who had been orphaned by the Civil War, and bound out to relieve the poor-farm of his care. He had never been able to do a full day's work since then, but Hal said he had a notion somebody owed him something, and thought that we might possibly be the somebody. So Old Ancient looked after our wood.

"Mr. Buell," I said, "we haven't been living here very long—aren't very well acquainted. I was wondering the other day, who is the biggest man in this neighborhood?"

Old Ancient deposited the wood, then stood brushing the bark from his ragged sleeve. He could never be hurried. I had in mind half a dozen familiar names of the neighborhood, men and women who stood for no mean attainment. There was a sculptor who was fast following in the footsteps of a famous father. There was a brilliant professor of economics. On the next road lived a sturdy Yankee of a long line of upstanding men who tilled many teeming acres and bred six-foot sons for a world of affairs. There was—but Old Ancient was speaking.

"Well, ma'am, I'd say Mr. Hastings

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over here on the ridge was about as big a pertater as we've dug up around here fur some time. He's about as sizable as they grow 'em, I guess, pickin' 'em good and bad." There was no attempt to disguise a personal pride of ownership in Mr. Hastings.

Mr. Hastings! A well-advertised, over-seasoned, highly indigestible salad dressing made his delectable contribution to the sum of human woes. And society had given unto its diligent servant many lands and appurtenances thereunto. An extensive racing-stable was the jewel of greatest price.

Sadly I turned from Old Ancient to intercept the waitress, a pretty little Italian girl who was starting on her weekly holiday.

"Teresa," I began.

But I got no further. Teresa was in no mood for sociological discussion. There was a festa in her eyes. She was in a great to-do to be off in time for the jitney. As she tripped gayly down the path, her pretty ribbons made a flare of color and her French heels clicked merrily.

Those heels! And the pale gray suède tops! "Known to the trade as chicken shoes!"

There was a festa in her eyes.

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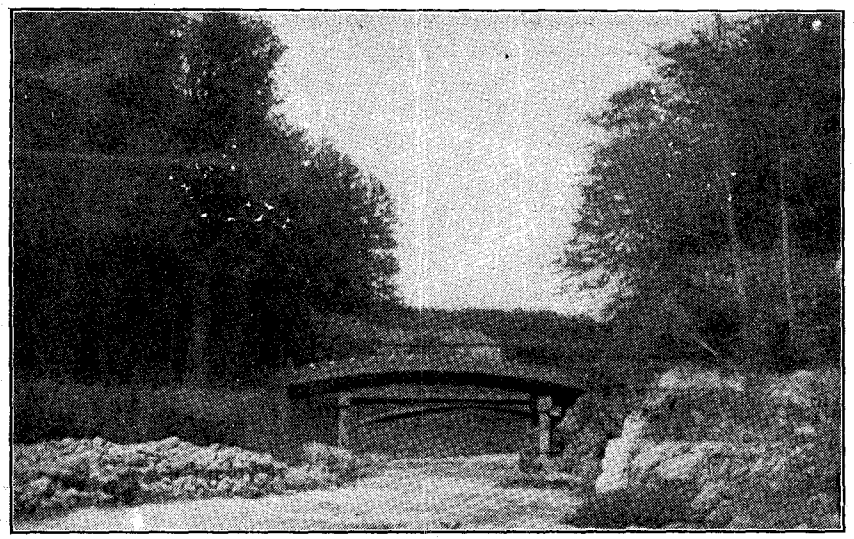

Red Bridge, Nikko.

JAPANESE WORD-PRINTS

By Henry van Dyke

I

THE RED BRIDGE AT NIKKO

Over the hurrying torrent of Daiya-Gawa,
Calmly I bend my bow of beauty,
Curving from pillar to pillar of granite,
Tranquil in the pride of perfection,—
I am the Queen-rose of all bridges.

I tremble not with the fury of the current;
The turbulent river cannot reflect me,
Nor carry away my lovely image.

Holy and proud, I am often lonely,
When I hear on the common bridge below me
The pattering feet of people going to and fro,
And the merry laughter of little children.

Come in the night, you wild young boy,
And leave me not untrodden.

II

CANDELABRA

I love the wonder-working fingers
Of Springtime in Japan!
She weaves a priestly robe of green for Nature,
And broiders it with white and rose and gold.

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She lifts the veil of snow
From the beautiful mountain-shoulders,
She fills the holy places of the forest
With psalms and canticles of praise.
Incense of fragrant leaves and blossoms
Floats from her footsteps in the temple.

Where are the candelabra for the altar?
Behold, the fingers of Springtime have prepared them!
She has wrought silently, I think, in the midnight;
Bending the dark bronze boughs of the pine-trees
Outward and upward in lines of beauty.
On the tips of all the branches, straight and slender,
Silvery candles are set in millions,—
Every one standing upright,
Every one touched with the white flame of life!

III

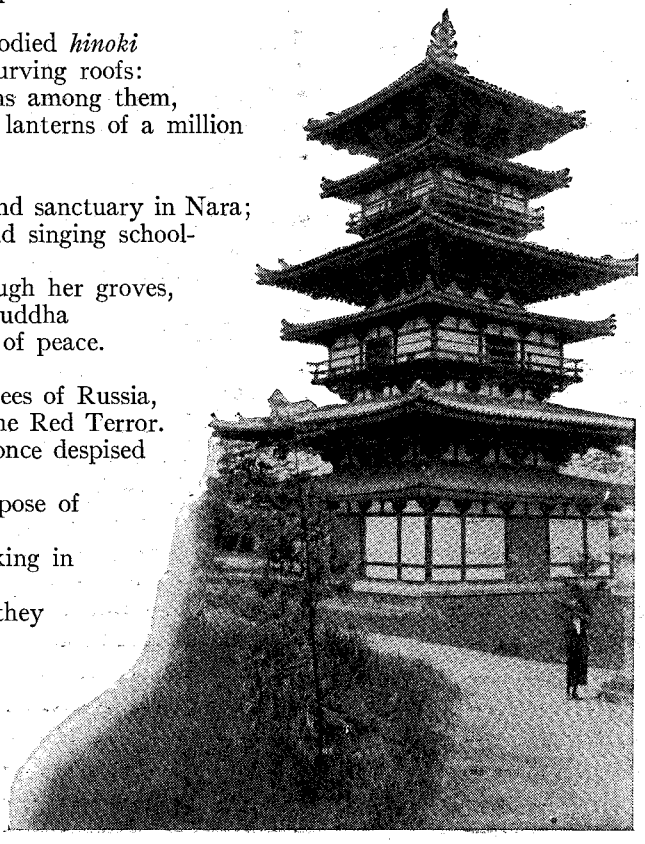
THE REPOSE OF NARA

On the knees of the ancient mountains
Guarding the old Yamato plain,
Weary of long war and tumult,
Beautiful Nara climbed up to rest.

The green *sugi* and red-bodied *hinoki*
Shelter her repose with curving roofs:
April heaps white blossoms among them,
October lights them with lanterns of a million maples.

Droves of dappled deer find sanctuary in Nara;
Processions of pilgrims and singing school-children
Wander and wonder through her groves,
While the great bell of Buddha
Booms the passing hours of peace.

Last of all come the refugees of Russia,
Flying from the fury of the Red Terror.
Dai Nippon, whom they once despised and hated,
Welcomes them to the repose of Nara.
They are like people walking in their sleep;
Happy, if in this dream they find truth!



Yakushi-ji Pagoda, twelve hundred years old, Nara Plain.

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IV

PROMISE-TIME

If Springtime were the only time
  It would not be so dear,—
The budding-time, the mating-time,
  The promise-time o' the year.
But Summer comes with ripening heat,
And Autumn with her wine-stained feet,
And Winter to his fire-side seat
  Doth cheerily call:

Yet still the dearest time of all,
Is the time when nothing is complete,—
The time when hope and longing meet,—
  The promise-time o' the year.

V

MALGRÉ CELA

Never Summer fair as Spring foretold,
Never Autumn rich as Summer willed it,
Never Winter gleaned all Autumn's gold,
Never Spring so late that Winter killed it.

VI

WILD AZALEAS

When the bloom of the cherry is gone from the gardens
And all their white flower-drifts have melted away,
Then the wild azaleas begin to flow down the hillsides,—
Rivers of rose through the morning-misty woodland,
Pools of tranquil flame under the evergreen trees.

VII

THE SPIRIT OF JAPAN

While the broad-boughed pine braves the ocean gale,
And the bamboo bends to the breath of the vale,
And the cherry dazzles the April air
With a snow of beauty everywhere,—
The Yamato spirit shall endure,
In beauty, grace, and strength secure.

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MIGUEL ARRIETA

By Charles M. Horton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVER KEMP

YOU cannot mix love and business. You can, of course; but one or the other will give way. Men try it, but always with the same result. Either the one or the other—love or business—fades out. It seems to be a law. In the cases that I personally have encountered—save one—the love dominated, and while it was burning its brightest the business end of the sketch went to smash. That was because the love was genuine. In the single case come under my observation where the business dominated, the love was a sort of ways to an end—was not deep-set and genuine—and the alleged love went to pot. Which was as it should be. Nothing succeeds that isn't vital. Which is why love always stands business to one side, whenever they are entered together in a race.

But let me tell you about this one case.

Miguel Arrieta was guiding his horse between a maze of clothes-lines in the back-yards of the Mexican settlement of San Felipe. Miguel drove like a woman—excuse me; like some women. Miguel flapped the reins, and pushed on them, and jerked and seesawed on them—though, to be truthful, the horse didn't seem to mind it. Horses have understanding, and Don Juan—so-called because he was neither black nor massive but a crow-bait of the most pronounced type and calico in complexion—probably accepted the ceaseless activity on his bit as evidence of affection. At any rate, Don Juan plugged along, tipping over a chicken-coop and at last—obeying a sharp tug on the reins—came to a slow pause in front of a tiny box-shaped adobe house in the shade of a giant cottonwood.

Miguel bent forward under the buggy-top of the wagon. He looked the house over. Its sides and corners were nicked and crumbling with age, and it had a kind of a porch, consisting of three rickety steps and a small landing. There was a screen door, though—mark of some prosperity—and it was hanging partially open. But there was no evidence of life. However, Miguel was a sewing-machine salesman and had to take chances. "*Buenos dias, señora,*" he called, addressing himself to the silent interior of the house.

I have said that Miguel was a sewing-machine salesman. He was. He was the best sewing-machine salesman in the Southwest. There is always a reason for things, and there was a reason for Miguel's remarkable success. It lay in a machine which was his—not the company's—which he called *Juanita Campo*. *Juanita Campo*—which, translated, means Jennie of the Country—was an old-style cabinet machine which nobody ever had succeeded in operating, only Miguel. *Juanita* was his foot in the door, so to speak. Miguel would place this machine into any household at any initial payment; run it before the wide eyes of the good housewife with an ease and grace that was good to look at; depart with the extremely small initial payment in his pocket. Weeks later he would call in readiness to take the abuse which invariably was waiting for him. Bowed humbly before the storm, he would finally offer to put in a good machine at the same rate of pay, and because the good housewife by this time had become accustomed to seeing a machine in the house and now actually wanted a machine at any price, Miguel would make a genuine sale.

Miguel remained seated under the buggy-top, awaiting some word from within. There came no reply. Finally he called out again. "*Buenos dias, señora!*"

And now he got action. A middle-aged Mexican slowly appeared behind the screen door. Her hand was extended toward the hook on the inside of the door.

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She was frowning. She hooked the door and in silence disappeared into the interior of the house again.

"*Señora*," began Miguel, himself getting into action, "I am here on thees place once more. In thee wagon—" he jerked his head toward the rear—"is *Juanita Campo*, friend of thee poor people and another fine machine, brand-new—like the *niños* inside"—a pure guess—"a machine thot makes anything. Thot machine makes a cap for thee baby, a collar for thee horse, pants for thee *señor*, rags for thee ragman, a door for thee house, a stovepipe—anything!" He paused.

The woman reappeared. Secure behind the hooked screen door, she did indeed smile at Miguel's whimsical turns of speech. But the door remained hooked.

Undaunted, Miguel got down out of the wagon.

"Thee weather she's fine, *señora*," he went on, adopting a new tack. "Soon thee *niños* is needin' new clothes. Thee *fiestas* and thee *bailes* is soon comin' lak a flock of cheeckens to thee feed pan. A machine—thot's thee t'ing! Thee *señoritas*——"

"I have no children," interrupted the *señora*, in almost faultless English. "I am a widow. Señor Gamboa he's dyin' last winter."

Miguel slowly removed his hat. It was a derby hat, with grease-stained brim, and bore evidence of indentations in the past. Like his beer-stained patent-leather shoes, and celluloid collar without necktie, and cream-colored waistcoat sadly stained with ink from a fountain pen in the upper left-hand pocket, and long celluloid cuffs with dazzling bediamond link cuff-buttons, Miguel's headgear set him definitely apart from his race. Miguel was different because he dressed different, and I believe he did it from the sole view-point of salesman psychology. For he was as bright as a new penny and as keen as a razor, despite his long, twisted nose, the cast over one eye, and an expression generally that always gave people to believe that he was pleasantly intoxicated.

"A widow, eh?" he said sympathetically. He removed a red bandanna and blew his nose, taking the opportunity withal to dash the bandanna across mist-beclouded eyes. "Thot's sad, *señora*. A widow is soomtimes a good t'ing, though. Thee *señor* he's a bum—no good—soomtimes. *Pero* Señor Gamboa—I'm hearin' about thee *señor* twenty miles away—he's a damn' fine *hombre*." He swept the horizon with thoughtful eyes. "I am sad, *señora*."

The widow, who was plump and comely, and rather more neatly dressed than was customary among the women of the settlement, looked sceptical.

"Gamboa he's never workin' a day in his life," she declared, relaxing into pidgin-English in the sudden anger which laid hold upon her. "I'm washin' ten years to support thot *hombre*. Gamboa was lazy—a lazy, good-for-notting *hombre*."

Miguel slowly put away the bandanna. There would be no further need for it. His face twisted into an even more humorous expression than was normally his.

"I'm hearin' about thot, *señora*," he said quietly. "Gamboa once he's arrested for stealin' cheeckens. Gamboa he's thee wors' gambler, too, in thee whole country." He frowned reflectively. "Thot man he's wort' more to you dead than he was wort' alive. Thee *señora* had thee man insured—si?" This was a leading question.

"Si, señor—I am gettin' five hundred dollars."

Miguel nodded and then turned and gazed hard in the direction of his wagon—more particularly in the direction of his two machines. Presently he turned back again and regarded the widow with a speculative squint that to me foreshadowed a sale, for I was seated under the wagon-top, smoking a cigarette and listening attentively to Miguel in operation. Needless to say I was enjoying his mental gymnastics—always enjoyed them—which was why I rode around with him.

"I have beautiful machine, *señora*," he declared. "*Beautiful* machine! Thot machine she's doin' anyt'ing. She's sewin' thee blankets, makin' thee ruffles, she's hemmin' and coughin'—" the whimsicality within the man would not down—"she's stitchin' lak a racin' horse—doin' anyt'ing, *señora!* I will gladly show you.

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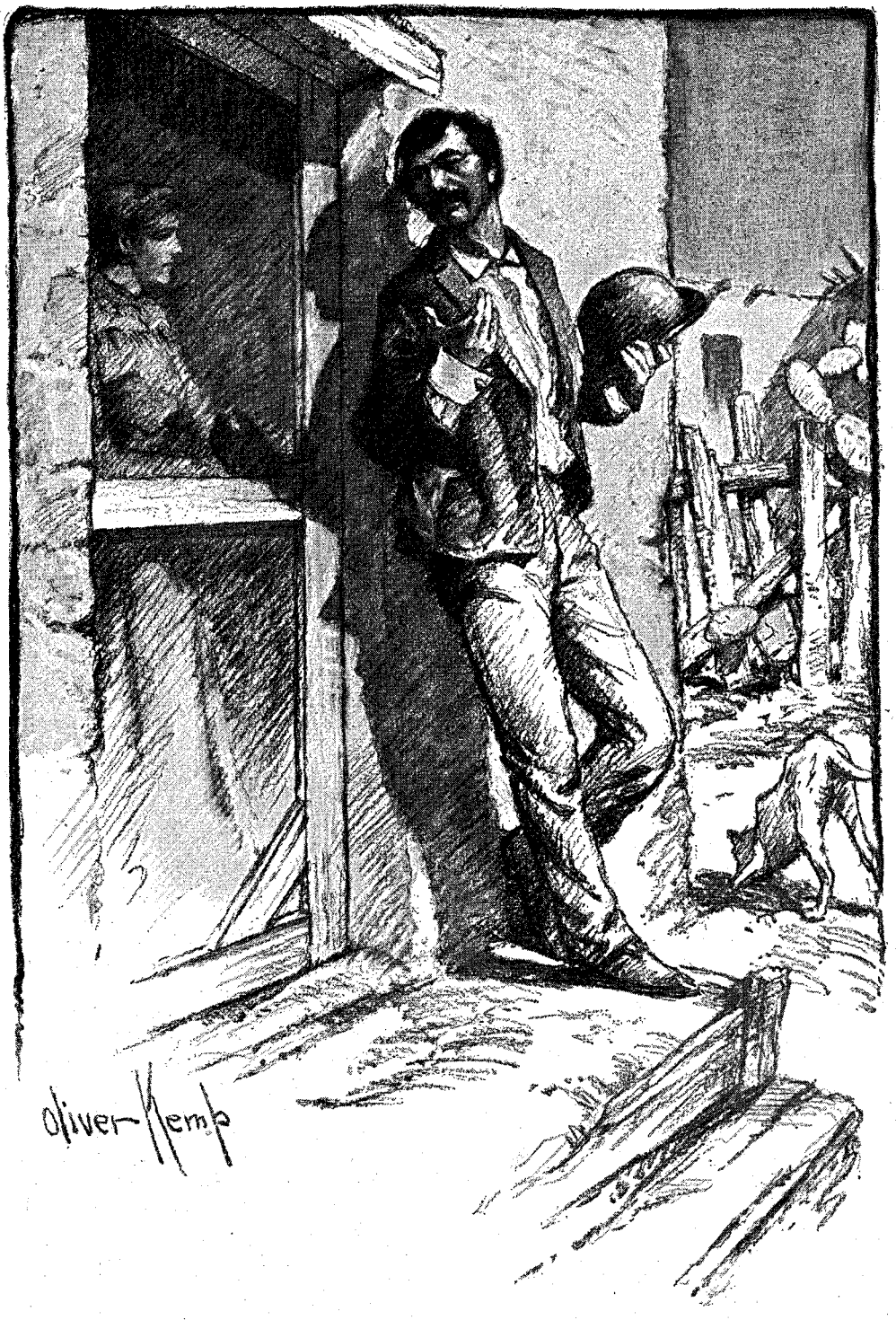

Miguel in operation.—Page 492.

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It's costin' notting, *señora*, and I'm showin' you how to run a machine. Soomday you can buy a machine; to-day I'm showin' you thee machine. Si." He became suddenly thoughtful again. "Gamboa he's thee hombre thot one time is shootin' thee sheriff?"

The *señora* shook her head.

"He's never shootin' a sheriff," she declared. "He's afraid to shoot. He's once ponchin' me—thot man, and thee sheriff he's coomin'. No; Gamboa he's never shootin' a gun."

Miguel nodded reflectively.

"I'm hearin' about thee sheriff," he said, still thoughtful of mien.

A silence fell upon the pair. The hour was mid-morning, and the settlement, which consisted of some eight or ten adobe houses, a general store, two saloons, and a church, lay basking tranquilly in the midsummer heat of late June. Over at the well, beyond a clump of cottonwood trees, several women and a score of children attended the regular Monday morning wash, though their activities, which could be seen as far as the eye would reach, were quite noiseless. The sky was spotless, and a shimmering heat rose from the trail, which wandered irregularly through the settlement, breaking into view from a point to the south and, occurring as it were here and there between the houses, disappeared from view in a broad sweep to the west and north.

I turned back to Miguel and the widow. Miguel was standing on the door-step, close against the screen door, and he was leaning listlessly against the door frame. His hat was still in his hand.

"You could make clothes for the neighbors," he was saying, beginning the attack from yet another angle. "Thee washin' thot's too hard. A woman—especial a young widow—she's takin' good care of thee hands and thee feet——"

The widow tittered, interrupting him.

And then the big moment came. I was watching for it, knowing well the machinations of this star salesman.

Slowly a hand—the widow's—rose and laid hold of the hook in the screen door. Slowly the hand unhooked the door. Slowly the screen door swung open—under the gentle pressure of Miguel—and after that, with a low, sweeping bow, Miguel disappeared before my eyes, slowly, gently, easing himself through the door, as it were. There followed a moment of silence. Then I heard a shrill note of laughter—the widow's—and directly Miguel reappeared in the doorway, eyes turned toward me.

"*Hombre*," he called to me, all business now, "plees you will unscrew thee back machine. Thee best machine," he added—"not *Juanita*. Be ready when I'm coomin' back." He disappeared within once more; once more reappeared, now with a beer pail in his hand. "I'm gettin' soom beer," he explained needlessly, passing me as I was getting out the machine. "We makin' a sale here, *hombre*," he declared, and hurried off underneath the clothes-lines and between two adobes in the direction—almost a bee line—of one of the two saloons.

II

"You know, *hombre*," Miguel began, as we rode slowly away from the house, "thot worman she's a widow, and widows is thee hardest." Miguel was temperamental and always cackled a little after making a sale. "Where there's no man, no *dinero*." He headed Don Juan out toward the trail. "I'm sweatin' blood thot time at thee screen door. You know, I'm a fast worker when I'm knowin' thee people—bet you' life! But thee widow I'm never hearin' about thot worman, and I'm never hearin' about thot *hombre*, Gamboa, and I'm slippin' couple times." He was silent. "Oh, well," he resumed, after a time, as the wagon struck the trail, "a man he can't guess right all time."

I agreed with Miguel there. The wonder of it all to me was that Miguel should guess right as often as he did.

We moved along through the settlement. Miguel was pushing on the reins and calling Don all manner of epithets, not the least of which was *cabrone*, and in this fashion we gained the outskirts at a road gait of perhaps three miles an hour, when Miguel suddenly drew up the horse and squinted an eye up over the sand-hills in the direction of a lone adobe. A thought was revolving itself in his

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brain, I knew, because I knew Miguel. Finally he let me in on it.

"Oop in thot house, *hombre*," he said, "I'm sellin' a machine seex months ago, and thot damned t'ief and robber he's never makin' a payment since."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"A t'ief, I'm tellin' you. He's a man never works and he's keepin' house all alone. He's bad *hombre*. I go see thot man." And he started Don forward, in a wide circle, slowly veering the horse around in the direction of the adobe.

"Does he live alone?"

Miguel nodded. "Sure, he's livin' alone. He's married one time, but thee worman she's leavin' heem. He's a bad *hombre*, I'm tellin' you."

"Why did he take a machine?" I persisted. "Men don't buy machines," I added, for Miguel was a trifle vague at times in his explanations, and this was one of the times. "Was the woman with him when he bought the machine?"

"He's sayin' she might coom back—thot *hombre*. He's a liar, thot *hombre*. I'm theenkin' thot *hombre* he is sellin' thot machine. We go see."

I settled back. The trail was soft here and the horse had hard going. The sand rolled up around the wheels to the spokes, and crunched and ground under the weight of the wagon. Don Juan's head was lowered almost to the ground, for the grade was steep and the sun was hot, and the weight of two men and two machines beyond Juan's strength. At last, however, Miguel drew up before the door of the tiny house and sat back and surveyed the outlook.

"He's inside, asleep," he said, and wound the reins around the whip, preparatory to getting down. "Thot *hombre* he's sleepin' all time. He's soomt'ing thee matter. He's nervous, thot *hombre*. Oh, well! Thot's thee first time I'm seein' thee door open. We go see. I'm t'inkin' thot *hombre* he's sellin' thee machine." And he swung down.

I sat back to await developments. Miguel was a bag of surprises anyway, and this promised a surprise of some kind. He strolled up casually to the door and knocked on the door frame. The door was open, but a silence reigned within, a silence which continued even after Miguel's knocking. Waiting a moment, Miguel—his neck craning now a little at what he could see inside—knocked again. And again there was no answer. Another moment of waiting and craning, and then Miguel, shooting his cuffs dramatically, stepped in over the threshold, calling as he did so to the occupant of the house.

"*Hombre! Hombre!*"

"*Si!*" came the sudden and unexpected response from within. "What the hell is?" A rasping, shrill voice it was, too.

Miguel disappeared, and thereafter ensued vigorous conversation.

"Where's thee machine?" I heard Miguel ask, and knew that the machine could be nowhere in evidence, inasmuch as the adobe consisted of only one room.

"I'm lendin' thot machine," came the reply. "I haf seester down below. She's takin' thee machine couple days."

Silence.

Then——

"*Hombre*, thot's a lie!" Miguel had opened up with a couple of guns. "You stealin' thot machine. I know thot. And I'm givin' you two weeks to get thot machine back on thees house. If thot machine he's not here thee next time I'm coomin', I'm breengin' a sheriff and havin' you in thee *caliboose*. I'm tellin' you!"

If the first moment of silence was deep and oppressive with foreboding, the silence which ensued now was more so. Seated in the wagon, I expected almost anything to happen. Miguel could run the gamut of emotions easier than any other man I had ever known, and this habit of his often got him into difficulties, from mild squabblings to threatened gun fights. Nor was I disappointed in what followed.

There was a kind of snarl, obviously the voice of the tenant of the house, and I saw Miguel come backing through the door; then the spectacle of an uplifted chair close behind him; and after that a pair of bare arms and a flaming red shirt; and then my first vision of the man whom Miguel declared to be a robber. The man was lean and tall, but somehow gave the impression of great power. His black hair was dishevelled, as if he had just risen from bed, and his eyes, black as the

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night, and blinking now in the strong sunlight, were venomous with anger.

"You haf say I'm a t'ief?" he roared, chair still upraised. "I'm crackin' thot damn skull of yours open so wide thee sun she's dryin' oop thee soles of thee feet! Out—out thees place, you—you *cabrone!*"

Miguel already was outside. Being outside, Miguel continued to back toward the wagon, presenting to me, seated comfortably upon the seat out of harm's way, a ludicrous spectacle. What I thought of mostly was a crab defying the reaches of a market dealer in the cities. Yet Miguel gave no particular evidence of being possessed of fear. Merely, he was crinkling his nose good-naturedly, and I knew, though from my perch behind him I could not see, that his good eye was aglint with rollicking, though suppressed, humor. The irate one did not step beyond the doorway. Possibly the fact that Miguel had company, in the shape of myself, acted as a slight deterrent.

Miguel laid a hand upon Don Juan, and, leaning against the horse, complacently crossed one foot over the other and adjusted his derby hat at a more provoking angle.

"*Si,*" he chortled. "I'm welcome, *hombre!* Pleased to meet you, you t'ief and robber. A man he's havin' a temper lak thot, *compadre,* he's pretty soon in thee bug-house." He caught up the reins and turned to step up into the wagon. "But I'm comin' again, *hombre,*" he flung at the man in the doorway—"when I can't stay so long—and I'm breengin' Pablo Gonzallez." He clambered up beside me and began to jerk on the reins. "*Buenos dias, señor!*" he called sarcastically. "Thee machine, remember—*cabrone!*—in two weeks."

"Why two weeks," I asked, as we swayed down the grade toward the trail. "Why not this afternoon, or to-morrow? And who is Pablo Gonzallez?"

"Thee sheriff—deputy sheriff. And I'm givin' thot *hombre* two weeks because eet takes two weeks for a Mexican to move." He seesawed on the reins for a moment, then went on. "I'm havin' muncho trouble wit' thot *hombre,*" he said, reflectively. "He's a fighter, thot *hombre.*" He was silent, occupied now with negotiating the turn into the trail, for Don Juan made all turns with the stately steadiness of a locomotive swinging about on a turntable. "Oh, well!" he mused, aloud, as we set off at a snail's pace toward town, "eet's in thee business. A man he can't have luck all thee time, and I'm sellin' a machine to thee widow. Thot's enough."

We progressed leisurely along the river trail. The sun had tipped across its zenith, and the dunes scintillated brightly in the direct rays. We always carried a lunch on these trips down the river, and from long association with Miguel I knew that he was driving for a shelter of some kind, and perhaps water for the horse. But no shelter loomed before us, nothing save a lone cottonwood, and after a time he swerved the horse off the trail toward this scant oasis in the desert. Presently we were seated with our backs against the tree, a lunch-box between us, with the horse browsing upon a delicate supply of alfalfa, which Miguel always carried with him in the body of the wagon. Of water there was none for either man or beast.

"I'm lakin' thot widow," suddenly declared Miguel. "She's got thee five hundred dolars, and a couple pigs, and she's dressin' different from thee Mexican worman. *Si,* I'm lakin' thot worman." And he bit into a sandwich with a reflective sweep of his eyes out over the countryside. "I'm never gettin' married because I'm never seein' thee Mexican worman I'd buy a machine for. And a man he should gettin' a wife soomtime. A wife she's a beeg help to a man. A man he's dreenkin' oop all thee money—a worman, too, soomtimes—but a man he's always dreenkin' oop thee money. He's lak a camel, a man——"

Suddenly he checked himself. I looked at him. He was gazing hard out into the trail.

A wagon was lumbering along, drawn by a pair of horses, for it was a farm wagon. A man—two men—sat upon the seat. The vehicle drew closer, and I saw something in the body of the wagon that looked familiar. It was a sewing-machine. Miguel saw the machine as soon as I did. He had been reclining upon one elbow. He now sat erect and

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"Good-by, feefty-seex dolars."—Page 498.

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his eyes slightly narrowed. The wagon came directly opposite; the driver glanced in our direction and whipped up the horses; the outfit swayed rapidly from view—engulfed in a cloud of dust.

I heard a protracted sigh. Miguel was crinkling his long nose humorously.

"There goes thot machine!" he said. Long and thoughtfully he gazed after the disappearing wagon, then suddenly did a whimsical thing. He kissed the tips of his fingers and waved them in the direction of the cloud of dust. "Good-by, feefty-seex dolars!" he called. He turned to me. "My friend thee bad *hombre* he's hidin' thee machine when he's seein' us coomin', and now he's sendin' thee machine away to a place where we never—*never*—see thot machine again."

We returned to our sandwiches. Miguel—natural monologist that he was—began to speak again.

"Oh, well!" he sighed. "Thot's in thee game too. Lak thee widow." He grinned. "You know, I'm lakin' thot widow. A man he moost make thee hay while thee sun she's shinin'. I'm not so young, *hombre*, and thee blood in my veins—well, I'm gettin' married soom-time now soon—bet you' life!"

III

For several days I did not go out on the wagon with Miguel. Personal troubles piled high upon me, and I had to secure more profitable employment of my time. Setting out on foot in the town, I scurried around and when the sun had set I had turned up for myself some four distinct jobs. I was to collect for a trucking agency, collect for an associated charity organization, sell subscriptions for a magazine, sell advertising for another magazine, sell ash-cans for the local scavenger, sell tickets to the owners of the cans—at ten cents each—this last in order that the cans should be properly emptied. I was busy. Yet I was not too busy to follow Miguel's affairs. Occasionally I would see him driving through the town or weaving his way between adobes in the Mexican section of the town, but never did I get in more than a word with him. A word was about all anybody could get in with Miguel. I learned that he was courting the widow, and because he was insistent that I help him court her, one afternoon I climbed into the seat with him and let my numerous personal activities slide for a time.

"She's fallin' for me, *hombre*," he enthused, as he pushed on the reins in the direction of the river bridge and the settlement beyond it where the widow resided. "She's buyin' thee beer and makin' new dresses on the machine and she's unhookin' thee door every time I'm coomin'. You will see thot for yourself. I'm marryin' pretty soon now, *hombre*—bet you' life!"

It looked as if he might. It looked better than that—looked like a sure thing—when finally we drove up to the widow's back door. She seemed to be expecting Miguel and fairly ran to unhook the screen door as we approached the doorstep. I noticed that she was pretty well dolled up, and I saw a light in her eyes that seemed to indicate that she bore an affection for the sewing-machine salesman. Sewing-machine salesmen and widows the world around seem to have a sort of magnetic attraction for each other, and the affair here in this place appeared to be strengthening the rule. I stepped inside behind Miguel and received the introduction with a pronounced feeling of respect for the man. Miguel certainly was heading into matrimony, if the signs could be read aright at all, and yet, without exception, he was the homeliest man I think I had ever seen.

"Sit down, *hombre!*" he said, taking full possession of the two rooms, both rather neatly furnished and certainly well kept. "Take thee rocker. I'm gettin' soom beer. Señora Gamboa she will do thee talkin' until I coom back. Then—" and he grinned—"I myself will speak thee pieces."

He had barely left the house when the doorway was filled, at least vertically, by the figure of the "bad *hombre*." I recognized him instantly, despite the great change in his appearance. Whereas that first time I had seen him he was garbed in a flaming red undershirt and overalls, and his eyes were spitting fire and his black hair was dishevelled, now he was dressed seemingly in his best, with a clean shirt and red necktie and crisp new overalls,

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and his face bore an expansive grin that seemingly would not be denied. He paused a moment on the threshold and then opened the screen door of his own volition and stepped into the room where we both were seated.

"*Buenos dias, señora,*" he greeted. "*Como estamos,*" he added lightly. "escuse me! I did not t'eenk you havin' coompany." Nevertheless he sat down. He occupied a chair opposite my own and looked, even if he did not express, a desire to be introduced.

The widow took the hint.

After the introduction, the man, whose name, it appeared, was Francisco Ortez, tipped back his chair and relapsed into what looked to me like a waiting silence. The thing was ominous. My imagination got to working and I thought I saw a gun in the man's hip pocket. I knew the circumstances perhaps rather more than did the widow, who was weakly attempting to bring about cheerful conversation, and when Miguel returned with the can of beer, as he did presently, the room was surcharged with electrical current that seemed at any moment about to explode like a ball of lightning. Miguel was taken aback, but not for long. He carefully set the can down upon the table, looked around for the empty glasses, returned, and began to pour out the beer. Then I noticed something. Instead of four glasses, Miguel had brought out only three. After that I looked for nothing short of murder.

"Eet's cold," he said, as he passed me a glass of the stuff. "You thee guest," he said, winking, and by way of explaining his proffering to me the first glass. He then handed one to the widow. "You thee hostess," he went on; and then poured out a glass for himself. This he hoisted to his lips, with his back to Francisco. "Happy days!" he gurgled. "All thee way down!"

The widow did not drink, however.

"*Señor,*" she expostulated, eyes upon Miguel, "you have forget Francisco. Take my glass, Francisco," she went on, extending her own toward him. She rose. "I will get another glass."

Francisco accepted the beer.

"*Gracias, señora,*" he said. "Thee *machina hombre* he's wantin' all thee beer heemself. I'm buyin' a can too, right away. And I will pour out only two glasses at thee one time—one for you, *señora,* and the other one for myself." He glowered at Miguel.

Miguel smiled.

"Sure!" he said. "Why not? I'm buyin' thees can beer myself. *Pero,* the money thot you pay for thee beer he's belongin' to me for thot machine you stealin'." Miguel sat down and turned cold eyes across at the other. "I'm seein' thee machine go away, *hombre,* and pretty soon thee sheriff he's coomin. You moost dreenk lot beer now, because in thee *calaboose* you gettin' only water."

The widow returned at this juncture and poured out a glass of beer for Francisco. The tension was tightening, though, of course, it was high over the woman's head. She passed the glass to Francisco, who accepted it gratefully and drank it off even more gratefully. As he handed the glass back he gave Miguel another dig.

"Thot's thee cheap beer," he observed, eyes upon the woman. "Five cents more, and thee *machina hombre* he could gettin' good beer. *Pero,* five cents is five cents; eh, *hombre?*" And he lifted shaggy eyebrows at Miguel.

"*Si,*" quickly retorted Miguel. "And a machine is a machine. And a t'ief is a t'ief. And the calaboose is a calaboose. And two years at thee hardes' kind of labor—thot's two years at thee hardes' kind of labor, too. Eh, *hombre?* You will know all about thot in couple days."

The widow sat down.

"Eet's warm thees day," she observed, tranquilly. "Thee alfalfa is growin' fas' thees weather. I'm wishin'——"

"Like Francisco's whiskers in thee calaboose," interrupted Miguel, nastily.

Francisco tipped his chair forward and slowly reached around to his hip pocket. I thought I saw what was coming and wanted to beat a hasty departure. I did get up; but Miguel, who was aware of the man's movement, reassured me with a cool glance. I sat down again, only to find a revolver in Francisco's hand, the man toying with it with a look of affection in his eyes. The gun was loaded, I noticed with a qualm, and as the man carefully drew back the hammer, then

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carefully lowered it again, I stealthily reached for my hat, which was on the floor beside my chair. Miguel laughed.

"Thot *hombre's* a bluff," he whispered hoarsely, in an aside to me. "You stay here. You see. See? Thot *hombre's* a bluff."

Sure enough, the revolver had disappeared. Francisco had placed it back into his hip pocket. But the widow was troubled.

"Why thee gun, Francisco?" she asked, smiling. "A man he's not needin' a gun in thees house. Thees is a house, not a *cantina.*"

"*Si, señora!*" nodded Francisco graciously. "But the *machina hombre* he's insult me. I am not a robber. I'm stealin' nobody's *machina.* I'm joost coomin' in thees place to have peaceful talk. The *hombre* he's lookin' for trouble."

Miguel arose. He reached for his hat. I also rose with my hat in my hand. And I was glad to do it. Miguel stepped to the table, emptied out the can into his glass, drank the contents off.

"I am sorry thees t'ief he's coomin' today," he said, addressing himself to the widow. "I have business—I moost go. I'm coomin' again soon, *señora,* and I especial ask thot you keep thees t'ief out. He's stealin' a machine, and I'm seein' thee sheriff. Thot's all, *señora.*" And he strode toward the door in a high huff—which was but clever acting, for I knew that he was not easily irritated.

I followed him outside. So did a bullet from Francisco's revolver, a random shot apparently, for it went high and wide. Miguel slowly mounted to the seat and caught up the reins.

"Thot *hombre* he's a nut," he observed, as I sank beside him and the wagon started forward. "But I'm theenkin' mebbe thot *hombre* he's makin' love to thee widow. A man he never can tell. About thee widows, I have mean. Soomtimes widows is marryin' nuts too. I must coom again soon."

As we pulled out of the yard I looked back. I saw through an open window the figure of Francisco crossing the room to a chair close beside the woman and there was a smirking grin on his face that seemed to find encouragement in the look in the woman's eyes. As Miguel had said, a man never can tell.

Somehow I felt sorry for Miguel's chances, nevertheless.

IV

It was perhaps a week later that I again came across Miguel. He looked in the dumps and I asked about his love-affair. I was standing on the sidewalk, and he was tying a feed-bag over the nose of his horse in the shade of a row of trees. He came around to the curb and sat down. I sat down beside him. The makings of a couple of cigarettes were produced and presently he was explaining.

"She's lakin' me but she's fearin' thot *hombre,*" he began. "Thot man he's makin' love with a shooting gun. He's a nut. I moost watch out or I'm losin' thot widow and thee five hundred dolars, too. A man he's got to play thee game or he's losin' all the cards."

"How about the sheriff?" I asked. "Can't you slap Francisco in the jug? That would hold him for a while, wouldn't it?—until you could lead the lady to the priest, at any rate."

Miguel shook his head sadly.

"Thee widow says no," he explained. "She's sayin' eet's wrong to put a man in jail. I'm what you callin' handcuffed."

"What are you going to do about it then?"

Miguel sat silent. He was staring hard at the ground, cigarette held listlessly between his fingers, head bowed low in thought. Presently he bestirred himself.

"I'm theenkin' I go out there thees afternoon," he said. "You can coom along, too. You sittin' outside and I'm inside makin' thee love. I moost hurry up, too, or thot *hombre* he's beatin' me to thee widow and thee jack-pot. I will ask thot woman—yes or no! If she's sayin' no, I'm callin' you inside. You can say I'm thee best salesman in thee whole of New Mexico, and Old Mexico, too, if you like, and thot I'm makin' lots money. Already I'm sayin' thot to thee widow, but she's only smilin'. You coom inside and say thot and she's believin'—mebbe."

"But suppose she says yes?"

Miguel beamed.

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"Then I'm invitin' you inside anyway, and we gettin' thee beer, and havin' soom cheese and crackers—good time, *hombre*. Si! And then we gettin' married right away."

Within an hour we again drove into the widow's back yard. I wanted to see Miguel married, because I believed that marriage was what he needed—something, somebody, to hold him down. And I liked the looks of the widow. She was an exceptional Mexican woman, in her way, just as Miguel was an exceptional Mexican man, in his way. It looked to me like an ideal affair of the heart—at least from his side. Of the widow's affections, however, I knew nothing save only what Miguel had told me. I sat back comfortably in the seat the while Miguel clambered down and stepped cautiously toward the door. It stood open and the screen was unhooked. Inside, however, there was stillness. Either the widow was at one of the neighbors, or she was taking her afternoon siesta, or—well, anyway, Miguel went to the door.

He knocked quietly.

There was no response.

I suppose a man's emotions, standing as Miguel was on the threshold as it were of the door of love, are peculiarly mixed when the knock remains unanswered. Such a man's emotions must range from highest hope to deepest despair. Mexicans are a temperamental people anyway, and Miguel being a Mexican he no doubt suffered and rejoiced in turn as he stood at the door with his good eye screwed around, trying to see what he could see within. Evidently he saw nothing because he said nothing. His hat was cocked on one side of his head; his hands now were thrust into the top of his trousers at the back underneath his coat-tails—had his coat had tails—and altogether, outwardly at least, he appeared the embodiment of patience and—yes—virtue.

And then suddenly it happened.

From within, well back, came a fusillade of revolver shots. Miguel straightened up. The bullets flew above his head, perforating the wire netting on the door generously. Then from within also came a wild yell.

"Out from thees place!" roared a voice, that of Francisco. "*Cabrone!* Robber! Out! Out from thees place."

Miguel did not knock on the door again. Instead he stepped to one side of the doorway, and, his humor mounting rapidly, he entered into facetious conversation.

"I have beautiful machine, *señora*," he grinned. "Thot machine——"

Another bullet from within, splintering the frame of the door dangerously close to Miguel, interrupted him.

He stepped down from the doorway and, gaining a corner of the house, regarded me with a quizzical expression.

"What I'm doing, *hombre?*" he asked. "Thot man he's crazy lak a bedbug. You coom down," he invited.

Before I could make reply, however, Francisco appeared in the doorway behind the screen door with a smoking revolver in either hand.

"Thee machine is back, *hombre*," he rumbled. "Oop to thee my place. You can go gettin' thot machine any time now. Thee sooner you takin' thot machine away thee better I'm lakin' thot machine. Inside here, too, is a machine you can take away."

The widow suddenly appeared beside the man.

"*Si*," she chirruped, echoing Francisco. "A man thot's sellin' machines to widows he's a man thot's hatin' work. You can take thees machine away too. *Pronto!* And I'm askin' especial thot you don' coom to thees house soom more. A lazy *hombre* he's never welcome on thees place."

They made a good-looking pair, standing there in the doorway, the man with a pair of smoking guns in his hands, the woman with a fierce light of anger in her eyes. Miguel himself, though quite self-possessed, evidently was hurt over the loss of the sale. His old salesmanship, once the loss of the widow had fully entered his cosmos, reasserted itself. He stepped to the door.

"A machine, *señora*, thot's thee most important," he began. "A man he can love a woman, and a woman she can love a man. But a sewing-machine makes thee home. A home without a sewing-machine—*niños* without a sewing-machine—food and clothes without a sewing-machine—ees no home, *señora*. Eet

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is not a home, *señora,*" he repeated, shooting his cuffs and otherwise getting himself down to action. "A home *and* a sewing-machine, *señora*——"

The man in the doorway carelessly lifted one of the revolvers.

"Coom inside," he said. He unhooked the screen door. "Coom inside—breeng thee Americano too—thot *compadre* yours out there thot's lovin' work too—coom inside. Thee machine I'm t'rowin' thot machine outside if you don' coom inside and takin' thot machine."

The wagon already had two machines, the capacity of the wagon. Nevertheless I clambered down, thinking discretion the better part of valor, as it were. Presently we had the machine in the wagon, tied securely on top of the other two. Then we drove off, Miguel at the reins, jerking and seesawing on them, heading Juan toward the adobe occupied by Francisco, and where the stolen machine was found. With this tied beside the widow's machine, we turned the horse toward town, silence between us who occupied the seat.

When about half-way to town, Miguel began speech.

"You know, *hombre,*" he said, clearing his throat for a long monologue, "I'm a machine salesman. I am not—what you call eet?—a lizard? a lounge lizard. I am never a success wit' thee wormen. I am a man thot's livin' alone all thee time until I'm dyin'. And I'm damned glad from thot. A man he's a fool if he's takin' a worman for thee better or thee worse, because eet's always for thee worse. *Si.* I know. I'm seein' *muncho* married life and I'm never seein' anyt'ing more welcome in thee home than a machine—thee *padre, niños*—everything!" He was silent. "I'm wishin' thot *hombre* he's keepin' thee machine," he added, after a time. "I'm lakin' to see thot *hombre* in thee *calaboose. Si!*"

And to this last I somehow found myself in full accord.

THE MUSIC GARDEN

By M. A. DeWolfe Howe

HEARING a song of older days
I seemed—so music wrought the spell—
To walk a garden close, in ways
My heart remembered, oh, how well!

And all the old, sweet flowers were there,
The scent of earth, the balm of green,
And sounds that charged the trembling air,
From birds half hid and bees unseen.

Now, through the magic of the song,
There sauntered close beside me one
Who loved this refuge from the throng,
And met me there in seasons gone.

But nay, 'twas not the high-walled place,
Unbroken as in ancient years,
For, sharply, o'er a fallen space
I gazed, alone, through sudden tears.

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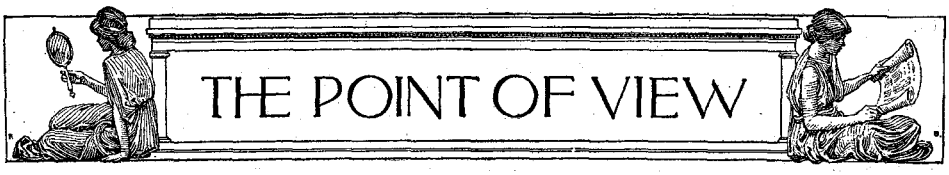

THE other day a friendly but discriminating foreign-born critic confided to us, through the pages of a well-known magazine, some of his conclusions concerning "Intellectual America." It was a keen and finely tempered paper, woven of the stuff of personal experience, and I have no doubt its accomplished author would be a little amused at the exceedingly humble parallel I have to offer. Yet I believe the parallel is instructive—since it yields up to our inspection the chief cause of our horrid American bumptiousness; and reassuring—since the cause proves to be, at least as I interpret it, a subject for healthy constructive pugnacity on the part of Americans rather than for despair.

On a Certain Condescension in Natives

That cause, I take it, is our old friend provincialism—as nearly as it can be compressed into one word. We are bumptious and blind and "bigoty" because we do not know any better. And there is always a chance that people who do not know any better may learn.

Back at the turn of the century I came to the little town where I am now living, to stay, perhaps, for eighteen months or so—and I have stayed as many years. I have married one of its "native sons"; I have fallen in with most of the local customs; my youngsters know no other home, no other *milieu;* up to a certain point, all my fellow townsmen are neighbors and friends. Yet I came a "stranger," and, in a certain sense, I am a stranger still.

I remember the first time I heard this attitude clearly set forth; naturally, I was very much struck by it. One of the most attractive girls of our highest social "set" was being very obviously wooed, and there was the usual amount of speculation as to the outcome. The young man in question had been brought "into our midst" by a business of the seasonal type; he was, in fact, a Northern cotton-buyer who had spent a winter or two before in the town, returning to his home in the summer. A mutual friend expressed the conviction that they would be married. "I can't believe it," returned another, an older woman. "I can't believe that Margaret would marry a *stranger.*"

Margaret did, however, and went to live in a Northern city, where she has led a happy and exemplary life; but even yet I occasionally hear echoes of the same disapproval in the talk of her old friends, who still love her, but who can neither understand nor quite forgive her apostasy.

Later, some naïve acquaintance of my own (I have really forgotten who it was, since I rather make a point of such forgetfulness) was telling me how enthusiastically another friend had been speaking of me. "She is certainly an admirer of yours," she said. "She was telling me the other day that she had fully made up her mind that, though you were queer, you were perfectly fine just the same."

I have never been the kind of person who gloried in queerness; indeed, I have often wished that I might exchange at least a part of my natural shrinking from any kind of mere conspicuousness for a touch of that blithe Bohemian perversity whose object in life is to "shock the Bourgeois." But—the alternative being an utterly devastating conformity in trifles and details—I have resigned myself to queerness. How meekly and completely I had no idea until I made my first visit to the city I had left after a number of absorbing years which had kept me very close at home. The head and front of my offending in the matter of queerness had always been my literary labors, and the especial tastes and habits which are likely to appertain to persons of a literary bent—such as an unobtrusive fondness for solitary walks, and an obstinate but by no means clamant aversion to bridge clubs and Home Mission Sewing Circles alike. It was with much amusement that I observed my own distinct surprise at the discovery that the visitor who was myself was not queer at all! I would catch my soul in the act of popping out of its burrow with a sort of innocent, tentative swagger, like a pleased groundhog suddenly emancipated from the fear of its own shadow.

After I had lived in our town for several years I conceived the bold project of start-

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ing a public library. With two or three enthusiastic, and half a dozen acquiescent, friends I worked at my dream early and late. For a year or two it was the matter nearest my heart—it even took precedence over my own work, over everything, in fact, except my family. And for a long time I absolutely refused to be discouraged. From the first the response had been lukewarm. The general attitude of the people asked to contribute suggested the reply of the shop-girl who was asked if a book would be an acceptable Christmas present for a mutual friend—"Oh, no, he already has a book." Nearly everybody in town already had one, it seemed. But this normal human inertia, I reasoned, could be overcome. It was a long time before I discovered, and a still longer time before I would acknowledge to myself, that there was more than inertia: there was some obscure but obstinate, almost sulky, opposition. Another period of perplexity succeeded this discovery before I finally succumbed to complete and withering enlightenment. I was a stranger—an officious stranger! And bent on achieving personal glory. My excited conviction that it needed a library was a reflection on a town that had lived—and lived so successfully that I had chosen to make it my home—for a hundred and fifty years without one. Was it not one of the oldest towns in the United States? Was it not wealthy, and "cultured," and wrapped in its traditions as in a garment? Was it not famous for its fine old trees and its salubrious climate? Didn't I like it? Well, then!

Nobody ever said these latter things to me; that is why it required several years and a deep disappointment to make them clear to me.

Now, here is the point of all this pensive reminiscence: that it is not the American spirit but the provincial spirit which lacks the spiritual grace to entertain strangers as if it remembered that it might be entertaining angels unawares. My dear little old complacent town is American; but I am no less so. It is not a question of discriminating against a native of some other than the greatest country on earth; it is only, in the last analysis, a case of thinking in terms of

> "Me and my wife,
> My son John and his wife,
> Us four,
> And no more."

And it is the same spirit, multiplied by a hundred million or so, that makes us, as Americans, prone to act as if we "possessed and knew everything worth while and had nothing to learn." Our peculiar situation as an enormous, isolated new nation in a world of contiguous, congested old nations —all the combination of our often-rehearsed circumstances—has wished on us this enormous national wart or freckle. It is on a scale corresponding to our other attributes and "resources." It has the true American bigness.

But I venture to think that we have only to be brought to see how disfiguring it is in order to set about removing it; and that —comparatively speaking—external remedies will suffice without resort to a major operation. Perhaps it is more like the dental hiatus of the "snaggle-toothed" age: only time and healthy growth can fill the gap. In the case of an old town or community such as I have described, it is its isolation, not its age, which has fostered the spirit of complacency and resistance to new ideas. And a grown-up America cannot maintain its isolation, however hysterically it may try. It is at this moment writhing in the throes of the discovery that it cannot.

Even provincialism has its extenuations, its merits, its uses. An enlightened provincialism has a very important part to play, for instance, in the true development of American art. Only, the lump is exceeding large, and it will take a great deal of leaven. At present our provincialism is terribly in need of enlightening.

Light Meat or Dark

CARVING at table is one of the most characteristic things that a man can do. It is the household art where all his masterful attributes are called into play. Fire-building, furnace-shaking, and lawn-mowing bring out his homely attributes, but carving is a broader test. Here is a primitive art overlaid with a complex technique; a pioneer act in a dainty environment. For this kind of thing a man hould be allowed the freedom of the wilderness. Environed by the modern table-cloth, he must be not only masterful but cautious; not so much fearless as adroit.

The situation is a test not only of the man but also of his relations with his wife. When a married couple feel equally respon-

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sible for an act at which only one of them can officiate, they are tempted to exchange remarks. The most tactful wife yields sometimes to the impulse to do a little coaching from the side-lines, and many husbands have been known to respond with a few well-chosen words about the knife. This happens sometimes even when the husband is an artist at his work, for the ideals of two artists will occasionally conflict. And even the model wife who ignores the carving and engages the guests in conversation until the worst is over will at times find herself clutching the table-cloth or holding her breath at the critical points—when the drumstick is being detached from the second joint, for instance, or when the knife hovers over the guest's portion of the steak. These two crises are the great moment for the man who carves.

In fact, you have not taken the complete measure of a man until you have seen him carve both steak and fowl. These two make totally different demands upon the worker. The chicken calls for a sense of structure, a versatile skill in manœuvring for position, and the delicate wrist of a violinist. But your true porterhouse calls for shrewd judgment and clear-cut decisions, with no half-way measures or reconsiderations at all. With the chicken, you can modify, slice, combine, arrange to best advantage on the plate. With the steak, you work in the flat and in one color; every stroke must count. There are men who would rather parcel out the Balkans than map a steak.

Great artists in carving are of several classes: those who stand up to their task and those who remain seated; those who talk and those who do not. I recall one noble old aristocrat who had the eye of a connoisseur and the suavity of an Italian grandee, who stood above the great turkey that he had to carve and discoursed with us as follows—pronouncing every word with the vigor that I try to indicate by the spelling, and illustrating each remark with one deft motion of his knife; this was his monologue: "Now, we cut off his Legg. . . . Now,—we take his Winng! . . . And NOW, we *Slice* him!!"

To my mind, this conversation is about the only sort in which the artistic carver can afford to indulge. The nervous amateur thinks it necessary to keep up a run of wise comment on the topics of the day to show that he is at ease—or perhaps he does it as the magician talks when he puts the rabbits into the hat—to distract the spectators' attention from his minor tactics. But he might as well learn that he cannot distract us. The matter is too close to our hearts. It is natural to watch the carving intently, not necessarily with an eye to our own interests, but because for the time being the platter is the dramatic focus of the group. Action, especially in an affair demanding skill, irresistibly holds the eye. The well-bred guest chats along of one thing or another, but his eye strays absently toward the roast.

This is very hard upon the newly married husband. Spectators add immensely to his difficulties. Some years ago one such bridegroom, now an experienced host and patriarch, was about to carve a chicken for his bride and her one guest. I was the guest, and at that time I held theories about the married state. While we were setting the table I had mentioned a few of these, among them my belief that we should have compulsory culinary training for all boys, so that they, when married, would know how to perform the man's part of the household affairs, carving gracefully at their own tables the food that their wives so carefully prepare. The bride agreed with me, and reinforced my views with illustrations from real life—the bridegroom meanwhile listening intently from his post on the kitchen table. Young women are likely to forget that young men have feelings, especially if they have been trained by brothers who displayed none. We therefore went on at some length. Carving, we said, was not an instinct, but a craft.

As we sat at soup, the young husband became more and more uneasy, and when the chicken made its appearance he leaned back with beads of perspiration on his brow. "After all this," said he, "I hope nobody expects me to carve that chicken. I'll just pass it around, and you girls chip off what you like."

The central difficulty in carving, however, is found not so much in the actual chipping as in the tactful distribution of choice parts. This matter is complicated by the fact that unselfish people will lie about their preferences; polite people will

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refuse to express them; and critical people expect you to remember them. Even the expert carver, therefore, looks with favor upon those convenient meats that come naturally in individual units—croquettes, cutlets, chops, sausages; here the only choice is between brown and not so brown, large and small. There is only the mathematical matter of making the food go around; the man with the vaguest sense of proportion can count chops and divide by the number of guests.

When the company is small and the platter of steak just adequate, however, there really is cause for anxiety. In an assembly of this kind, some carvers begin cautiously, serving small helpings at first until they are sure they are safe, and then becoming gradually more lavish. Others begin recklessly, and have to retrench suddenly toward the end. A group of college students once made a study of this matter with data and statistics that would have ornamented a doctor's degree. The object was to locate the seat at any table of fourteen where one could count on the most even diet, the golden mean between feast and famine, irrespective of which member of the faculty chanced to carve. There were many variables to be considered: some members of the faculty habitually carved with giant portions at first and dwindled suddenly; others varied from day to day, profiting at one meal by the lesson learned at the last. A few were expert dividers by fourteen, and their portions never varied. In the final computation, they were negligible. The conclusion was reached after weeks of minute toil: like all really great investigators, these students had covered the subject and were prepared to warrant their findings for all time. The best seat at a table of fourteen—the one where you can count on the least fluctuation and the largest security—in short, Whitman's Divine Average—is the fifth seat from the faculty, left. Things in that position run, barring accidents, quite well. If conservation was the slogan at the outset, the plentiful supply on the platter has by that time begun to tell on the mind of the carver, and things are looking up. If the first helpings were extravagant, there has still not been quite time to feel the real pinch of want. Fifth seat from the professor, left. This was found to apply also to mashed potato.

Of course, fourteen is too large a number to divide by: when it comes to long division brain-fag is bound to set in. Since those days, I am told, food in that college is sent in ready apportioned from the kitchen—a symptom of our educational advance.

We should miss something in our homes, however, if the art of carving should decline. There is a certain symbolic grace about the fatherly act of hewing away at a big roast, even though a man may be slow to learn the angle of attack which leaves the meat in condition to "slice to advantage" the second day. What he learns about a roast must be revised a little when he attacks a leg of mutton or a ham; and only the superman is infallible when it comes to corned beef. And as for the keen sense of the distinction between varied forms of meat, the officials of the United States Customs House once ruled that frogs' legs should be classified under the heading "Poultry." The critics cite this as an instance of faulty definition, but it is also an illustration of the general terms in which many pleasant gentlemen think of meat. They do not feel quite at home when dealing with it; they carve tentatively, parcelling it out at random. Until they come to their own serving they are vague. At that point, however, the most helpless amateur takes on cheer. Watch him as he settles himself more comfortably, draws up the platter at a better angle, and selects the fragments of his choice. It is here that he does his prize carving—not consciously, not at all selfishly, but because he now feels sure. He has something to go by. He knows what he wants.

After all, the task of carving at table is not an infallible test of man. Some of the most uncertain carvers in the world are great and good men, standing high in their professions and revered by a family who must nevertheless shiver for the fate of table-linen when the sirloin steak comes on. But the fact remains that the man who can carve equitably, neatly, and with discrimination has nearly always a balanced brain and a reliable self-command. In an army test he would stand high. He is your genuine "officer material." And he is very scarce.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE ETCHED WORK OF J. ALDEN WEIR

By Elisabeth Luther Cary

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM EXAMPLES OF MR. WEIR'S WORK IN THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AND THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

WHEN Julian Alden Weir died the world of art united to do honor to his personality and his achievement. He had had as much of recognition as usually comes to an artist during his lifetime. As a nation we have been chary of the open compliments of titles and medals of distinction, but the long list of awards and degrees following Mr. Weir's name in the contemporary catalogues shows that juries have not always been without discrimination, and when, in 1915, he was chosen to be president of the National Academy of Design it was considered not only a compliment to his distinguished position in American art, but the mark of a desire on the part of the Academy to emphasize modernity, freshness of spirit, and a youthful outlook in its official temper.

Caro.

As a painter Mr. Weir never failed to convey this sense of youthful buoyancy and delicacy, and as he grew older his work grew younger, had more of the loveliness of the morning upon the hilltops. Nothing could exceed the blithe sweetness of his green landscapes, unpretentious in subject, some familiar New England pasture or meadow, simple and inspiriting, overhung by the lightly veiled American sky. And the figure subjects of recent years have been not merely versions of individual girlhood but types of girlish fragility and loveliness, as expressive of the early years of life as the anemone and arbutus are of the spring of the year.

The sensitiveness of the execution in these recent works is, of course, too profound for youth. It is not until an artist is nearing the end of his activity that he becomes so jealous of perfection, so aware of the perils of a crude touch or a shallow judgment, always assuming him the happy warrior every man of arms would wish to be. But this awareness, in Mr. Weir's case, placed no check upon his investigating mind. Well trained in old methods, he met the new with continual interest and courage, intent upon exploring any road that led toward the beautiful expression of an artistic idea. He frequently changed his way of working, but his personal vision and the fidelity with which he followed it remained unchanged.

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It was too broad and generous a vision to be circumscribed by technicalities, and technicalities often were subordinated, indeed always were subordinated, to the necessity he felt for clear and delicate expression of truths lying on the other side of the technical wall.

Christmas Greens.

Thus when he took up etching in the middle eighties he did so not with the specializing temper of the professional etcher, but with the inclusive intelligence of a very great artist. Many of the plates produced within the following seven or eight years—after which he let etching go on account of the strain upon his eyesight—might seriously disturb a muscle-bound etcher by the freedom and flexibility with which the obedient needle made its way to the goal.

Equally removed from crass devotion to arbitrary rules and from that debased "liberty of action" to which the ignorant resort in order to excuse slovenly workmanship, he did his work quite simply on the high altitude of art, incapable by nature of compromise. To produce an artistically satisfying result, appropriate to his subject and to his attitude toward his subject, was his single aim no less in etching than in painting.

This accounts for the great variety offered by the hundred or more plates constituting the sum of his activity in the field of etching. We find him in one mood devoting himself to harbor scenes, records of a summer at the Isle of Man. The dark hulks of ships are pressed against the docks, never standing clear against a light sky or shining sea. Darkness broods over them and envelops them, and the strong, energetic lines of their rigging and the stir of air in the sky and water lend something of drama to the composition. In one of these plates—"Castle Russian" is the title—the balance of the masses in the forms of the boats and the ancient military castle is kept with a noble swinging rhythm echoed by the movement of the clouds driven by the strong winds of the region. Adequately to suggest the tumult in the sky without meticulous definition of cloud forms, a brush has been used with stopping-out varnish to break up the surface of the sky, a technical expedient also employed by Mary Cassatt in some of her soft-ground etchings, but fraught with danger to an etcher in the

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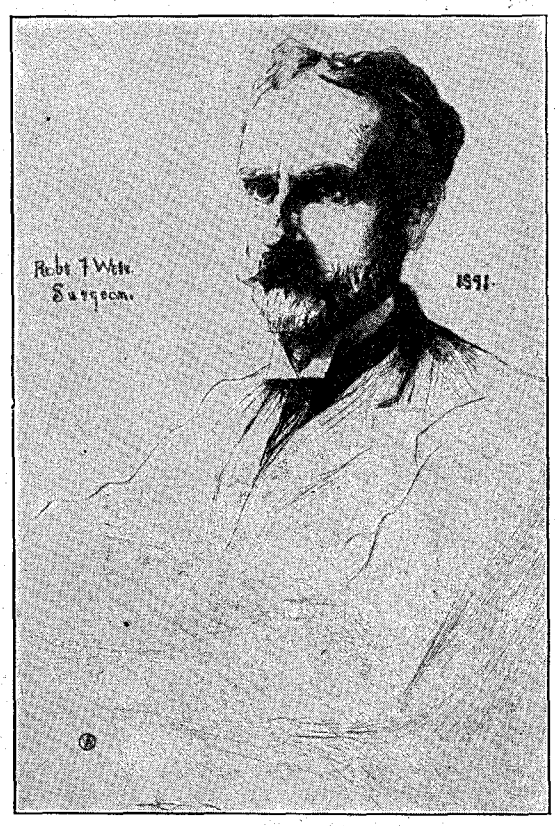
slightest degree uncertain of the effect he wishes to produce. "Castle Russian" is, in some respects, the most beautiful plate made by Mr. Weir, and certainly the richest in emotional quality.

Another of the Isle of Man series is the "Sulby Glen," a landscape with a stone bridge and the characteristic buildings of the island, with the clumps of trees and patches of gorse and fern marking the course of the glen, and still another shows an interior of one of the cottages with a family at table, and on the wall at the left the long-debated arms of the island, the "three-legs" of the fourteenth-century pillar cross near Maughhold churchyard, supposed to be originally a sun symbol. The fidelity with which such details are noted adds to the subject interest of the series, but wherever they occur they take their place as an integral part of the composition and not as detached additions of merely associative value.

Contrasted with these and similar plates, all of which show a response in the mood of the artist to the stimulating character of the scenes by which he was surrounded, with their historic antiquity and the great variety and striking features of their physical aspect, are the milder American subjects, quiet farms and buildings with gray clapboards and slim fences; city gardens with delicate tracery of foliage, small streets and alleys with flat-faced houses and shadowy doorways. The character of the scene is preserved in these as scrupulously as in the more dramatic plates. A small composition covering only a few square inches of paper suggests acres of rolling country by its closely modelled synthetic line. Everywhere is a sense of airiness and space supported by a sense of form.

An extremely interesting plate, "The Blacksmith's Shop," stands alone in the character of the artistic problem presented, a large interior with broad areas of shadow interrupted by cross lights from two opposed windows. Here again is the fusion of extreme naturalness and casualness with a learned treatment of the far from simple theme. The blacksmith stands by his anvil examining his work, the room is cluttered with the tools of his craft, each indicated with a light but definite touch. Certain accents such as the stabs of dark determining the folds and creases in the man's shirt-sleeves are brusque and overemphatic, and there are other hints that the plate has not been carried to completeness, but the essential beauty of the airy shadows and intricate movement of the lights is there to show that the artist's mind was at work upon the difficult architecture of atmosphere, the complex and subtle form of which is ignored by all but the most searching minds in art.



Robert F. Weir.

This attention, always present, to the more difficult problems of his art frequently is masked for Mr. Weir's public by the clear simplicity with which he offers his solution. His grasp of his subject was prompt, his analysis profound, but none of the mental effort involved appears in the result which not only is less labored but less apparently considered than in the case of many works

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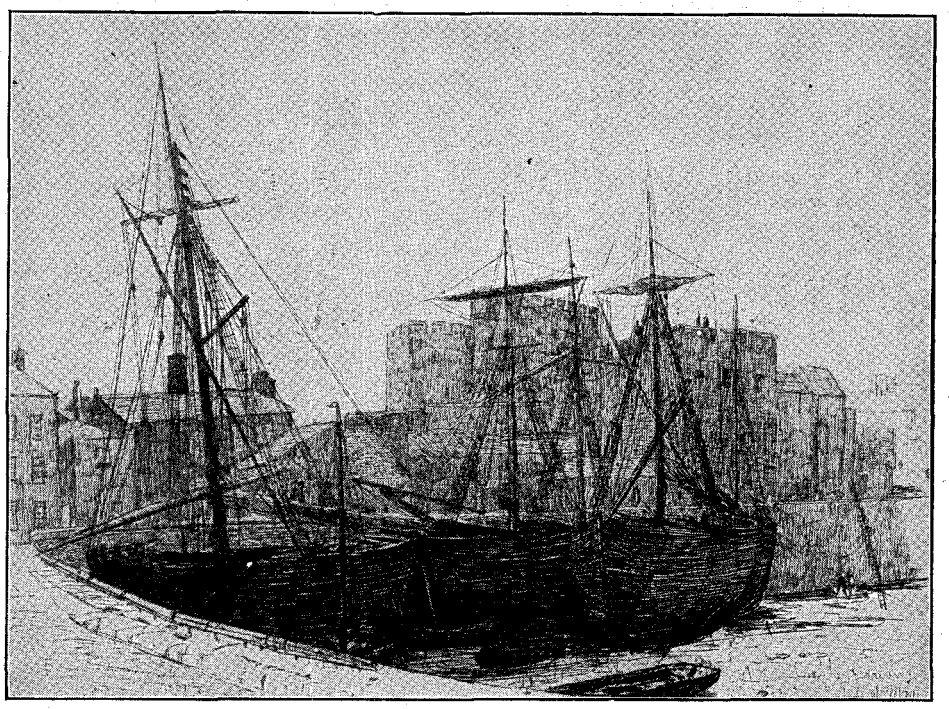
of art upon which a minimum of intellectual energy has been spent.

The figure subjects cover as wide a range of treatment as the other groups. A number are so delicately written on the copper that it hardly would have been possible to pull more than a dozen or twenty impressions without wearing down the edges of the sensitive lines, even where they are bitten lines, and this, of course, is more than ever the case when dry-point has been used and every application of the press takes something from the fresh clearness of the little ridges built up on either side of the line by the needle in its course over the dry metal. The subtle gradations of tone in these plates and the refinement and reticence of their expression lead naturally to the elimination of all gay sword-play of sharp accents and all profundities of shadow.



Castle Russian, Isle of Man.

These quiet figures, without a trace of mannerism in the execution or banality in the conception, are a history in little of an American type and a social phase commemorated in literature by the "Portrait of a Lady," and one or two other early books by Henry James. They describe without obtruding the description, the habit and temper of a time already seen vaguely as belonging to the past. One plate shows a mother reading as she nurses her child. It almost would be impossible to find to-day so perfect a union of elegance and homeliness, of personal distinction and an environment of which the special character is absence of distinction. With the lightest of lines and the faintest film of tone the artist has registered every small significant detail; the weight of the child's head resting on its mother's arm, and the sag of the loosened blouse over her breast, the texture and substance of the quilt and cushion and wraps, the worn frame of the old rocker with its hollowed seat, the books and little vase of flowers, the footstool, the fringed mat on the floor, the intent gaze of the reader—each fact is given its precise relation to the whole, and also its specific individuality, and an impression is gained of spiritual and physical comfort and independence and mental health; while the perfection of the technique asserts itself only by its withdrawal from notice.

Two other plates may be selected from

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The Blacksmith's Shop.
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

this group for their unusual quality of revealing in a purely natural and casual manner, simply by truthful interpretation of the type portrayed, the intensified culture of a restricted circle of Americans to whom culture was, in truth, the tilling of their fertile minds and not an appiled ornament. The first plate is called—sometimes, one never is quite certain of titles with Mr. Weir's etchings—"Portrait of a Young Girl," a dry-point of great delicacy and economy of means. The long slender figure in a robe of simple flowing lines is innocent of invading detail. The eyes are the dark accent of the face, the right arm rests on the back of a chair, and a fragment of handsome arabesque indicates the pattern of the tapestry covering. It is all a matter of hints and subtle intimations, and the atmosphere evoked is that of a withdrawn and sensitive life closely held by inherited conventions.

The second plate is called "The Invalid." A woman is seated in a rocking-chair out of doors with a cape over her shoulders. There is the same precise notation of detail combined with a serene breadth of work-

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manship. Quiet, open spaces, an almost unmodelled outline, a light flicker of staccato touches here and there, and you have everything—the young grass springing resilient against the rocker and hem of the gown, the rugous wicker surface of the chair, the texture of the building in the distance, of the heavy cloth of the cape, of the smooth-skinned tree, of the woman's waving hair, even the playful detail of a loosened shoelace, all presented nonchalantly with the air of laying no more stress upon such an episode than it deserves in its relation to the vast expanse of an outdoor world bathed in air and obliterating light, and to the innumerable other episodes of human existence.

Other figure subjects are very differently treated. There is one plate called "Sewing," in which there is ample suggestion of a painter's preoccupation with contrasts of color and tone. The face of the needlewoman is a brilliant patch of light against intense dark, but a luminous shadow models it. The skirt and the piece of fabric upon which the woman is at work are lowered in tone by a play of line, but tell as light in the pattern of the composition—a pattern of irregular shapes as piquant and arresting in design as the domestic story told is quiet and commonplace.

Certain subjects exist in several states, and in their progress from the earlier to the later reveal the sure instinct of the artist for simplification and direct vigorous expression. A curtain that hangs in a multiplicity of folds in a first printing is cast into partial deep shadow in a later impression, and lights and shadows throughout the composition are thrown into a bold scheme of balanced masses until a woman seated under the lamplight, begun as a scrupulous, interested study from nature, has become part of a ringing harmony of dark and light, as much an original creation of the brain as a sonata or a fugue.

The portraits are a distinct group, sound and brilliant, but lacking something of the freedom of the other subjects. One, a boyish head with waving hair, seen against a background in which the lines of a winged chair provide an effective play of ellipses, is an exception, the unusually rich modelling and dramatic emergence of the broad lights from a mysterious shadow giving it the aspect of a Rembrandt painting translated into a more fluent medium and a modern personal idiom.

Other portraits follow a logical course toward the strongest possible assertion of character. That of the artist's brother, John F. Weir, exists in at least three states, the first a free sketch on the copper with open hatching and an easy scrawl of background, the second shows more work in the shadows and the background, strengthened by a rectangular opening, the strong horizontals and perpendiculars of which add decision to an architectonic scheme. Within the opening the sitter's name is inscribed. In the—presumably—third state all the modelling is deepened and rendered more compact, the shadow behind the head is encircled, and the feeling of the third dimension is increased by the simpler massing of the light and shade, while the rectangular space at the left now contains a charming sketch of a house and fence with a little figure standing at the gate, the sitter's name having been erased from the plate. This sketch is a bit of reminiscent anecdote, as the house is that in which John F. Weir lived as a boy at West Point, but it is introduced with an artistic tact that makes it an important part of the composition, balancing the massive head by its weaving of light, firm lines, and adding greatly to the æsthetic effect of the whole.

The longer one studies Mr. Weir's etching the more one is impressed not only by the mastery of essentials but by the power of the artist to create a composition in which the material gathered by his swift and certain observation is brought into unity with a controlling idea, and, however trivial it may seem, made to belong to the essentials through its relation to this idea. Every slightest detail is important by virtue of its perfect placing in the scheme. To do this is to be truly an artist. Familiarity with these beautiful works will go far toward establishing a right standard in judging the quality of prints, and a right standard in the fascinating art of etching as it comes into the arena once more should greatly be desired. Had Mr. Weir lived to see the present revival, the younger etchers would have turned to him with confidence as to an understanding master, as sure in instinct as he was rich in experience.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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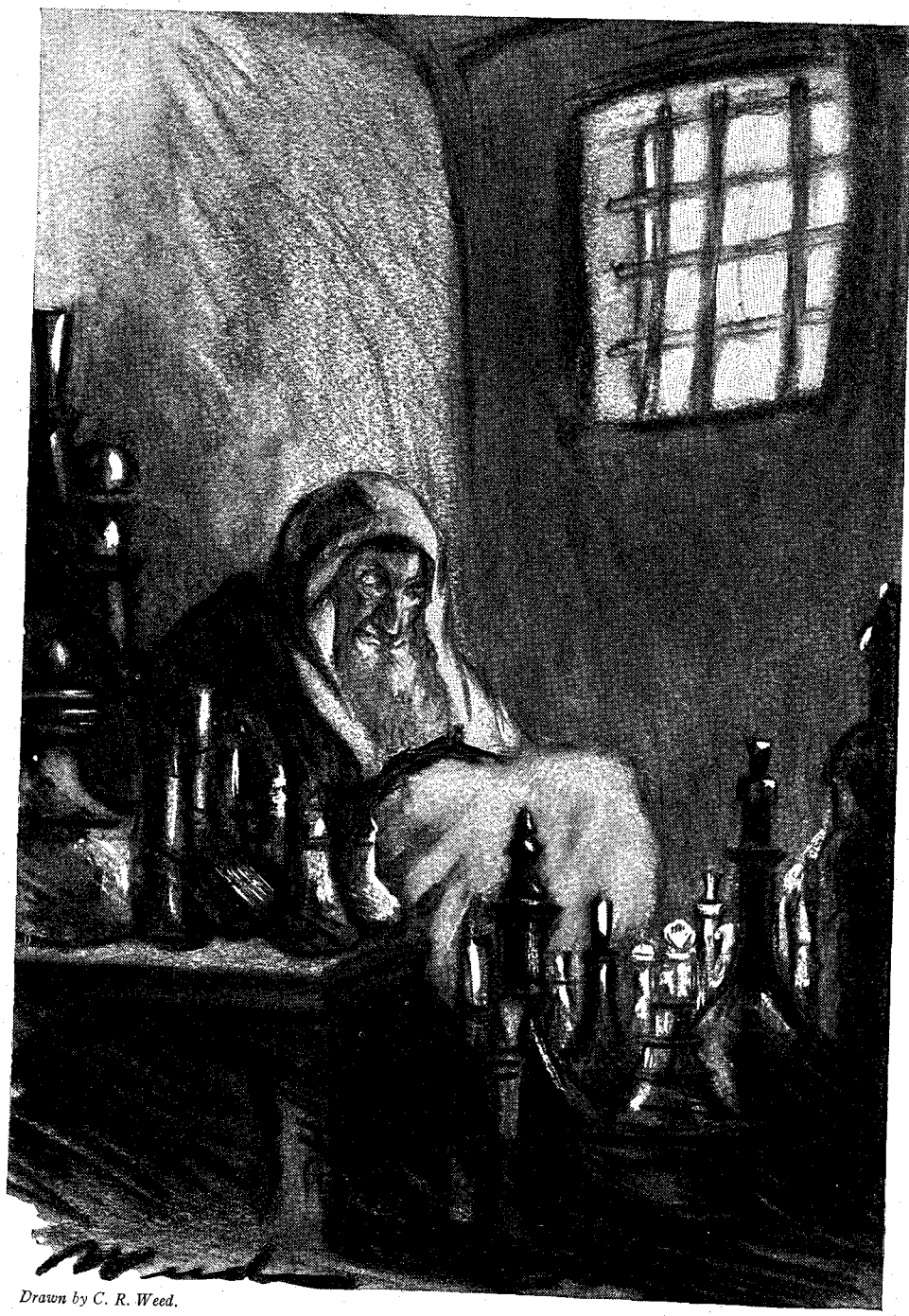

Drawn by C. R. Weed.

WHERE A CROOKED LITTLE OLD MAN CROUCHED AMIDST A THOUSAND FANTASTIC BOTTLES OF OLD PERFUME.

—"Cynthia and the Crooked Streets," Page 578

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